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A PSYCHOLOGIST'S WAR-TIME DIARY

by
ANTHONY WEYMOUTH

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TO
AUDREY AND OUR CHILDREN

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st

We have been in this old Suffolk mill-house at Melton five weeks to-morrow.

I woke up this morning and saw a shaft of sunlight pouring through the chink of the curtains. I thought sleepily that it would be the devil of a job to black-out this house if war came.

I looked at my watch. It was 7.45. Tea arrived; then I slipped on a dressing-gown and went downstairs to the one wireless we possessed.

I hadn't listened to more than a sentence before I knew that Germany had marched into Poland at five o'clock this morning.

I wondered how I had slept through it. Very silly, of course, but then the radio has made distance look equally silly. What had happened at the other end of Europe was known at this end a few minutes later. It's as if an ubiquitous human eye was watching and reporting.

Upstairs to dress. Our bathroom is one of the best rooms in this square Georgian house. It's true that the water runs so slowly that you have to wait twenty minutes for the bath to fill.

I looked at the large square windows in the bathroom; then at the staircases (we had two and both had windows) and at the fanlights over the door.

Well, we only have this house for another week. Perhaps I shall have to return to London before the week is up.

What am I going to do? I've heard that the Ministry of

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Health has all the doctors it wants, and I am too old for the services.

Is there any doubt that we shall declare war on Germany to-day?

We've had a marvellous holiday here ; in spite of the undercurrent of apprehension as to the European situation. There's been boating and bathing in our own private part of the river, and no one's fallen in yet. We've played tennis and I've lost some weight.

One of my terrors is acquiring what is called a "bow-window." I rely on my yearly holiday to remove any surplus avoirdupois.

Like baldness, the middle-aged spread is best tackled in its incipient stages.

We've made excursions to various places in the neighbourhood, and not always only the immediate neighbourhood.

One day in particular will long remain in my memory. It was blazing hot—so hot that we sought shade whenever we could.

We went to Kersey—a little village of one street, which is a steep hill down, a stream at the bottom, and a steep hill up.

The houses are largely black and white. The villagers have recently turned down the suggestion that electric light should be brought to the village. It would cost too much to put the cables underground, and the beauty of the village would be spoilt by wires overhead.

Then to Lavenham, with its lovely church and old Guild-hall. We had lunch in the shade of a hedge. It was hot and the skin acted freely, as the "refeened" would say.

Back through Long Melford, where we looked at the Vicarage. It had been sent to us as a possible country retreat.

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(We are on the look-out for one, or were, until this infernal war broke out.)

But it was no good. Ugly and mid-Victorian; and a still greater disadvantage—it has eighteen bedrooms!

I would rather like to buy the Mill House where we now are, but it isn't for sale.

Audrey thinks it might be damp in the winter. I dare say she's right.

Anthony (Hod) has had a first-class time at Melton. His hobby being motor-cars, he's been in the seventh heaven driving his small Austin car up and down the drive, and round and round the stable yard.

He and I have had some grand runs in this small car with its loud exhaust and "sports" body. He takes the wheel as far as the drive gate; then we change places and I become Jehu so long as we are on the public highway. For, Hod being only thirteen and a half, an inelastic administration won't issue him a driving licence.

But I'd trust him with any car. He's careful and has that heaven-sent gift—road sense.

As the drive at this house is fairly long, he has had plenty of practice during August.

* * * * *

Our Yvie is in the habit of protesting loudly that she has to be coaxed to eat. Whereupon her sister debunks her by observing that "she succeeds in eating more than anyone else."

Ave is a literal-minded person, and likes statements by herself and others to bear some kind of resemblance to the truth. If I were asked to arbitrate in this perennial dispute (which I am not) I should have to confess that Yvie is not

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exactly on a hunger-strike; although she has a habit of volunteering to all and sundry that she eats no breakfast. (It is subsequently dragged out of her that what she meant by "no breakfast" was "nothing except two small pieces of bacon and a thin slice of toast.")

Two years ago, at the age of twenty-three, our Yvie caught measles. It was a moderately sharp attack, and for three days or so she was ill.

Her mental reactions to this illness were—and are—peculiar. She looks upon it as a singularly malevolent effort on the part of Providence, and is still rather resentful about it.

In consequence she refers to it at frequent intervals, and invariably does so when anyone else's ailments are mentioned.

To-day, someone said at lunch that a friend was suffering from a sinus.

"When I had measles . . ." Yvie began.

"You were worse than anyone," her sister interrupted.

"I was very ill. I nearly died, didn't I, Pop?"

"I wouldn't go as far as that, old girl," I replied, and then turned the conversation into political channels.

We are a great family at politics: and as for the European situation, with all its stresses and strains, we yield to none.

I'm bound to confess that we are, by and large, reasonably well-informed. Ask Yvie what Hitler said in 1935, and she'll probably tell you. Or if you want to know whether the Danube is navigable from the Black Sea to Vienna, you can come to us for the information.

I suppose the habit we've formed of discussing the news as it reaches us, then looking up any point about which we're doubtful, has made us acquire knowledge we otherwise shouldn't have had.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd

The breakfast was cold. I wish we had a hot-plate here. But we can't—the voltage is only twenty-five.

It's been a puzzling day. Germany is invading Poland and in spite of our guarantee, we seem to be doing nothing.

I should have thought that we ought to have bombed Germany immediately she went into Poland. Is there a hitch, and if so, what is it?

After all, we've told Germany that we are guaranteeing Poland against aggression.

Perhaps, in international law, an invasion of Poland isn't aggression?

We sat in the small study, which looks out on to the drive. Ave was very upset at the news. She is blessed (or cursed) with a vivid imagination, a horror of cruelty, and a fear of the unknown.

It seemed that nothing but a miracle or the breaking of our word could prevent us being at war in a few hours, at most.

At this point our Yvonne, her long form supported by two chairs, her head, with its tousled mass of corn-coloured hair, her eyes looking at an acute angle into space, gave tongue, and produced one of her typical comments.

"Of course, Hitler would be much better if he were married—wouldn't he, Pop?"

I changed the subject. A large part of my life is spent in keeping an *enfant terrible*, aged twenty-five, away from dangerous topics. The trouble is, that although she thinks slowly, she thinks all round, over, and through the question under discussion.

In due course, she hits the bull's-eye, as in this instance.

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd

We were told to stand by. The announcer's voice sounded serious enough. We waited.

My thoughts went back to a warm Sunday evening in July 1914. I had then been married nearly a year, and Audrey and I were sitting by the open window in our little drawing-room in Seymour Street.

The voice of a man selling newspapers came nearer and nearer. I squeezed through the narrow French window to listen to what he was shouting.

Then I heard: "Murder of an Austrian Archduke. Austrian Archduke murdered."

I turned round and remarked casually to Audrey: "It's only some Austrian or other who's been assassinated."

And that was how *I* reacted to the event which had led to the Great War. I don't suppose my reactions were in any way out of the ordinary. England at war in Europe was something one read about in history books, but something that didn't happen in real life.

So why worry, merely because somewhere in South Eastern Europe, a man had shot an Archduke?

The awful carnage which followed had taught us that we were not so safe in our island in 1914 as we had fondly believed.

Was it now going to begin all over again?

We switched on the wireless. Outside the sun was shining as we listened to Chamberlain telling us that we are now at war.

I looked out of the window and saw the gravel sweep in front, and, beyond, a sloping lawn, banked by lime-trees. In the distance some small trees with bright red blobs—the early

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apples—show that the orchard is still where it was when I went for my walk before breakfast.

Somehow I expected it wouldn't be. We are now at war with Germany. Surely this ought to have altered even the landscape!

Then I dragged my eyes away from the peaceful scene outside and looked at my companions.

Audrey was staring out of the window. I expect she was thinking of the last war and all that it had meant for her—living with two small children in other people's houses while I was in France.

Peter Kerley, the X-ray doctor, is staying with us. He has all the humorous resignation of the Irish. His face showed that he was thinking of the Germans, and that his thoughts would scarcely have passed the censor. (A subsequent conversation with him proved this to be correct.)

Yvonne and Avery, our two daughters, had both been born during the Great War. The elder remembered the noise of anti-aircraft fire, and waking up at night saying to her mother, "It's the guns, you'd better take me down."

And now they—and millions more of their own generation—are going to suffer as we suffered, twenty-five years ago. The war to end war—had failed to end war.

The last few days have been "nightmarish." Although the weather has been glorious, and we've tried to carry on normal life, each day has plainly brought us nearer the precipice.

Looking back, I can see clearly that to-day's climax is the logical result of the events in Europe in the last five years. Anyone who understood the psychology of the German people must have known that a ruthless Government would get the support of the nation. For the German judges every-

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thing by result; he doesn't worry himself about the means, it's only the end which counts.

The German nation was behind Hitler as he broke pledge after pledge. It will be behind him just as long as he is successful, no matter what means he uses to achieve a greater Germany.

After the Prime Minister had finished speaking I went into the garden and walked slowly to the little church which stands just outside the grounds at the end of the drive.

I wanted to be alone to look into the future.

Instead, my thoughts went back to the time, a month or two after Munich, when we had arranged two drawing-room meetings to listen to F. A. Voigt warning us that war was coming. The meetings came about this way.

I had been taking part in a series of discussions called "Cards on the Table" in the Empire programme of the B.B.C. This series had originally been intended to include talks on all kinds of subjects, and for the first six months it did so.

As the European situation steadily deteriorated, these discussions were changed to debates between various authorities on international affairs and myself, who took the part of "the man in the street" and asked questions.

I recall those weekly discussions now, because it was through them that I first met F. A. Voigt, Charles Tower, Pertinax, J. B. Firth, and Madame Tabouis.

And it was Freddie Voigt, who, ever since I've known him, (and long before, I believe) has been forecasting what has actually happened to-day—a war against Germany.

He was keen to float a news-sheet written by experts, which would warn the English of the danger they were in from the Nazi ambitions.

During the hours we spent at Broadcasting House, prepar-

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ing the scripts of the weekly discussions, or eating kippers in the canteen in the basement, we argued about Hitlerism. Would Hitler really plunge Europe into war, or was he only an arch-bluffer?

F. A. V.—his hair parted so much on one side that the parting seemed to be almost over his right ear—would peer through his tinted glasses and assure me that when the nations of middle Europe were governed by criminal lunatics nothing but war could be expected.

I remember one night when he suddenly asked me if I'd ever seen Hitler in his pyjamas. I was not as surprised as I should have been, for Freddie has a habit of shooting out questions which have no apparent connection with the subject under discussion.

Truthfully, I replied that I hadn't. "I have," F. A. V. said, reflectively. "He came out on to the balcony of his hotel one day when I happened to be among the crowd. He looked like an hysterical lavatory-brush."

When Freddie is in a reminiscent mood, it's useless to ask questions. For instance, it would have been useless to inquire whether he'd ever seen a lavatory-brush affected with hysteria.

It was during these discussions, which often went on till 3 a.m.—for the talks were usually at 1.45, so that they reached the Dominions at an hour convenient to them—that the "Arrow" was launched. Or rather, that F. A. V. told us of his plans and we arranged the drawing-room meetings.

Most of the people who listened to Voigt's views on the inevitability of war were frankly sceptical. They said that he was a pessimist: that Chamberlain would keep England out of war somehow or other: and that Hitler didn't really want war.

I remember Negley Farson spoke at the first meeting—and got a mental "black-out" during his speech—why, I'm sure

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I don't know. "Taffrail" told us of a German concentration camp, and how the Jews were only given half the meagre ration allowed to the Christians.

A. G. Macdonell questioned Voigt's statement that the Russian Air Force was not nearly as good as it was often supposed to be. He mentioned the three Russian pilots who had just flown round the world. F. A. V. retorted "that a few stunt fliers don't make an Air Force"; adding that *he* was the star turn at this meeting. Archie left the room in a huff!

It's safe to say, I think, that seventy per cent of those present at both meetings thought that Voigt was a strong anti-Nazi (which he is) and that his views were wrong (which they weren't, as we now know to our cost).

I'm glad that I took part in this series of broadcasts. It opened my eyes to many things—not least, how well-informed Diplomatic Correspondents are. There was unanimity among men I spoke to, like Wickham Steed, F. A. V., Charles Tower, George Martelli (formerly of the *Morning Post*), and Negley Farson, that war was coming.

I had an interesting evening with Madame Tabouis—much discussed woman correspondent of *L'Oeuvre*. She is a fascinating creature, pale and thin with regular features and all the arts of the Frenchwoman. No make-up, and yet, my goodness! how attractive she is.

We had dinner at the Savoy, before we went "on the air." She is a vegetarian (an editor of my acquaintance told me that her health is bad). Anyhow, she ate a lot of green vegetables, but, so far as I remember, little else.

I asked her how she answered the criticism one sometimes hears that her articles contributed to the tension between France and Germany, and I shall never forget what she said.

"My conscience on this point is clear. I have a son, and

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he is an officer in the Army. If war breaks out, he will surely be killed."

I remember her answer because the inevitability of her outlook struck me; and I wondered at the time whether all Frenchwomen and men, facing their third war with Germany in seventy years, felt the same.

How really awful it must be to live with only a river separating you from a remorseless and war-loving enemy!

In England many people believed, or pretended to believe, that if only we stood firm, Hitler would climb down.

What a number of our daily decisions are, in reality, nothing more than the results of wishful thinking. We allow our judgments to be warped by our emotions, and, in consequence, we arrive at conclusions which differ from those we should have reached had we kept our feelings in their proper place.

Will there be war? The answer which many of us gave to this question was determined largely by emotional factors. War was too awful to contemplate—therefore there couldn't be one. No one but a monster could plunge Europe into war. Hitler was not a monster, therefore there couldn't be war.

He is a vegetarian, a non-smoker, and a teetotaler—therefore a man of principle! *Absurdum est ut alios regat, qui seipsum regere nescit.*¹ Surely Adolf Hitler, who can control his appetites, should, on this argument, be a suitable ruler of men?

"America would stop a European war." (How the U.S.A. was going to achieve this was not stated.)

I heard many another reason given in support of the no-war theory.

The real truth, now war has come, stands out clearly, or, at any rate, relatively clearly.

¹ "It is absurd that a man should rule others who cannot rule himself."

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Here are the facts:

Hitler is an imperialist; he wants to add to Germany's size and *gloat over his accomplishments*.

Hitler has had the German people behind him in everything he has hitherto done—even the slaughter of Poland. He will continue to be worshipped as a semi-divine being—*so long as he is successful*.

The morality of an act—as we understand it here—does not concern the Teuton. He simply does not understand the meaning of the word.

When Hitler said that anyone who kept an undertaking when it no longer served his purpose was a fool, he was saying exactly what the average German believes.

Did I really think a war was coming? I wonder. Sometimes I believe I did: at others I am sure I didn't.

Frankly, I'm afraid that I also was a victim of wishful thinking. My better judgment convinced me that all the facts pointed to bloodshed. And then—I would tell myself that it simply couldn't be.

As I was standing by the little church at the drive gate, I realized that when I'd taken this Suffolk mill-house from the end of July to the middle of September, I'd had in mind Voigt's prophecy that war would come at the end of August or the beginning of September. And I'd thought to myself, "Well, if he's right, my family will be safely out of London when the bombs begin to fall."

I suppose I first really believed that war was inevitable on the day the news of the German-Russian pact was published. I learned the news in rather a dramatic fashion.

Harold Keeble, gifted and well-informed Feature Editor of

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the *Daily Mail*, was staying the night with us. When I came down next morning, the papers hadn't arrived. I strolled round the garden, and returned to the front-door a few minutes later. There was Harold, holding a paper, a look of blank astonishment on his face.

"Have you seen this?" he asked. There, in black letters sprawled across the front page, was the bombshell.

And bombshell it was, if you remember the months we had waited, daily expecting an Anglo-Russian pact: and if you realize that not only was our own Military Mission in Moscow at the time, but that the members were, so I've been told, actually lodging in the house next door to Ribbentrop!

Harold usually knows the latest news, as do most newspaper men, some time before it reaches the reader.

But, for once, he was as flummoxed as we were.

However, we did agree on one thing—that it meant business.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th

Most of yesterday we spent listening to our radio. Apart from the many news-bulletins, there were frequent Government announcements, dealing with the regulations to be observed now that we are at war.

I am very struck by the contrast between August 1914 and September 1939. Then, one was jubilant at the outbreak of hostilities—Heaven knows why! I suppose one pictured the British Empire promptly punishing the Germans for their breach of faith in invading Belgium.

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My generation knows war first-hand. Our mental pictures of 1914-18 effectively prevent us from seeing anything to be jubilant about in any war. Apart from the horror, what does victor or vanquished gain? The Great War was followed by twenty years of restless, unsettled life. First, an artificial boom, rather like the excitement of the criminal when he's first released from prison; then a world slump; then a period of incessant anxiety.

And here we are again, facing war with Germany. I can't forget that it's the fifth time in eighty years that Germany has provoked a war in Europe. Is there something in the German temperament which makes him fundamentally a bad neighbour? Is it envy, hatred, malice, or is it merely an uncontrollable instinct of acquisition?

Somehow I think it's none of these.

It's merely inability to see far enough ahead. The German mind is first-class when it's set a concrete problem to solve.

But it's no more use than a sick headache where things of the imagination are concerned.

After dinner we sat in the study waiting for the nine o'clock news. Our Yvie is worried, she can't think what's going to happen. Her anxiety even went so far as to suggest that "she could do with a gin and lime before dinner."

Audrey and I are wondering what is best to be done. On the whole, we think that the girls and Anthony had better go to Broome, certainly until Anthony goes back to Eton. Audrey says she will then join me in London, no matter what Hitler does in the meantime.

If I know anything about Audrey she will, and I ought to know something about her—we've been married twenty-six years this August.

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Ave is going to drive an ambulance at Loddon, living at Broome. Yvie is going to look after her grandmother until she finds out where she can be most useful.

Audrey is marvellous. After all, there's a certain excitement for the young in all this turmoil, and in the hourly bulletins. What's going to happen next? Will Hitler do this and that? What's war like? This uncertainty may lead to adventures for the girls and boys.

But it's different for the middle-aged. Audrey and I had been married just a year when the 1914 war blew our lives into smithereens. While I was in France, she had to get along as best she could on very little money.

I never heard her complain when I was on leave or in her letters. I never even saw her lip tremble when she said good-bye to me at Victoria. And yet, she had a much harder time than I did. For I was one of the lucky ones who didn't have much to put up with in the Kaiser's war.

I often wonder whether her courage, which is very real, is due to inheritance or environment. I suppose it's the old problem of *nurture versus nature*—a problem which will probably never be settled.

I agree with Richter when he says, "The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy."

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th

The third day of the war. So far we've had no air-raid warning in this part of the world. We've read of the warning in London which followed immediately after the Prime Minister's statement last Sunday that we were at war. But all has been quiet here, and the sun has shone. I feel that war can never come near this unspoilt bit of rural Suffolk.

Here, some two miles from Woodbridge, is the village of Melton, which, so far as I can discover, consists of one street. We are a mile away, down a narrow lane which eventually leads to Ufford.

From the windows in front we look into the garden, with an orchard of early apples on two sides. The house itself is a mixture—one half, Georgian, square and practical; the other half Victorian, and looking like the gabled, veranda-ed villas you see around golf courses.

But the other side of the residence (as house-agents invariably describe every domicile) is just above the marshes which stretch into the distance. The Deben, peaceful stream bordered by trees, winds through these marshes and obligingly turns a turbine which pumps our water and spins the dynamo for our modest electric-light plant.

My job for the rest of the holiday will be to supervise this work. For William, chauffeur and most obliging of men, leaves to-day for the Auxiliary Fire Service, which he joined early this summer.

We shall miss him. He's been with us nine years, and, without a single exception, a cheerful, helpful friend.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th

This morning we heard our first air-raid warning. At five to seven I was awakened by dismal intermittent hooting, which sounded rather like a screech owl. I jumped out of bed and threw back the curtains. There was a thick mist almost up to the house and reaching from the ground as high as one could see. I put on a dressing-gown and went downstairs and stood on the doorstep and looked at the mist. Then I went upstairs again.

"I suppose we might as well dress," Audrey said.

They brought up some early tea, while I was shaving. When I next went downstairs the post had arrived. In it was a letter from an undergraduate who had tutored Anthony. He wanted advice as to what he should do.

I decided to send him a telegram, telling him to get in touch with me in London. I picked up the receiver and asked for "telegrams." A voice came back, "No telegrams can be sent. There's an emergency on."

I wandered out into the garden, and listened to the sound of the 'planes overhead. There was an aerodrome a few miles away, and we were quite accustomed to the noise of aeroplanes day and night.

Somehow, what I heard now sounded different. The noise was almost constant instead of intermittent. I wondered whether they were German or English—or both.

Well, it was no use hanging about. So I walked round to the garage yard through which the stream runs. Our turbine is in the place where the old mill had stood. I supposed I might as well get on with the pumping. I filled the tanks, but not even the sound of the belts flapping round the wheels drowned the constant roar overhead.

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Then I opened the doors of the garage. Thank goodness! the mist was lifting a little, and I could see down the drive. I looked at the time—it was a quarter to nine.

A few minutes later I heard the hooter in the distance. The first air-raid was over.

I went in to breakfast.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th

I have just realized that our tenancy of this house is up to-morrow. I must get the family to their grandmother's house in Norfolk. Then I shall return to London.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th

We had a great exodus yesterday, both cars packed with holiday clothes, golf clubs, tennis rackets, to say nothing of the family and two dogs. To-day we trekked to London with two maids and the remainder of the luggage.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th

Now I know what Marjorie meant when she rang up from London and told us how beautiful the Balloon Barrage was. As we neared London yesterday, we saw the silver blimps dotted in the sky. They certainly give one a sense of security. I've been told that the psychological effect of a balloon barrage on an aviator is quite devastating. Later to-day I saw one of them being filled in a London park. I could see several wires hanging down.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th

At Broadcasting House. The B.B.C. have started a series called "In England Now," and I've been entrusted with the task of obtaining speakers and editing their scripts and introducing them.

Yesterday I went to the War Office and interviewed a lance-corporal of the Defence Corps who is guarding the portals of the War Office. He is an old soldier of twenty-one years' service, who joined up in the newly-formed Defence Corps a year ago. He is a great character, and evidently finds the modern army pretty "cushy" compared with what he remembered of it in his day.

The quality of the food seems to have impressed him, and also the fact that the modern soldier is waited on by "nippies."

I had heard somewhere that soldiers are given cocoa for their supper. When I put this question to him I got what the

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psychologists call a "reaction." He made a queer noise which I cannot reproduce in words; it was a snort of derision. "I don't know so much about cocoa," he said. "The young soldiers may like it, but—give—me—beer!"

From the way he spoke he left no doubt in my mind that his feelings on this subject were genuine.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th

To-day I have been looking round London, and round my part of it in particular. Apart from the obvious evacuation of "children, expectant mothers, and blind people," the occupiers of more expensive premises seem to have evacuated themselves. House after house is boarded up and sandbagged.

I met two doctors in the street. Both assured me they had nothing whatever to do, as all their patients had either gone away or stayed away.

I wandered down to the War Office to see Major-General Beith, or Ian Hay, as he is better known. I am always deeply impressed by the uniformed porters, with their top hats and blue frock coats, and by the marble staircase which leads to the first floor.

I had often met Ian Hay before. His tall, thin figure is familiar to most people, but when I had seen him previously he had always been in civilian dress. To-day, with two rows of medals on his tunic, and the red tabs of a Staff Officer, he impressed me as much as the staircase.

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He is a remarkable man. He was a schoolmaster at Fettes when he published his first book in 1907—and this has been followed at regular intervals by other novels.

It was in 1915 that he wrote his epic of Kitchener's army, *The First Hundred Thousand*.

He was very nice and struck me as completely unspoilt by his present imposing position.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th

I find that this programme is going to be no light work for me. It means getting four speakers a week, two on Tuesday and two on Friday. To-day's speakers are Ian Hay, and a financial journalist, who is describing the changes which the war has produced in the City of London. It appears that the stockbrokers have been doing their business in Throgmorton Street, the Stock Exchange being closed. This speaker said that the stockbrokers, with their silk hats and gas-mask cases slung over their shoulders, reminded him of the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th

The speakers to-day were Herbert Hodge and an ex-sailor called Western Martyr.

Hodge is a taxi-driver who, a year or so ago, wrote a book

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called *It's Draughty in Front*. A very good book it was too, giving a vivid picture of the life of a taxi-driver.

I often wonder how men with a little education manage to write books which are both grammatical and interesting. I've come to the conclusion it's because the trend in modern writing is to get right away from anything that sounds even slightly stilted, and to present the reader with writing that is as like conversation as possible.

I wonder whether this is influenced by the spoken word of broadcasting. Certainly broadcasting and writing are becoming more and more alike in form.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th

I've been taking stock of what the war has done to my own life, stimulated by hearing what it has done to the lives of the various speakers I've been collecting.

First of all, I've found that my two doctor friends were speaking the truth when they said there were no patients left. My experience is the same, or almost the same.

To-day I met a friend of mine—an Irishman. He is also a doctor, and he asked me if I'd got any work to do. When I told him that I'd seen on an average a patient a day, he appeared to be overcome. "How on earth d'you manage that," he said, "you must be run off your feet!"

He then told me that the only patient he'd seen lately had been one who had been damaged in a motor-car accident.

I've been hearing lamentations from doctors and others as

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to their financial futures. Doctors in particular have heavy overhead charges, but as the incomes of successful doctors are by no means small, these expenses are usually well within their means.

But it's a very different story when, quite suddenly, like a bolt from the blue their incomes stop. One man I know is a most successful consultant. I reckon that he makes anything up to seven or eight thousand a year. He has a big house, motor-cars, several children, and a country retreat.

He is now in despair as to how he is going to pay even his rent!

It is extraordinary what comfort one derives from the fact that other people are in the same difficulties as you are in. I understand from several of my acquaintances that they have been to their landlords and suggested that their rent should be reduced. One man told me that as all his profession had ceased to make money and had to make sacrifices instead, he didn't see why the wealthy ground-landlords should not also do their bit by reducing rents until such time as conditions return to normal.

I remembered with gratitude the treatment I had received from my landlord at the beginning of the last war. I had only been in practice a couple of years and had what was, for me, an expensive rent to meet. So I wrote to my landlord—Lord Portman—telling him how I was fixed. I received a charming letter from him, in his own hand, telling me that so long as I was serving with His Majesty's forces my rent would be halved.

I wonder whether there are any landlords left with the generosity of that particular Lord Portman.

There's a curious atmosphere in London—I mean a curious

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psychological atmosphere. I suppose mass-suggestion is responsible for the air of indifference with which people are walking about.

The Englishman, I must once again remind myself, hates to show his feelings. So he exaggerates the opposite (as Freud would say). If he is feeling something so deeply that he is afraid his emotions may peep out willy-nilly, he assumes a mask of boredom, fondly trusting that no one will see through it.

To-day, complete with gas-masks, you can see the crowds walking down Regent Street. People talking a good deal less than usual. Two men approached me talking excitedly. Their manner was in marked contrast to the silence of the other people who streamed past them.

I was not surprised, as they came nearer, to hear that they were speaking in a foreign language.

Surely, we must be about the only race which is terrified of working off its emotions by outward manifestations!

There is, however, one curious way in which Londoners are expressing their egos. For some obscure reason, no car is considered to be decently attired unless it carries a label on the windscreen. The description on the label may range from one word—such as Doctor—to a short autobiography.

Now, one can, by a stretch of the imagination, foresee circumstances in which it might be useful to know that a passing car contained a doctor. But what good purpose can possibly be served by knowing that a certain motor vehicle is working for the Women's Voluntary Reserve, or that another contains a man (or woman) who is attached to A.R.P.?

If the answer is that the drivers are seeking priority by virtue of their war work, I reply that it has already been stated

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in Parliament that none of these voluntary organizations has any right to claim precedence to other forms of traffic.

Even if these drivers could claim priority, there are so many varieties of labels, that the cars would, I imagine, merely succeed in crowding each other out of any chance of priority.

In Oxford Street, not long ago, there was a long stream of cars all labelled "Ministry of Something-or-Other," A.R.P., and such like. At the end came a humble two-seater, driven by a woman, bearing the inscription, "Just Me."

The psychological factors of this exhibitionism are a little difficult to disentangle.

Obviously, the owner of a labelled car derives much the same satisfaction as the soldier whose tunic carries row upon row of ribbons. So much is clear.

But what else lies behind this? Is it that he wants all the world to know that he is not a shirker? If this is the case, the label is merely another buttress to his self-regarding sentiment.

I suggest, however, that there is another cause, and this is a purely infantile fixation—the novelty complex. Just as a child likes a new toy because it is something for him to explore, so the war-worker finds in his or her new surroundings, fresh fields in which to play.

I am not being unkind when I suggest this. There is nothing quite so crippling to the human mind as monotony. And you can suffer from monotony quite as much in wealthy surroundings—probably more so—than in humble ones. Hence the change from a humdrum existence is distinctly stimulating.

The rich man's daughter is just as much a victim as the

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poor bank clerk who adds up figures all day, and then does the same thing all to-morrow.

I know one girl—the daughter of a peer—who is now living in the house of a working electrician. There is only this girl, the man and his wife—in a council house.

By day she drives a lorry, in company with a Sergeant, who insists on stopping at a goodly number of pubs *en route*. By the evening the worthy soldier is, in the words of the prophet, canned.

Then Lady — returns to her council house, as happy as the day is long.

Novelty? Well, it's rather a contrast to the ancestral mansion, complete with butler, isn't it?

The emancipation of women proceeds apace. Women, doing men's work, cut their teeth in the last war.

I remember doctoring a Women's Motor Convoy in France. The Adjutant (male and elderly) of the camp to which I was M.O. was shocked to the core by their cropped hair. He liked, he said, women "to be women."

Whatever Einstein may say to the contrary, time does mean something. I know that these women were regarded as—er—unusual because their skirts were short (and workmanlike), their hair bobbed, and because they smoked.

I remember a friend of Audrey's who was a V.A.D. and who, in 1916, was asked to leave a London restaurant because she smoked a cigarette.

And now, a quarter of a century has passed, and with it, the idea that a woman is something apart.

I have heard it said that the breaking down of the barrier between the sexes has led—or will lead—to an increase in sexual laxity.

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I can't believe this. The chaperone was a tacit suggestion that, if a man and woman were only left alone for a split second, the worst would happen.

Perhaps in some instances, this was true. If so, it would be equally true to-day. For, as they say in the Divorce Court, if you can prove opportunity and desire you can assume misconduct.

And there's the rub. If a human being's desire overcomes his or her morality, then the opportunity will be seized upon. But (both in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries) there have always been people who respect themselves, and whose inhibitions make it more difficult for them to give way than to resist.

I find it hard to believe that a chaperone, be she never so watchful, is going to succeed where inhibition is absent.

For it is a fact that, strong as the sexual instinct is, it is, in normal human beings, accompanied by strong inhibitions. It is this very fact which leads, in some instances, to nervous breakdowns. The conflict between sexual urge and sexual inhibition leads to failure of adaptation to environment—a rather highfalutin' way of describing a neurosis.

None the less, it is an accurate enough description of what often lies behind the neurasthenia of an unfortunate individual whose mind is the battle-ground between two instincts.

I have written down my thoughts on this subject as my mind went back to the events of twenty-five years ago. I can see how my own reactions to this eternal man-woman problem have changed. Then, I rather thought that woman's virtue would disappear as her familiarity with men increased: that sexual relationships would be as free from restraint as they are in the animal world.

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Now, I realize that it's not a question of clothes, in spite of a song Seymour Hicks used to sing, which went:

"It's not the coat which makes the man,
But, damme! it's the trousers."

What a woman will do depends upon her character and is nothing to do with skirts or slacks.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th

To-day we had a talk in my series by an Indian aviator, Mr. Ghosh (pronounced like the French *gauche*). This small, rather wizened Hindoo, in the late thirties, has seen more in his relatively short life than I have in nearly twice the time.

He told me (and the Empire):

"Schooling and the school-compound and school-teachers never agreed with me, and I spent a lot of time breaking my mother's sewing-machine and putting it together again, thinking I was going to be a big engineer some day. The war gave me an opportunity to break loose and I joined up with two annas in my pocket. I've got those two annas still, and I've never taken any money from my family for the last twenty-five years.

"When the war was over, my gratuity gave me the chance to get to San Francisco, and I worked there at all sorts of jobs—driving lorries, hoeing beans, picking peaches—and eventually I got training in a motor-garage. Later on I was taken on by the Ford Company in Detroit. That gave me my real chance, and I was sent back to India with a good job. But I

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thought aviation was coming along, so I left the motor trade and took to flying; and one day I'll take a submarine job if I can get it. I'm getting tired of flying—ten years of it is quite enough.

"I'm sailing back to India and taking my machine. I shall have to put it together again when we get to Bombay and finish up my job there. After that I hope to do something useful. I think my experience in the last war might be valuable. I've had my bit of training and learnt a few languages, including three English ones—Cockney, American, and whatever you think I'm speaking now. You see, in Mesopotamia I was with a battalion of East Enders and I learnt to say "tyble" and not "table" and "py dy" instead of "pay day"; and when I got back to India my father wanted to know what language this was. Then, of course, I learnt to speak all over again in America, so that nobody in England could understand me. And now that I've taken such a lot of trouble with English, I'm dashed if anyone is going to make me learn German."

And, there you are! Such a man makes me think that the adventurous spirit is still to be found in every country.

Fancy finding flying dull! I suppose a specialist in the internal-secretory glands would say that the adrenals were unusually active in men like Marco Polo, Francis Drake, and F. K. Ghosh.

An Irish friend of mine, a surgeon, looked in to-day. He told me that he had offered his services to the Army early this summer. He had received little encouragement, and so, after months of waiting, he went to the War Office, saying that he was willing to do any job they wished, even be a "Stretcher-bearer in Syria."

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After a few more weeks of waiting, he received a reply in which he was asked by the War Office if he realized that Syria was a French mandated territory!

I love stories about the Irish: I heard this one the other day, which, to me, was new.

An Irishman had stayed away from church for some weeks, and when he did go, he put half a sovereign into the plate in mistake for a sixpence.

In due course he discovered his error, went to see the priest after the service, and asked him to give it back.

"No, Paddy," said the priest, "you've not been as regular in your church-going as you should, and you don't get your money back."

No amount of argument would make him change his mind, so the unfortunate Paddy had no choice but to give in.

But the priest knew Paddy and his kind, and more than half suspected that he would in due course return and help himself. So he hid behind a pillar, and sure enough, some half-hour later, a window opened slowly and Paddy crept into the church.

The padre, however, was equal to the occasion. Tiptoeing into the vestry, he slipped a surplice over his head, and just as Paddy was approaching the altar where the alms were, he came out from behind the pillar, his arms stretched out beneath the white covering, saying in a sepulchral voice, "I am the Lord."

But Paddy was in no way put out. "Then ye're the very man I want," he replied. "Your mother owes me nine-and-six."

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st

My family returned to London this morning. It's curious that I should feel nervous at the thought that they are coming back—to London. But I've been told so often by Voigt that a European war which didn't include a ruthless bombing of London would be no war—so far as the Nazis are concerned—that I, like many others, have waited expectantly for the air-raids.

Anthony is lunching here and then we are driving him to Eton. He shows none of the "last-day-of-the-holidays" emotions, which, I'm afraid, lots of other little boys—including myself—have shown in the past.

I remember the sense of appalling desolation which I experienced at the beginning of every term, when I was cut off from my parents; and I can picture, as though it were only yesterday, the utter misery which beset me at the thought that I should not see them again for three months.

Of course, Eton is much nearer to London than my own public school. But, somehow, I don't believe that this is enough to explain how completely happy our Anthony is—even at the beginning of each "half."

I think it is due to several factors, some of which, at any rate, are peculiar to Eton.

The first is the complete absence of bullying. There is no patronizing by the older boys. The "library" in each house is composed of the bigger boys who keep order in the house. Result: the small boys are neither afraid of, nor likely to be too familiar with, the older ones. A much better system than that which places authority in the hands of one prefect.

Eton succeeds in making a boy independent, because it is so ordered that he feels he is, within certain elastic limits, free.

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However small a boy is, when he first arrives he is given the impression, not that he is at school (as most of us felt), but that he is joining a more or less self-governing community.

In this way, his personality is allowed to develop more freely. He follows his own particular interests. He is not unpopular merely because he doesn't chance to like, or to excel at games. I fear that this is not, and has not been, so at all public schools: if it were, some of us would look back with fewer regrets to our own school-days.

If a boy at Eton is mechanically minded, he can join the School of Mechanics: if he is possessed of the artistic gift he can draw and paint. In fact, there's every encouragement to a boy to follow his own particular bent.

Next in importance, I should place the fact that at Eton every boy has a room to himself. I once heard a schoolboy say that what he had disliked most at his school had been the absence of privacy. He said that he could never be alone, night or day.

Now at Eton, the possession of a bedroom-study which is your very own not merely ensures privacy when you need it, but is in keeping with the plan that a boy should develop his personality; and not merely be one of a stereotyped pattern. He can always obtain guidance from his Tutor ("house-master" for those unfortunates who, like myself, are neither Etonians nor Old Etonians). The rules are quite definite—and there is always the School Office, where a boy can find out whether the ordinary time-tables have been altered.

This respect for the individual—however small or young he may be—is, I think, the secret of Eton's success, from the boy's point of view. It certainly is from the parents'.

Anthony was not quite thirteen and a half when he went to Eton. I was told by the authorities that a boy might have

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his own banking account. So I opened one for him. I explained how to use a cheque book and how to keep an eye on his expenditure.

It was a great success. He learned how to manage his own affairs from the word "go"; and at the end of the first "half" he had five pounds out of the fifteen pounds I'd given him.

This may sound a large allowance, but, out of it, he had to pay for his clothes and all incidental expenses.

Some of the happiness of a boy at Eton must depend on his tutor, and Anthony is lucky to have a man who is a genius at his job. So far as I can judge, his genius consists in being completely natural with all the boys—large and small.

For instance, I was sitting in his study this afternoon, discussing the A.R.P. when there was a knock at the door, which opened to reveal one of the smallest boys I should think Eton has ever seen.

"I want your advice," he said. "It's about this Scout meeting. D'you advise me to become a scout?"

"Tutor" furrowed his brows in thought. Not a shadow of a smile showed on his face at the old-fashioned manner of this newcomer.

"Have I spoken about it to the new boys? No. Perhaps I haven't. . . . Well, let me see. Ah! I know. You go to the meeting, but don't commit yourself and, we'll fix things up this evening."

His seriousness was quite genuine. Even after the door had closed behind the small figure in the Eton jacket, "Tutor" made no comment. The problem which was puzzling his charge was as important to him as it was to the boy.

And that, I believe, is the most valuable trait which a schoolmaster can possess. He must be able to see how im-

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portant to a small boy are things which, to the schoolmaster, may appear trifling, unless he is able to put himself in the place of the boy.

If he can, well then, there's no need for that besetting sin of schoolmasters—forced joviality.

I'm sure that it is much more important to make boys happy than learned. Happiness depends more upon our emotions, than upon our knowledge. And the direction our emotional life will take is plotted during adolescence.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd

In our programme to-day we had a talk by Commander Woodrooffe. I think he is one of the best broadcasters I have ever come across.

I have often asked myself (and as often discussed it with people at Broadcasting House) what constitutes a good broadcaster. My contention has always been that two essentials are necessary:

1. A good delivery. This is only attained by realizing that you are talking to one person, just as you are during a meal *à deux*. You must never picture yourself delivering a lecture. If you do, you will certainly sound stilted. A man sitting alone in one of the outposts of the Empire wants to listen to what *you* have to tell him. He is not one of an audience; and, if the speaker addresses him as if he were, the illusion produced by successful broadcasting is absent.
2. The second essential is that the speaker shall have something to say, which he himself believes in.

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The microphone, as anyone will tell you who has had experience of its ways, has an uncanny trick of portraying the true personality. What's more, you can't hide your character when you're broadcasting, however much you try.

Before I had become familiar with broadcasting, I often wondered whether this statement was true. Now I know it is. For the microphone does not only show whether you are nervous or not. It does much more than that. If two people are talking together, each can form some sort of idea as to the character of the other, not only by what he says, but by the way he says it. The microphone transmits what the speaker says, but tends, I think, to exaggerate peculiarities of intonation. Try as you will, I don't think you can fake your personality when you are broadcasting.

Many people are what is known as "mike shy." A man told me the other day that the King had told him that whenever he had to broadcast he always broke out into perspiration. I have taken part in discussions with people who have been in the public eye all their lives and should by now be accustomed to public speaking, and yet, in some instances, the microphone has scared the life out of them.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd

Doc. Kerley, whose family is in Ireland, has come to stay with us for the present. He is expecting to go to France shortly, but does not yet know when.

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We are a jolly family party. Audrey and I at the two ends of the table, Yvie and Doc. at one side, Ave at the other.

To-night at dinner, we had an argument. It began with Doc. saying that someone had told him we ought to land an expeditionary force in Holland.

"All very well," I said. "But, unfortunately, Holland is a neutral."

"The Huns invaded Belgium," Yvie interrupted. "So why shouldn't we invade Holland?"

"We don't invade neutrals," I answered, sententiously. "Because it isn't right."

"If the Germans go into Holland, and I expect they will, why shouldn't we go there first?"

"No, no good, Yvie," Doc. supported me. "Don't you see that this would give the Huns just the excuse they want?"

"But we should be there first."

Ave, the logical, with a strong sense of what is just, reproved her sister. Yvie gave up the unequal contest, muttering imprecations under her breath, and consigning the Nazis to a hypothetical future destination. Having dismissed the rights of neutrals, she turned to Audrey.

"I've got a blister on my heel," she told her mother. "It's those new shoes. I shall go back and tell the girl who sold them to me what I think of her."

"You can't do that, Yvie," Audrey remarked. "It's probably just because they're new."

"But they shouldn't have sold them if they're too tight." She raised her voice.

"Don't get excited. Just take them back and ask them to ease them a little." Audrey spoke very slowly and quietly hoping, no doubt, that this would have a sedative effect on her first-born.

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I changed the subject by asking whether Mrs. Hope was better.

"When I had measles," Yvie began, speaking hurriedly so as to get in her contribution first, "I felt like death. . . . What's been the matter with the Hope woman?"

"Mrs. Hope," I told her, emphasizing the title, "has had jaundice."

"I'll bet she didn't feel as ill as I did when I had measles, did she, Pop?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say. I know of no standard by which one can judge the sensations which accompany different diseases," I replied.

Doc. Kerley laughed and asked me to pass him the apricot brandy. (He had brought us a bottle from Berry's.)

So I did.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th

The papers say that the New Forest ponies have been painted with white stripes, so that motorists can see them in the dark. The B.B.C. thinks there is a good "talk" in this, so will I go down and look round? The Hon. Sec. of the New Forest Pony Club—Sir Berkeley Pigott—is the man to interview.

I decided that, if I wanted to get back to-night, I'd better motor, and hang the petrol ration.

It was a lovely bright clear morning as I spun along the

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Great West Road, now well-named the "Great Waste Road," so little traffic is using it.

Through Camberley and Winchester, then into Romsey and the New Forest.

I saw plenty of ponies but none with stripes. The edges of the road and often the middle were smothered in white—but never a brown and white pony.

I suppose I travelled almost through the length of the Forest, for Sir Berkeley lives near Ringwood, where the Forest ends.

I had been told to inquire at Pickets Post for his house, which I eventually found at the bottom of a steep hill. The trees stopped—and we were in a little clearing with his farmhouse in the middle.

My first question was about the painted ponies. Sir Berkeley, tall, thin, grey over the temples, smiled.

"There was only one pony painted," he said, "and that had wandered into the street at Ringwood. They often do, as they know the flies hate the tarred street. Someone painted a stripe on it, more as a practical joke than for any good reason."

So that was what I'd motored over a hundred miles to be told! But my time was not wasted, for my host told me some of the changes which the war had brought to his part of the world.

He said that the black-out had led to a large increase in the number of ponies killed and injured on the roads. Nothing could stop them wandering on to the roads, and, of course, they were invisible at night.

We discussed in all seriousness the question of painting them white, but agreed that it would be almost impossible to do so successfully, partly because the paint would soon get dirty, and also because it seemed quite likely that any paint which had lasting qualities would probably produce skin-trouble.

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Sir Berkeley told me that every effort was being made to round up ponies known to be "strayers," and he hoped that the casualties among them would soon drop to their normal level.

On my way back I had to call at a village near Bordon to see a woman who had been training girls to drive ambulances.

I found Miss Pink in a neat little house at the top of a hill, which I have no doubt, she had built for herself. It had everything you find in a large country house, but on a small scale. A winding drive through a field, a gravel sweep in front of the house, garage, garden, and orchard. The house itself was simple, not unnecessarily adorned, and replete with every modern convenience.

Miss Pink turned out to be as modern as her house. She has a square face with strongly marked features, horn-rimmed spectacles and closely-cropped grey hair. She was wearing a man's blazer, a shirt with a tie and a short skirt. Her brogues looked as if she could have walked through a ploughed field without getting her feet wet.

I found her very interesting. She had driven ambulances during the last war, and what she didn't know about a car wasn't worth knowing. I gathered that her own private vehicle was a sports Alvis, and that there was no risk of her being arrested for loitering on the road.

She told me that she had worked out a scheme by which girls could learn to drive heavy lorries and ambulances in a short time, once they could drive an ordinary car, and she had invented a "chart of running repairs." I had tea with her and then started back for London.

It is a curious fact that very often one aspect of an individual one has met remains in one's mind. As I was driving the forty odd miles home I was thinking of Miss Pink's hair. It

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was thick and going grey, and I began to wonder whether in future women will suffer as much from baldness as men.

I think there is no doubt that men go bald much more frequently than women. Hard hats have been blamed for this; but now that men have largely given up wearing top hats and bowlers, will baldness be equal in the two sexes?

Of course, we still have a lot to learn about the hair. Why is baldness so prevalent among the Jews? The type of dark Jew with a prominent nose and dolico-cephalic skull is almost invariably bald in the late thirties.

Now, it is all very well to say that the health of the hair depends upon local conditions, and to blame the scalp for disease of the hair follicles, but I am pretty confident that baldness is very often a sign of endocrine failure. There are, of course, many other factors. Students tend to go bald rather early in life, and this is thought to be due to the drawing away of blood from the scalp to the brain. Personally, I think this is rather far-fetched.

There is the type of man who runs to fat in the early forties, and at the same time loses his hair from the forehead backwards. By fifty he has got nothing left but a fringe round the edge of his cranium. This type, I am sure, is due to premature failure of the ductless glands.

Then, there's the type of baldness which is almost completely confined to the top of the head—the "tonsure" variety.

This is obviously quite a different kind to that which begins on the forehead and works backwards. And I'm sure that the causation is different. But exactly what it is, I'm hanged if I know.

Now that women are living like men, working like men, and dressing like men, shall we in the near future see women with scalps like those I have just described?

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH

A visit to the Ministry of Information—known as the M.O.I. This abbreviation, and the wide powers this Ministry possesses, led one of its members, in imitation of Louis XIV, to murmur, “L’Etat c’est M.O.I.”

The Senate House of the London University, large as it is, seems barely large enough to house all the workers in this war-time department. The building itself is just a bit of New York planted in the middle of old-world Bloomsbury. You walk down Gower Street, with its row of small Georgian houses, broken now and then by a twentieth-century white office-building, turn left, and find yourself facing the Senate House.

I counted the floors—there are fourteen in the central tower: and fourteen floors may be a bungalow in New York, but it’s a skyscraper in London.

I had an appointment with Sir Edward Grigg, who, only a few days before, had been appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry. I had never met him before: I don’t believe I had even seen his picture. All I knew about him was that he’d begun life on the staff of *The Times*; had a distinguished career in the Army during the Great War, and that he’d been Governor of Kenya.

When I was shown into his office, I found a tall, grey-haired man of sixty, with a rather red face and great charm of manner.

If the reports one reads in the newspapers are to be believed, Sir Edward will be kept pretty busy if he is to introduce some kind of order into this unwieldy department.

No doubt its shortcomings are exaggerated, largely because it succeeded in antagonizing the entire Press from the word “go.”

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But then, if you fill a Ministry of Information with University professors and dons, who not only have no knowledge of modern Press-work, but, in all likelihood, are extremely contemptuous of everything to do with newspapers, what do you expect to happen?

I was not surprised that the statements issued by the Ministry were in such stilted language. One example sticks in my mind. "Our aeroplanes ascended . . ." sounds like a lift in a Paris hotel!

What did surprise me was that several of their statements were so ungrammatical. One such bulletin led the editor of a daily paper to interpolate his own attempt at clarification. "We presume the word 'they' refers to our aeroplanes, and not to the subject immediately preceding it."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th

I have been thinking about humour. What is it which makes me laugh heartily at a joke, and leaves you cold? What is the real essence of a sense of humour?

How usual it is to hear that "so-and-so's a good chap but he has no sense of humour!" which only means, I suppose, that the situations which amuse the speaker don't amuse his friend.

The dictionary does its best with a difficult subject when it says that humour "is the faculty of perceiving facetiousness or comicality." But I want to know why I am vastly amused at a situation, but when I tell you about it, expecting a gratifying response, all I get is a polite and unconvincing smirk?

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I'm sure that part of the answer—one ingredient in the sense of humour—is the power of imagery. And that's why some people who tell a story well can conjure up in your mind (if you've any power to image at all) a situation in a light which is vividly ludicrous.

It is obvious that there are two sides to this—the faculty of description on the part of the narrator and that of imagery on the part of the listener. And—it goes without saying—that the unexpected and the incongruous are other ingredients.

Here's a story told me recently by an American.

This man, a journalist, was in Japan during a severe earthquake. Houses collapsed and people ran into the streets clothed in whatever they could find.

My friend saw a disconsolate man standing about, dressed only in a singlet and pants. He spoke to him and, from the reply, knew him to be a fellow countryman. So he asked him what he had been doing in Japan.

"I've been selling the most up-to-date seismograph," he said. "It's so sensitive, it will tell an earthquake fifty years beforehand." He stopped his patter, realizing that he was no longer pedalling his goods. Then he shook his head.

"Somehow I don't think the darned thing's any good," he added. "I reckon I'll have to go into another line after this."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th

I had lunch to-day with Miss Trefusis Forbes, the Director of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Miss Forbes is energetic and keen, which is just as well, for I should think she has her

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hands pretty full getting together the women recruits, and fitting them into the jobs for which they are best suited.

She told me that the W.A.A.F. supply girls for telephone and secretarial work; as cooks in the Air Force camps; and that members of her organization make the fabric for the barrage balloons.

We lunched at the Waldorf, and as we walked up Kingsway afterwards, I saw three privates in the W.A.A.F. approaching. Miss Forbes's uniform is very striking, and the peak of her cap has several rows of gold. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the three female "tommies" getting ready to salute their Director in a suitably impressive manner. As we passed them, the heads of these three young women turned smartly to the left, and their hands went up to their foreheads. Miss Forbes's acknowledgment would have done credit to a General passing the humblest member of his army corps.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th

To-day I got up early to catch a train for Coventry. This was my first experience of war-time train travelling.

Euston was nearly dark when I arrived, although it was already nine o'clock. The glass roof was blacked out, and it might well have been dusk instead of dawn.

Loud-speakers were blaring out in every direction—the voices seemed to follow me as I made my way to the platform from which the train left for Coventry.

I had a few minutes to spare, so I strolled along the platform.

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It was an extremely long train with a modern streamlined engine. The carriages in front were labelled "Perth" and were full of soldiers.

The loud-speaker told us to take our seats. We did: and soon left the dim twilight of the station for the inky blackness of a tunnel.

I put down my paper and fell to criticizing the Government.

Now, hitherto, I had not joined in the new national game of *Finding Fault with the Administration*. I realized that emergencies demand urgencies. (By the way, surely this word "emergency" has never before been so overworked?) Even if many thousands of people have been seized by the authorities and (paid or unpaid) assimilated into the Home Front, so far as I could see, our Bureaucrats were merely preparing for a state of affairs which was very likely to materialize.

Nearly everyone believed that as soon as war broke out, there would be air-raids on England. That there have been none to date is another reason to call this war a crazy one. But it is no reason, in my humble judgment, to turn round and say that the powers-that-be have blundered. What would the grumblers have said had there been a succession of really devastating air-raids and no A.F.S., no hospitals ready in East Anglia, no ambulances?

That is how I have argued when I've met champions in the Finding-Fault game.

Now, however, as tunnel succeeded tunnel, each one seeming longer than the last, I joined the Grumbling Brigade. If the lights can be turned on and off from one switch (as everyone who has ever been in a train knows they can), why, in the name of fortune, couldn't this simple technique be employed now, instead of plunging us into darkness every few minutes?

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As I looked round the carriage in the intervals of time between the tunnels, I saw the blue lamps and wondered what this part of the A.R.P. alone had cost the railways.

I suppose there is a reason, but, like some other Government ukases, in this instance it is a little difficult to think of one.

Nobody has ever been able to explain to me why during certain hours of the day, you may buy a whole bottle of whisky or gin, but not a half-bottle. Is there a reason?

We were gliding through green fields which were bathed in sunshine. I looked out of the window and saw a balloon barrage. This, apparently, was Coventry.

In my drive from the station to the house where the W.V.S. has its offices, I could see that this town is certainly very alive to A.R.P.—for instance, every open space has trenches; at every corner there are directions how to reach the nearest air-raid shelter; and many of the buildings are sandbagged.

I found Mrs. Councillor Hyde in her office—a room in a very old house. She is a cheerful, pink-cheeked woman, who told me straight away that she was only a working-class woman and couldn't imagine why I wanted her to talk to the Empire. Mrs. Hyde has evidently taken a very active part in municipal affairs—she seems to be on many committees, and this in spite of the fact that she has her own household to look after.

The two or three hours I spent in this town were certainly not wasted. Mrs. Hyde had a number of people to meet me, and each had something to show me.

We began by motoring to the outskirts of the town where I saw some very luxurious trenches in the grounds of a factory. Every workman in this factory can reach his place in the trenches within thirty seconds of the air-raid warning. There

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are separate electric installations run from batteries, and perpendicular iron ladders to leave the shelter if the main entrance becomes blocked; while, in the factory itself, were a number of concrete and steel pill-boxes where watchers could stay beside a telephone and give immediate warning of fire.

Not satisfied with showing me the precautions he had taken at his works, the Managing Director then took me to his own house, and into his garden, where he had built a similar air-raid shelter, but, of course, considerably smaller. From there I was taken into a private house—and shown something which certainly was new to me. It was a new and rather large, luxurious house, and I was taken through the hall and the dining-room into the billiard room. The daughter of the house then lifted up a square in the floor, switched on the light, and we went down a ladder into a concrete dugout. The owner thought that if his family needed a dugout on a cold winter's night and had to go outside to reach it, they would all catch their deaths of cold.

Then we went to look at some of the public shelters in the town itself. One of the Councillors took me down some steps in a public park, switched on a light, and showed me a long concrete tunnel which ran the length of the park and had several passage-ways running at right angles. These were well-lit and had benches on either side.

As we left the trenches and reached the open air again, the Councillor pointed to a notice which said that these trenches accommodated 403 people. The odd three people seemed to annoy him, and he asked the policeman guarding the entrance, why they couldn't make it a round number. The policeman didn't seem to know.

Then we went back to Mrs. Hyde's office. She took me down to the cellars beneath her office and showed me under-

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ground passages which are alleged to run for several miles—in fact, to another town some distance away. It seems that this house was originally a monastery, and, as one so often finds in these old religious houses, passages had been provided by which the inmates could escape if necessary.

I don't think I have ever seen such a honeycomb of underground passages. I can well believe that one leads to Kenilworth, some six miles distant!

It is from this house that Lady Godiva is supposed to have begun her famous ride. Almost next door is a wine shop, and beneath it a passage. Mrs. Hyde told me that some distance down this, is a flat stone which is believed to mark the grave of Lady Godiva.

According to the official Handbook of Coventry, however, both Godiva, and her husband, Leofric, Earl of Mercia, are buried under the High Altar of the Priory Church.

Leofric died in 1057, the Lady Godiva not until 1080.

It was a curious experience spending part of the day in the tunnels existing in A.D. 1000 and part in those constructed in A.D. 1939.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3rd

This morning I saw two very different people. First, Mr. Beverley Baxter, then Lord Horder.

I went to Beverley Baxter's home in St. John's Wood. The house is in a wide tree-lined road, and, although not built

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recently, has a distinctly modern atmosphere. He took me out of French windows into the garden, and for some twenty minutes we walked up and down in the sun discussing the world and most people in it.

Beverley Baxter's career is, in its way, a proof that in every man's pocket there is some sort of baton. As everyone knows, he is a Canadian who fought in the Great War and afterwards joined Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*. In a very short time he had become the Editor; and, in a relatively short time had left Fleet Street and joined Gaumont-British Film Corporation at, I believe, a very handsome salary. In due course he left the Corporation and joined the Allied Press—the important group of papers of which Lord Kemsley is the chairman.

I always enjoy meeting Beverley Baxter. He is so full of life, has so much to talk about, and has such interesting views on whatever subject is under discussion.

Last January he and I discussed Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Rome in a broadcast talk. Beverley had spent a week in Rome and had evidently found the experience exhilarating, not to say exhausting. He told me the difference in the attitude of the Italian people to Chamberlain and to Hitler was very marked. When Hitler was there everything was regimented to the last degree, "but the visit of Chamberlain was left entirely to the wishes of the people. It's true that the troops and Fascist organization lined the streets, but I think that was more because the Fascists wanted to see the show than for any military reason. The people poured into the streets by their tens of thousands. Young Catholic students in their scarlet robes, priests from the Near East with their black cassocks and sandalled feet, people from the country, men, women and children of all ages; they came from the seven

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hills on which Rome is built to crowd the streets, and as usual, the Italian sun made the whole thing a glittering and fascinating spectacle."

I liked his description of the scene at the station.

"While all the Italian generals and generalissimos and dignitaries were marching round in their uniforms, wearing, I must say, a perfectly extraordinary number of medals, the British Military Attaché strolled in. Well, it wasn't quite fair, if you know what I mean; he was about six feet two, slim, with a guard's moustache, a firm chin, and a uniform so beautifully made and so smart that it looked as if it had left his tailor that very morning."

Baxter told me that Mussolini at first looked like an avenging Cæsar. "He had a terrific frown and a very pugnacious jaw. But when he isn't scowling, I must say he has a very attractive smile."

Baxter was very struck by Chamberlain's extraordinary energy. He said that he went for a walk at seven o'clock, then laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior, lunched with the King, had a consultation with Mussolini, stood for one and a half hours at a Fascist Youth display, dined at the British Embassy, went to the gala night at the Opera, attended a supper given by Count Ciano at midnight, and at two o'clock decided to go and see the town.

I liked the comment of one of Chamberlain's secretaries who, leaning against a wall for support, remarked, "The Prime Minister will show the effects of this in another fifty years."

Later on in the morning I went to see Lord Horder; a very different figure to Beverley Baxter. Baxter is of medium height, rather on the stout side and inclined to baldness. He

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is nearly always smiling, and yet one feels when one is talking to him that he is assessing you and what you are saying.

The great physician, on the other hand, is a very little man. He has a pointed nose, and behind his thick-rimmed glasses his eyes are summing you up the whole time.

If an impressive personality is important to a doctor—in other words, if a bedside manner means anything at all—one wonders how Lord Horder has succeeded, for he is careless in his dress and makes no effort to impress you, and yet, I suppose there has never existed a more shrewd diagnostician.

I was struck by his outlook on the war. I made a remark to the effect that we seemed to be in the soup all right. Horder replied that we were getting too soft. We did nothing else but go to bed, get up and eat, live comfortably, then go to bed again. The war will wake us up, and a good thing too, he said.

I am sure he is right. We, in England, take all our comforts for granted. And history has abundantly proved that when a nation is too comfortable and has no stresses to meet, it gets soft.

Anyhow, if this is a good side to the present dreadful state of affairs, it is the only one I can think of.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4th

This afternoon I went to Drury Lane Theatre. It is now the Headquarters of the "Entertainments of the Troops."

I had to ask Basil Dean to talk to the Empire on the work which is being done by this organization.

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The theatre looked dreary beyond words. Occasional single lamps lighted one through the entrance hall and into the foyer. The grand staircase—which has seen so many colourful first nights—was in semi-darkness; the saloon on the first floor, through which I felt my way to Basil Dean's office, was a very different place to the last time I saw it.

Then, it was brilliantly lit-up, packed with people, all discussing Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*.

I found Basil Dean in a small office smoking a cigar. Somehow I always pictured him a small man. But he is well over medium height, broad, but not fat.

He wears glasses, has a somewhat massive head, and regular features.

Both he and I were in a hurry. So he listened to my request and agreed to give a talk on how the troops were being entertained in war-time.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7th

This morning I walked down Portland Place, as nowadays I seem to do almost every day, as I live at one end and Broadcasting House is at the other.

Like many another middle-aged Londoner, I remember Langham Place and Portland Place before the B.B.C. built its battleship-like Headquarters opposite the Langham Hotel.

Looking at Broadcasting House, it's strange to think that this mammoth building stands where previously stood Foley House, in a small semi-circular drive. It is amazing how modern

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architecture can cram a vast building on to a site which previously has had only one moderate sized house. Witness Grosvenor House, the Dorchester, and Devonshire House. Some years ago, I used to sit in Audrey's Club, which looked on to the grounds of the last-named ducal mansion, and watch the family and their guests playing tennis where now stands a skyscraper. I remember A. J. Balfour, tall and bony in white flannels, beating the ball over (or into) the net.

Those spacious days have gone, and the value of land has risen; which has meant, that perhaps a thousand people, as at the B.B.C., have to work where formerly only one family lived.

As I neared the Langham this morning, I noticed the curve which the road makes away from the Hotel and towards All Souls' Church. And I was reminded of the queer reason for this. It was not arranged, as one might think, for the purpose of a crescent, so beloved of the Georgian architect.

Its origin is much more unusual. Sir James Langham had commissioned Nash to draw up plans for a house, but when he saw them he refused to accept them. Nash, in whose hands was the laying out of the roadway, got his own back by curving the road away from Langham's property, instead of carrying it straight down to Oxford Street which had been his original intention.

The crossing from the B.B.C. to the opposite side of the road is, in consequence of this curve, much more dangerous than it would be if the traffic could be seen for a greater distance in both directions.

And so we in the twentieth century, who have to dodge motor-cars where our ancestors merely side-stepped carriages, are suffering merely because Sir James Langham and Nash had a difference of opinion.

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This evening we have just heard Winston Churchill's first broadcast since the war. Surely he is an excellent example of the dictum that "the microphone reveals your character."

Even if you knew nothing about Churchill (which, I admit, is inconceivable), you couldn't have failed to tell what kind of a man he is, by the way his microphone personality came across. "We are hunting the U-boats with—er—relish." Here spoke the fighter . . . "but not—no, certainly not—without mercy." Here spoke the strategist—Winston was not going to give a handle to Germany.

As for the way his personality came over, what was the effect of this talk? Everyone agreed that it was the first fighting broadcast since the declaration of war. And it heartened us when we were in real need of a mental tonic.

What a force has been introduced into international affairs by the discovery of the radio. I think that we English might have made more use of this weapon, to energize the Home Front. More people are listening now than there's a war on than probably ever listened before. So the audience is there, all right.

A vigorous weekly talk by the best broadcaster in the Government would have made all the difference during these first weeks of the war, when everyone was puzzled at the unexpected pause, and everyone needed encouragement.

Later on, when we've settled down to war, it will perhaps be less necessary. But we're not yet accustomed to carrying our gas-masks everywhere, or bruising ourselves in the black-out.

And a dose of Winston weekly would be a grand tonic.

For Churchill charges the air with some of his own optimism and courage.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 9th

I had a tiresome interview with a publisher to-day. The trouble began some months ago, when I suddenly awoke to the fact that I could only write fiction for this firm, as in my contract for a former novel, there was a clause binding me to offer them my next three "works of fiction."

Of course, it was stupid of me not to have spotted this clause at the time I signed this particular contract. But, it doesn't alter the fact that this kind of clause is a monstrously unfair one. It's a case of tails you win, heads I lose. The publisher can refuse your next book, or can force you to let him publish it, however dissatisfied you may have been with the way he handled your first.

Anyhow, it was pouring with rain and I got very wet.

And so—to my flat for a change of clothes.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10th

Talks to-day by Admiral Oldham, chief of the River Emergency Service; Captain Coleman, Assistant Harbour Master of the Port of London Authority; and a woman Medical Officer from one of the River Ambulances.

This service is part of the A.R.P. scheme for the protection of London, and before I went down to Trinity Square—the headquarters of the Port of London Authority—and then to Tower Pier, I had no conception of the thoroughness of the preparations.

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To begin with, you must realize that the P.L.A. controls seventy-six miles of river, stretching from the Nore to Teddington. This is a long stretch and includes the Pool, and the Docks.

The arrangements include not only the protection of the river itself against fires from bombs, and first-aid for people injured both on the river and in the neighbourhood, but also a scheme whereby the river can be used to transport wounded. For this purpose the R.E.S. has made use of the Thames steamers, converting them into River Ambulances.

I was taken in a motor-launch from Tower Pier to somewhere in the region of Billingsgate Market. It was a grey, sullen, wet morning, and the river was quite choppy—so choppy that I had some little difficulty in transferring my body from the launch to the steamer.

Now, severe casualties are to be passed on stretchers through the windows into the saloon: and I couldn't help wondering, as I grasped the hand of a sailor, whether this wouldn't be an extremely difficult matter—especially if it happened to be dark.

And talking of the dark, the woman M.O. was most contemptuous of my suggestion that she might find it difficult to diagnose the extent of a man's injuries on the deck in the dark.

She brushed aside my comment that it might be a matter of extreme difficulty to discover, in conditions such as these, exactly where bleeding was coming from.

I asked her some more questions when she reached Broadcasting House to dictate her contribution to this programme. But she wouldn't budge from her *ex cathedra* statement that she had rehearsed it and all would be well.

I expect, when and if, she is faced with the real instead of the rehearsal she will modify her views.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11th

A newspaper editor has discovered details of the German food ration and has had a brain-wave. A reporter has volunteered to go on this diet for a week, keeping a diary of his reactions. This morning I examined him, to make certain he was fit for this ordeal. There was nothing wrong with him, except that he eats far too much in the ordinary way. How he is going to like a diet which consists largely of watery soup with bits of vegetable floating in it and malt coffee, with one pound of fish a week (when obtainable) and a slice of sausage, I can't imagine.

I worked out the calories of his ordinary diet, and they were well over two thousand. The calories of the German diet are somewhere about five hundred.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13th

A visit to David Low, the cartoonist. He lives just off Golders Green, in one of those houses which have sprung up by the thousand in the last ten years.

One is so accustomed to speak of Low without the prefix "Mr." that I almost said to the parlourmaid when she opened the door, "Is Low in?" But I remembered my manners in time.

There is no need to describe Low, for, except that he has got a small goatee beard now, everybody knows what he looks like—and he is just like his self-portraits. I interviewed him

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in a drawing-room which opened on to a garden complete with a hard tennis-court.

Harold Keeble told me last week that a cartoonist's work "is the hardest in the world." What's more, Harold added, it is almost impossible to find a good cartoonist (with the exception of the established names); the reason being that a successful cartoonist has to have so many attributes. He must hold definite political views, and *he must believe in them* if his cartoons are to get home. Then he must have a considerable knowledge of history and politics, to say nothing of accurate information as to what is going on in the world. He must be able to visualize situations which are ridiculous in themselves, and also be able to portray them in such a way that they appear ridiculous to others. It goes without saying that he must be a draughtsman, and be able to produce a likeness, even when the features of a face must be exaggerated for the purpose of caricature.

Low talks quietly, and his soft brown eyes twinkle every few minutes, not necessarily because you've said anything funny, but (I assume) because something incongruous has suddenly struck him.

This afternoon A. G. Street gave a talk on his life in war-time. He still works his farm in Wiltshire, although he is left practically single-handed. He has had to drive his tractor—a job he has never before attempted—and to get up in the small hours of the morning to deal with the milk.

I have known Street for some time. He is quite unspoilt by his success, which is, in a way, unique. I suppose he is the only working farmer who is also a best-seller. I asked him whether he could settle down to write books in this war atmosphere. I know I can't. It doesn't seem worth while

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because, I suppose, at the back of one's mind is the thought that one may not be here to finish it.

Street felt as I do. He told me that he found it almost impossible to settle down to a long job of writing.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14th

A visit to the Sunday newspaper, to see how the victim of the Nazi diet experiment is getting along. To my chagrin he tells me that he was looking and feeling so ill this morning that the editor sent him out to have a meal.

I am bound to confess that he looks thinner and has shadows under his eyes which weren't there on Wednesday. All the kick seems to have gone out of him. Perhaps it was just as well not to make him complete the week.

It will be interesting, as the months pass, to see whether the German people develop irritability, depression, and loss of weight as the result of their meagre rations. It ought to be possible to get authoritative statements in these days of quick communications. But, judging from the newspapers, little reliable information from inside Germany is reaching neutrals.

I remember in December 1918 travelling through Germany in an ambulance train. We were bringing back British prisoners of war from the German camps. When the train stopped for an hour or two at a station, I used to walk through the town or village. It was quite obvious that the people I saw were suffering severely from malnutrition. The women

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were thin and walked as if they had no energy: the children were pasty-faced and wizened.

We are talking a good deal nowadays about the war "on women and children." But is there anything very new in this? Do not women and children always suffer in warfare? They may not have been bombed before the invention of the aeroplane, but they certainly suffered in the Great War. Even in England the shortage of food was sufficient to make itself felt. I remember bringing back three pounds of butter from France when I came on leave once. Audrey spun it out so that our two small daughters had butter for several weeks.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17th

Mrs. Laughton Matthews, Director of the W.R.N.S., described her work in this afternoon's programme. She wears a three-cornered blue hat with a turned-up brim, the badge of the Navy in gold on the front. She also wears a blue reefer jacket and skirt. She is a tall, rather massive woman, but very charming, and I should say essentially feminine. She served in the last war in the W.R.N.S. and has come back, so to speak, as Commander-in-Chief.

This is nothing like the last war—at least, the first six weeks haven't been.

I have often wondered why August 1914 was so different to September 1939. It's easy enough to say, as some people do, that then we none of us really knew what war was like,

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and, therefore, when the actual declaration came, we received it with delight, and with enthusiastic crowds outside Buckingham Palace, and all the rest of it.

But I don't think that is the real explanation. So far as I can judge, the British attitude to the Kaiser's war was that we were bound to win and we'd jolly well give the Germans a lesson! More optimism and less experience.

In 1939, we had been fearing a war for at least a year, ever since we'd escaped it by the skin of our teeth at Munich. When it came our attitude was the attitude of the man who's going to the operating-theatre. It's something he's dreaded for a long time, perhaps. Anyhow, it's the unknown he's facing. He may survive it, or it may finish him off.

We in Britain were dragged into a war, if ever a nation was. No man, woman, or child who reads the records of this, and the preceding few years, will be able to doubt our innocence. It is only necessary to remember that France, Britain, and Poland eagerly welcomed a conference. Even Mussolini said that there was nothing which should cause a war.

Hitler alone refused the conference. Why? His position was so strong that he could easily have got any Polish-German problem settled satisfactorily, so far as German minorities were concerned.

But he didn't want this. He wanted Poland to disappear and this he would never have achieved except by war.

So he sacrificed his alleged hatred of Russia and made his agreement with his sworn enemy. Then, war offered up endless possibilities for brigandage.

In 1939, war was the last thing we in Britain wanted—we were like a patient who will try medical treatment first, and only consent to an operation when every other resort fails.

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But nothing could turn Hitler aside from his mad dreams of world power.

As Chamberlain said, "That man doesn't want peace."

And so we had to take what we were handed, however grim the dose was, or else go down the drain.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19th

Finland is in the news, owing to Russia's demands. A discussion has been arranged in the programme "Cards on the Table" between Sir Rowland Sperling, who was our Minister there for some years, and myself.

I learned a good deal from Sir Rowland about Finland. He admires the Finns. It certainly is extraordinary that they are able to mobilize three hundred thousand men out of a total population of just over three and a half million.

Sir Rowland said that Germany was responsible for the present Finnish crisis, by making a deal with Russia which destroyed the balance of power in the Baltic, and by giving Russia a free hand to impose terms on the Baltic States. He is of the opinion that Finland was not really very important to Russia, apart from the Aaland Islands, which he described as "the Gibraltar of the Baltic." What Russia really wants are ice-free ports, and Finland has only one in the Baltic. Russian interest in Finland is, apparently, primarily strategic.

I asked him about the relationship between Finland and Sweden, and he said that Sweden is inclined to regard Finland as something of a parvenu, an attitude naturally resented by

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Finland. But he thought that a common danger would do away with any feelings of unfriendliness.

Sir Rowland gave a graphic account of life in Finland. He said that the winter there is, as one would expect, pretty cold, and that the port of Helsinki is frozen until the spring. When the ice-breaker comes in, the people go out in crowds and run along in front, celebrating the end of winter. There is ice hockey, tobogganing and ski-ing. He added this interesting detail. "You see small children from the town who cannot afford a toboggan, sitting down on their backsides at the top of a hill and sliding down the slopes."

The question may well be asked, "Will Stalin push home his demands?" Finland can scarcely concede all that Stalin asks: for, then, she would, for all practical purposes, lose her independence. She would, in effect, become a vassal state, as the poor little Baltic countries have.

But if she stands firm and refuses to cede what the Russian Dictator asks for? Will Russia irritate her German ally and use force?

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20th

To-day I listened to what, even a few years ago, would have been an astounding feat. One of the fishermen who helped to rescue three German airmen who were shot down in Scapa, gave a talk in Edinburgh. This was telephoned through to Broadcasting House, and received on a gramophone record.

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When played over by the announcer in the programme (to which I listened) it was indistinguishable from a "live" talk. The fisherman described how he and his companions saw a large German bomber being chased by three of our 'planes; how one English 'plane flew low and shot it down; and how it fell into the sea and sank in ten minutes.

There was, he went on, a difference of opinion between him and other members of the crew about going to the rescue of the German.

"Why should we?" one asked. "They may have killed hundreds of people in Edinburgh."

"That's not the point," the speaker argued. "If they were Britishers in Germany, wouldn't we want them to be saved?"

He had his way and they rowed to the spot where three heads were seen in the water. When they were quite close the fishermen could see that the men were clinging to one of the wheels of the aeroplane which was still floating.

They pulled the men into the boat. All three were more or less severely injured.

One of the Germans had "sergeant's" stripes on his sleeves. He took off a "magnificent signet ring" and gave it to the speaker's father.

This talk from Scotland brought home to me how the radio has annihilated space. Not only did *I* listen to the description of his experiences, but, no doubt, a New Zealander, an Englishman in one of the outposts of Empire, or a Canadian in Vancouver was listening at the same time.

I met a young man from British Columbia this spring. He told me how much he had enjoyed listening in Victoria during Munich week to an Englishman describing the scenes in Whitehall. He little knew that I was the Englishman whose voice he had listened to—and I did not tell him.

A Psychologist's War-time Diary

People who broadcast on the Overseas programme receive letters from all over the world. And I am constantly meeting listeners who tell me that they know my voice well.

I am interested to see how they scrutinize me—presumably to see whether my face is the sort of thing they'd visualized in, for instance, the Persian Gulf, where they'd heard my voice.

The news of the signing of the treaty between Britain, France and Turkey was published this morning.

I had a talk with Sir George Clerk, until recently British Ambassador in Paris, who spent many years in Turkey. He knew it in the days of the Sultans; and, after the war, when that astonishing figure, Kemal Ataturk, was ruling the country.

Sir George, tall, lean, immaculately dressed, who looks like a high military officer or a diplomat, evidently has the greatest admiration for Kemal. One point about him interested me: Sir George said that he was the first dictator since Cincinnatus to realize that there is a limit to the time an individual can usefully govern.

Kemal retired, more or less, during his lifetime, handing over the reins of government to his successors. In effect he said, "You'll have to take over this job one day. You may as well do it now, while I'm still about. If you make any bad mistakes, I shall be here to help you."

I gathered from Sir George, that Turkey as we know it to-day—an orderly, contented people, well-governed and highly civilized—is the creation of one man, Kemal Ataturk.

Kemal must have been an extraordinary man. Sir George told us one story of Kemal's military achievements.

In the Dardanelles campaign, Kemal had left his troops and walked up a hill. When he reached the top he saw a crowd of Turkish soldiers approaching. They halted when they saw Kemal.

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"Where are you going, my lambs?" he asked one of the leaders.

"We're running away."

"But why are you running away, my lambs?"

"We have no ammunition left."

"But what about your bayonets?" The Turkish General ordered them to stay where they were until he returned. He rode away and came back with reinforcements.

He then ordered all the men to charge. The Turks, fired by Kemal's spirit, routed the English!

Lunch at the Carlton Grill with Rothay Reynolds, for many years *Daily Mail* correspondent in Berlin. Not many people about. At the next table sat Ivor Novello. He looked sad, thin, and rather old. I noticed he took four lumps of sugar in a tiny cup of coffee.

It's queer what small things stick in one's memory. I suppose I noticed the four lumps because Reynolds had been telling me about the food-rationing in Germany. Ivor would have had to cut down his consumption of sugar had he been living in Berlin instead of London.

Reynolds left Germany in February 1939. Life must have been pretty joyless in Berlin, even as long ago as that.

Talking of the Nazi campaign to stamp out all religion, he told me about a small boy whose mother was getting him ready for church.

"I don't want Christ," he said, "now I've got my Fuehrer."

The Nazis, it seems, resent any organization which is in any way outside the Party.

No German must be interested in anything—except the Nazi Party.

What are the minds of the next generation of Germans

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going to be like if National Socialism has its way? No ardent churchman, no Jew, may contribute to German "Kultur," merely because he is what he is. This racial jealousy—this desire for Nazi-ism to be the sole inhabitant of the mind of a German—is as much a mental abnormality as the crazy Nazi desire to become the sole world-power.

Is it any wonder that Germany is such an impossible neighbour?

And talking of the way small points about people remain in one's mind, I am reminded of the only time I met Mr. Lloyd George. I was dining with his son, Gwilym, at the House of Commons, and his father joined us at dinner.

Two things—trivial in themselves—remain in my memory. One was that Mr. Lloyd George's pince-nez were swinging on an extremely broad black ribbon; the other that he put a neat and tidy finish to his dinner by eating a generous helping of Welsh rarebit.

The worst of being a doctor is that the medical aspect of everyday actions springs automatically to your mind. In this instance, I couldn't help forming a mental picture of a stomach wrestling late at night with tough, cooked cheese.

I came away from this particular dinner full of admiration for a man of seventy-five who could eat Welsh rarebit at 8.30 p.m. Did he choose this delicacy out of loyalty to his native land?

The power of the human mind to produce images is one of the most interesting of man's attributes.

People vary greatly in this respect. I myself have a vivid imagination, and, I not only invariably see a place "with the mind's eye" before I see it in being, but I am as invariably wrong in my pictures. I suppose this is only to be expected.

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Where do these images come from, and what determines their form?

They are the product of the unconscious, which, for this purpose, I liken to a scenic warehouse. The producer wants, let us say, an interior. He looks through his stock and comes across a "set" which was used in a former play. He makes a few alterations, perhaps combines this "set" with part of another, and here's the scene he wants.

I suppose we do the same thing when, in our minds, we paint a picture of a house we are going to visit for the first time.

But I have another trick—this time about people. I am just under six feet in height, and I am constantly being surprised by the short stature of men, whose faces I know only from their portraits, when I come face to face with them in the flesh.

For instance, I have only once met Lord Baldwin. It was at a house party in Worcestershire. I was surprised to find that he was a head shorter than I had expected. It was Christmas and I pulled a cracker with him across the table. The face was the one the world is familiar with, but he is so much shorter than I am that I had to bend down as I handed him the cracker.

Curiously enough, I have not found the same thing about women. Rarely are they shorter than my imagination has pictured them.

The first time I met Lady Oxford I sat on her left at a dinner. She was quite as tall as I had pictured her.

Throughout dinner she kept up a running flow of conversation—topics of the day, books, people, and politics.

After dinner a man sang a song in a throaty tenor. Margot took her cigarette out of her mouth, and leaning towards me, whispered in my ear, "Like a draught through a keyhole."

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A dominating personality which has increased since the day when, at the age of four, as she tells us in her autobiography, she used to enter a room announcing, "Here's me."

Few women can have had the opportunities to broaden their outlook which Margot Asquith has had.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24th

This afternoon Rothay Reynolds discussed with me "The Rise of the Nazis."

Here are some extracts from what he said:

"My dear fellow, you have not the remotest idea in England what freedom is, because it is simply the air you breathe. I discovered for myself what freedom is, when it disappeared on the night that Hitler became Chancellor.

"Most Germans are contented if they can get a well heaped-up plate of food. The working women, however, were complaining bitterly that they found catering difficult. You see, they like to give their men a good plate piled-up with potatoes soured in grease, and lard, as well as other fats, was very difficult to get. So naturally, there were complaints about the markets. But grumbling is strictly forbidden. One day in the market near my home a woman got annoyed because she couldn't get this and that, and at last said angrily: 'I suppose we shall end up with just a herring and a potato.' A man touched her on the shoulder and said: 'Kommen Sie mit' (Come with me). She was in the hands of the secret police."

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"Lads in the National Socialist organization have been singing a parody of the Horst Wessel song, which, as you know, is the second national anthem.

"The nose held high, the eyes shut up quite firmly,
Hunger stalks on with never ceasing step,
And Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, and Companions,
In spirit only hunger now with us."

"You must remember that in the schools and in the Nazi organizations for young people the Nazi ideas are being hammered into them every day. And so, very often you find a battle between the influence of the home and the influence of the school or organization. And, undoubtedly, very large numbers of the young people accept the ideals of the Nazi leaders. But many of them don't. The thing which has struck me is the very large number of young men to be seen in the churches, where certainly they hear ideas which are contrary to those taught in the schools.

"A Bishop put the idea in a nutshell when he said that the persecution of religion in Germany now is the most dangerous that the church has ever had to face. 'Nero,' he said, 'burnt Christians and threw them to the lions, but he didn't send their children to school.' And children are certainly picking up anti-religious ideas.

"The clergy are allowed to conduct their services, and they're allowed to preach from their pulpits, but they are perfectly well aware that spies are in the churches and may denounce them if they should say anything which is contrary to the ideas of the regime."

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27th

David Low gave his talk to-day. Somehow, whenever I talk to him, I am reminded of what Kipling is believed to have said about the Head Porter at Brown's Hotel. "If he had been in charge of the world, there would have been no war."

Low sees what is really important, and what we venerate merely because it's old and we are accustomed to it. He said this afternoon that cartoonists no longer used ladies draped in Grecian nightdresses to symbolize Britannia: neither had they any use for that ridiculous figure—John Bull. These time-worn symbols, he maintains, bear no relation to life to-day.

I got the impression that Low felt that each cartoonist must invent his own symbols, but I may be mistaken in this. Anyhow, Colonel Blimp is a creature from Low's brain who is certainly true enough to the type he represents.

One interesting thing Low told me and that is that some of his cartoons are sent by radio overseas. Each costs about fifteen pounds to transmit.

The other speaker was an evacuated schoolgirl, or evacuee. I spent an hour transforming her talk from a Prize Essay, written in copper-plate and indescribably stilted, into something which slightly resembled a normal child speaking.

Incidentally, I got some idea of what struck the evacuees when they found themselves in the country. One child, I was told by a school teacher, had never seen a cow before. My small pupil was deeply impressed by the fact that the house she was billeted in stood in such large grounds that it couldn't be seen from the road.

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We struggled through the talk—and, I think, successfully. Anyhow the child was completely free from nervousness, and came up to scratch like a good 'un.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31ST

In March 1939, André Géraud ("Pertinax"), discussed with me "the French attitude towards the political problems of the moment."

His views, in brief, were:

1. That the French were profoundly shocked by the German annexation of Bohemia. "It is one of the most ghastly things which has ever happened in Europe." Many people in France had looked upon the Munich settlement as the beginning of European pacification.

2. That France is determined to resist further aggression.

3. That M. Daladier's demands for wide powers show that he is thoroughly alive to the trend of current events, and where they are likely to lead.

4. There are no real Fascists in France, merely a certain number of people who fear Communism. It is among these people that the Germans have been clever enough to launch the slogan, "Communism is the only danger."

5. At that time (March 1939) France was not in favour of yielding to Italy on the questions of Nice, Corsica, or Djibuti. There had recently been a violent attack on the French in the Italian papers, and Frenchmen were convinced that these had been instigated by the Nazis.

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"In order to make negotiations with Italy possible a complete change of Italian atmosphere must take place first."

6. If German expansion was allowed to go sufficiently far, German claims on Alsace would follow as a natural development.

7. Germany will not succeed in her attempt to drive a wedge between France and England.

8. In answer to a statement by me that the English were kind of heart if somewhat dull of intellect, Pertinax quoted a saying of Stendhal: "*France, peuple honnête, individu crapule; Angleterre, individu honnête, peuple crapule.*" But Stendhal, he added, was, of course, a cynic.

9. With regard to the military position. As a result of the Munich settlement, if war comes, France will have to deal with eighty-six more divisions than would have been the case last September.

10. France's man power is excellent—better than ours, (March 1939). But we had paid more attention to armaments than the French.

11. France does not believe that a European war will be a short one.

Reading the typescript of this discussion, which took place just over seven months ago, is, to-day, rather like reading an account of the last war.

Throughout our talk, M. Géraud spoke as if Germany and Italy would be acting against France and Britain. It never seemed to occur to either of us that Germany would be fighting alone.

Yet she is. The Rome-Berlin axis has not only cracked. It is hanging together merely by a thread.

To us, the value of Italy's neutrality is far greater than

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appears at first sight. Not only is the Mediterranean quiet, but with Italy steadily improving her relations with the Balkan states, it may well turn out, in the near or distant future, that the Southern European countries will form a "United States of Southern Europe" and act as a barrier to German ambitions in the South.

What genius the Germans have for antagonizing other races! They cannot even make the Italians like them—in spite of a common totalitarian interest.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd

I spent this afternoon in the House of Commons, my first visit since the outbreak of war. The proceedings were dull, though to-day was the day on which the Prime Minister reviewed the events of the past week. He had nothing to tell the House except what had already appeared in the papers. He spoke for ten minutes only.

I wonder whether M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, ever misses a sitting of the House? Every time I've listened to a debate, he has been there.

I watched his face to-day as the Prime Minister referred to M. Molotoff's speech on October 31st.

Mr. Chamberlain quoted a speech which the Russian Premier had made on May 31st, in which he had said that his Government would not be drawn into international conflicts. On the same occasion, as Mr. Chamberlain reminded the

House, M. Molotoff had said: "We stand for the cause of peace and for the prevention of any sort of development of aggression."

M. Maisky is always smiling, just as in his portraits Stalin is. Maisky's face wore the same mask-like smile, even when the Prime Minister, amidst the applause of the House, added: "I am not disposed to disturb myself over the flights of fancy in which M. Molotoff indulged when describing the aims of the Allies."

After the Prime Minister had spoken, a monotonous debate began on A.R.P. The speeches were long and all traversed the same ground. None of the speakers appeared to be making towards any definite objective.

All agreed that evacuated children must be kept out of vulnerable areas, but when one speaker suggested that camps should be formed, Mr. Elliot, the Minister of Health, retorted that to erect camps for the number of evacuees who had not returned would cost one hundred million pounds, even if the material and labour could be obtained, which was doubtful.

The House laughed when, in reply to a suggestion that schools in the evacuated areas should be utilized for children and mothers, Mr. Elliot replied that he doubted whether a dormitory containing fifty evacuated mothers would be a particularly peaceful place.

I thought the Prime Minister looked well, but his voice sounded tired. I heard his important speech during the Munich crisis, and heard him again in the spring. He always speaks quietly, and might strike someone who had never before listened to him, as lacking enthusiasm for his subject. But it is, I am convinced, merely part of the mask with which he covers his emotions.

Mr. Elliot warms up to his subject as he gets going. He uses

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his hands as he speaks; one small trick he is fond of is to form circles by flexing his fingers, so that his hands look rather like serviette rings.

Mr. Lloyd George came in and remained for an hour. I looked down on his tonsure, and the flowing white hair which surrounds it. From the gallery his hair gives the impression of a mass of swansdown which is floating around and over a piece of salmon, for his scalp is pink, not white.

Winston Churchill did not put in an appearance, but I heard Mr. Ernest Brown's stentorian tones and Sir John Anderson's firm statement.

The Home Secretary strikes me as a man who knows his own mind.

Question 24 on the Order Paper was to ask Sir John whether he was aware that night-clubs in London were giving semi-nude cabaret shows. The Home Secretary was greeted with laughter and gained the obvious sympathy of the House, when he replied that he was not aware of this, but that if the Hon. Member who had asked the question would give him his personal impressions after a visit to one, he would look into it.

I came out into the semi-darkness of the inner lobby and the greater darkness of the outer. This part of the House is now lit only by electric candles which are placed on the floor and illuminate about one square yard around. For the rest it is blackness until you come into the area of the next candle.

As I walked home through the Park, the mist was rising, and over Horse Guards Parade the shadow of the barrage balloons could be seen; nearly all the hundreds of cars which are parked here in the daytime had disappeared.

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Apparently their owners like to get home before the black-out.

And I don't blame them.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd

It has become the fashion to proclaim loudly that we are not fighting the German people, but only the Nazi leaders. This is on a par with the dictum that we are not interested in what Government a country chooses—this is a matter for each nation to decide for itself.

The second doctrine, as A. A. Milne pointed out recently in a letter to *The Times*, is a complete fallacy—for are we not now supposed to be fighting the Government Germany has chosen? Are not our war aims avowedly to get rid of the Nazis? And have we not said that we will have no truck with the present German Government?

The logical sequence to these statements is that Germany must get rid of its present Government, if it wants peace.

Is it not obvious, that as the foreign policy of any country is in the hands of its Government, the form of government a country possesses is of prime importance to its neighbours?

With regard to the proclamation that "we are not fighting the German people," this, I'm afraid, is what the Americans call "poppycock." As I've said in an earlier page of this diary, the German nation is behind the Nazis in their policy of aggression, because the Nazis are Germans and think and plan as good Germans do. A man who has lived in Germany for

years told me recently that the German people were only really nice when they were thoroughly cowed, as, for example, after the Great War. His theory was, that if you give a German an inch of power, he will inevitably take an ell. Power goes to the head, and once he has tasted its sweets, all other considerations—moral, religious, or humanitarian—are swamped.

He explained the apparent acceptance in Germany of all the horrors perpetrated by the Nazis on the grounds that the people had been told that if the goods (i.e. conquest of her neighbours) were to be delivered, ruthlessness was necessary.

At this moment in the history of Europe, Germany is on the crest of the power-wave. In a recent article, Robert Graves diagnosed the Germans as suffering from schizophrenia—a kind of national “dual personality.” The normal Teuton is a decent, home-loving, pipe-smoking individual. The other personality (the Mr. Hyde part) is the Boche—ruthless, cruel, and bullying.

But I was told something the other day, which, if true, is very disturbing. One of the leaders of a political party in Germany (at the moment in a state of suspended animation) bitterly opposed to the Nazis, announced to a neutral, that if *he* had a hand in the making of the peace terms, he would not accept any peace which did not leave Germany in possession of the boundaries which she had on March 16th, 1939. (In other words, he would retain the Sudetenland.) Although this “gateway to the Balkans” was wrested from the Czecho-Slovakian Republic at the pistol’s point: although France and Great Britain were bullied into persuading Czecho-Slovakia to relinquish this natural defensive stronghold, *on a guarantee by Germany that she would respect the new boundary of the Republic* (which guarantee was broken by Hitler when it suited him)—in spite of all this, the democratic German leader

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calmly proposes to insist on its retention by Germany in any discussion of peace terms.

Can one doubt any longer—if this report be true—that we are fighting the spirit of the German people, and therefore the Germans themselves?

The Nazis are merely demonstrating this spirit, admittedly in a disgustingly exaggerated form.

It would not be difficult to guess what I've just been reading. The White Paper, which describes the Nazi atrocities, is surely one of the most repulsive documents ever circulated by the Government of a great power. I am not implying that His Majesty's Government were wrong to publish this. On the contrary, I think they were quite right.

If the war is being fought to establish "the decencies of life"—to borrow Mr. Eden's phrase—the Allies must make it clear, by every means in their power, that a war was necessary. We are fighting, as I understand it, to help the oppressed and to prevent further small states from being swallowed up by the man who has written that "Germany must be a world-power, or nothing."

The degrading accounts of prison life leave nothing to the imagination; the loathsome creatures who thought out and then gloried in bestial tortures, stalk through these pages as vividly as any characters in fiction.

I'm beginning to think that the Marquis de Sade must have been an amateur.

The other evening we switched on the wireless to hear the six o'clock news. The announcer read extracts from the White Paper.

After I had switched off, I caught sight of a woman who was sitting at the other end of the room.

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The tears were pouring down her face. "How can men be made to do such awful things?" she sobbed. "You'd never get English people to be so absolutely detestable."

I agreed with her.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4th

My usual walk before breakfast along York Terrace as far as the small shop which sells newspapers and sticky sweets.

It's really appalling the number of houses which are to be let or sold. Almost every day I see removal vans; they are never bringing furniture in, always taking it out.

I begin to wonder how the individual and the country is going to pay its way. We must cut down our expenses; and many of us can't realize our assets (assuming that we have any) in a hurry, if at all, and therefore cannot get hold of the money to pay the burden imposed by this extra budget.

And if the municipalities have hundreds of empty houses and flats in their districts, where is the money coming from for the L.C.C.?

And so on.

I have just received my demand note from the Income Tax authorities. I could have paid it last year out of income. Now my income is about a third of what it was last year—and, in addition, the rate is 7s.!

But what are those unfortunate people who have nothing but their last year's income (most of which they've already utilized) going to do?

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The problems of this war won't end with the finishing of hostilities. Neither will even a satisfactory peace be able easily to solve the economic difficulties which this expenditure on armaments is producing.

We shall have to pay our own expenses, then put the Germans on their feet again, I suppose.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5th

I had to examine a recruit this morning, a young man who had been a patient before he joined up. He's only been soldiering for a couple of weeks, and finds the life a bit tough. At present he's in the ranks, dislikes the food, gets very tired after all the unaccustomed exercise, and finds the beds in his barracks distinctly inferior to those in his own home.

But, he'd put on four pounds in a fortnight.

Lunch with Hod at the Etonian Country Club. Then a run to a motor-car dump in the neighbourhood, where we purchased the wheels, tyres and front axle of an old Austin for the sum of one pound.

Hod is working in the School of Mechanics, making a trailer to attach to the back of the car. He hopes to have it finished in time for the Christmas holidays, but says it will take him all his time.

Tea at Rowland's with the Bayleys—father and mother of Hod's friend, "Bear" (so-called because he's supposed to resemble one).

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We discussed the war and the immediate outlook.

After evening chapel, which I much enjoyed (coming out with a feeling that Eton had existed for five hundred years next year and therefore it, and we, would weather this present crisis), a drive home in the dark with the wretched car-lights we're allowed.

Very glad to be safely at home.

This evening I dipped into *Evelyn's Diary*. I believe the right way to read Pepys, Evelyn and Fanny Burney, is to pick them up and read bits at a time.

Almost the first sentence I came across was this:

"My father would willingly have weaned me from my fondness of my too indulgent grandmother, intending to have placed me at Eton; but not being so provident for my own benefit, and unreasonably terrified with the report of the severe discipline there, I was sent back to Lewes; which perverseness of mine I have a thousand times deplored."

I'm not surprised that Evelyn "deplored it a thousand times."

But he doesn't say why.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7th

What is Russia's position in Europe to-day? Even more important—what are Stalin's intentions?

To-day, H. N. Brailsford discussed these questions.

He, himself, is a charming old gentleman, who might have stepped out of the Thackeray circle. Short and slender, he has a mass of wavy grey hair which starts far back on his head and rebelliously stands almost vertically upright. His features are not unlike W. M. Thackeray, and the resemblance is heightened by his spectacles and the bow-tie he wears.

Although he so closely resembles a gentleman of the old school, his views are those of the moderns. He is a socialist, and has, indeed, stood for Parliament, though, I believe, unsuccessfully.

His knowledge of Russia and the Comintern struck me as profound. He regards Stalin as an Imperialist first and a Communist second. He considers that Molotoff's recent speeches, in which he attacks the democracies and states that it has always been the wish of Soviet Russia to have a strong Germany, "as an indispensable condition of European peace," show a complete reversal of Russia's foreign policy.

Formerly there was what Brailsford calls the "European tendency" with its support of collective security, and this was the policy which Litvinoff put forward.

Now Russian independence has come to the front. Stalin has been working for some time towards making Russia great as a single power. He eagerly seized the German proposals, with their willingness to advance Russian interests in the Baltic, because he saw how they would help towards his main objective—Russian greatness.

I did get an admission out of Brailsford, and this was that, in his opinion, Germany had not reckoned on quite such avidity on the part of Russia to establish control over the Baltic States and Finland.

A very interesting discussion, and one from which I learned a lot.

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I have heard the views of Sir Bernard Pares, Colonel E. St. C. Pemberton, F. A. Voigt, and Brailsford, all men with an intimate knowledge of Russia and Eastern Europe. Thinking over Russia and her relations to other European countries, I have come to the conclusion that all these authorities agree in general principles on this subject. They all consider that the dominant foreign policy of Russia is to increase her prestige and importance, and that international communism has had to take a back seat.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th

We came to the conclusion at breakfast that we'd all had enough of the war. Yvonne and Avery went to the Café de Paris last night—their first treat since the outbreak of war—to hear Douglas Byng.

In consequence, their view of life under present conditions became somewhat jaundiced. After two months, during which they have spent most evenings at home, sitting round the fire, they had a taste of the pleasures which have more or less vanished since Hitler got busy. And it brought home to them rather too forcibly the contrast between pre-war and war life.

How much easier it is to leave off a pleasure altogether than to cut it down. Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, I can abstain but I cannot be moderate."

And yet, we enjoy our pleasures much more when we indulge them in moderation. A doctor once remarked to me

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that he was always trying to convince his children that ten chocolates do not give ten times the pleasure of one.

After lunch a trip to Denmark Hill to see General Carpenter, the new Chief of the Salvation Army. The "Army" has moved its headquarters from the heart of London into the suburbs, and has taken over the William Booth Memorial College. In normal circumstances, this new, imposing building houses the cadets who are being trained for commissions. They have, however, been moved into various parts of the country.

I entered the wide square hall, and was taken up in a lift to the second floor, where I was received by the General's A.D.C. to whom I spoke for some minutes. He is a genial man, Scottish by his accent, who told me many facts about the activities of the "Army."

When I was ushered in to the General, I found him sitting at a large desk in the middle of a square room. His life, he told me, had been spent in many parts of the world. He is an Australian by birth, but has lived longer in other continents than he has in his own.

I liked the atmosphere at Headquarters. I left the "Army" with the feeling that sincerity and straightforwardness were the guiding principles.

After all, an organization which owns 36,000 officers, whose pay is merely "bread and butter" pay, must be inspired by a desire to serve and by unselfishness.

General Carpenter told me that the "Army" looks after some 40,000 people every night, in various parts of the world.

I also went to see a Superintendent Registrar of Marriages. I found a jolly, stout person of some sixty years of age, who told me that "his job was the happiest job in the world."

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"Everyone who comes to see me is happy—and they make me feel happy too."

He certainly looks it!

A nice letter from Hod by the evening post. He asks us to send him the White Paper containing Sir Neville Henderson's final report to his Government. And he'll read it too.

By the time the boys of this generation have grown up, they'll be *au fait* with world affairs. One of Hod's friends at Eton, "Bear" æt 14, was discussing with me last Sunday the present position on the Western Front. In reply to a remark of mine, he quoted Liddell Hart.

I found he'd read *The Defence of Britain!*

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9th

An early start to catch the 9.10 for Birmingham. It was raining as the train drew out of Paddington, and it rained at intervals for the three-hour journey. But the sun was shining as I walked down the muddy streets of Birmingham.

Broadcasting House is in Broad Street, and you enter down a long passage which runs by the side of a motor showroom. The building inside is as modern as Broadcasting House in London, but, of course, very much smaller.

Dennis Last, the Talks Assistant, is, I believe, somewhere in the region of forty but looks twenty.

We went out to some large motor-works, where we had lunch, and then were taken round the eighty-five acres of

factory workshops. All work is now done by artificial light, as the glass roof has had to be blacked in. Incidentally, they told me that there are a million square feet of roof.

It is amazing how they have changed over to war work. They are turning out tanks and six-wheel lorries as fast as they can. If there are many other factories producing as many tanks, six-wheelers, and shells as this factory is, our armed forces must be becoming stupendous.

To anyone as ignorant of engineering as I am, a trip round a factory such as this is an eye-opener. It took us an hour and three-quarters to get round, and then we were walking most of the time, stopping only occasionally to be shown the most interesting exhibits. It was explained to me that the plans for a change-over from peace to war production were being made for some months before the actual outbreak of war. It was interesting to see a huge machine which normally makes parts of an axle, now occupied in turning out a metal collar for mines. Another equally fierce machine was making parts for a tank. Yet another was punching out the metal to make the caterpillar chains that form the wheels of tanks. A heap of bars on the floor were about to become axle-wheels for aeroplanes.

There are something like four thousand workers in this factory, and their normal output is 350-500 motor-cars a week. They are now turning out 30. The rest of the factory is on war work.

One interesting job they are doing is to buy up second-hand motor-cars, cut off the body from behind the driver's seat, and fit on an ambulance body. The whole job is sold to the A.R.P. authorities for £50. I saw some of the old cars being cleaned up, and then I was shown the finished article. It is sprayed with gas-resisting paint and fitted with

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a neat body—canvas sides and top, with room inside for four stretchers and an attendant.

This factory was fulfilling a large contract for ambulances.

Almost the last thing I saw was the laboratory. In a part that was partitioned off a man was bending over a piece of apparatus. I got quite a shock when he looked up, for he was Rudyard Kipling in person! But I got a worse shock still when the General Manager said, "Kipling, I want you to know Anthony Weymouth."

I was then shown a magnificent microscope-camera. Every detail of the mast and rigging of the ship which appears on some of our coins stood out with as much detail as it does in an oil-painting.

As soon as we were out of the laboratory I asked my guide about Mr. Kipling. "Oh, yes," he said. "He is a cousin of Rudyard's."

I came away from this factory with two outstanding impressions. One was that all the men and women workers were perfectly content; there was no suggestion that foremen were driving them.

The General Manager told me that the relations between the employers and labour were excellent. "For instance," he said, "if a man wants to slip out to the canteen to buy some cigarettes, he does so. And we find that he works all the better because he knows he's got reasonable freedom."

The General Manager was enthusiastic as to the attitude of labour during this war. He told me one little story to show that the men were working harder than they had any need to, and were keen to get on with the nation's war requirements.

One day recently he met an elderly workman struggling along under the weight of a motor-car body which he was carrying on his shoulders. The boss stopped him and told

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him it was too heavy to carry alone. "No, it ain't, sir! I can manage it, and it's one more nail in old 'Itler's coffin."

The second impression which remains in my mind is the care that is taken of the workers. There is an enormous and spotlessly clean canteen, open throughout the twenty-four hours. Next to it is a very large concert hall, with a stage at one end. Beyond this again is a room with twelve artificial sunlight lamps. All the workers are invited to have sunlight treatment whenever they like.

The lamps have only been installed a fortnight, but the workers have already availed themselves enthusiastically of this offer.

I don't know how many miles I walked, but I know I was quite footsore when I got into the train to take me back to London.

It was dark by this time, and I feared that I should have three hours without any reading. I found a carriage occupied only by one man. As soon as we pulled out of the station, he switched on an ordinary lamp over his head, explaining that he had persuaded the guard to put this bulb in the place of the blue one. We had, of course, to pull down all the blinds, but there wasn't one over the door into the corridor. So we rigged up my overcoat, pushed one sleeve into the rack, and an umbrella through the other arm into the opposite rack. It looked rather like a scarecrow, but we were able to read in comfort and without damaging the black-out.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11th

Armistice Day. I woke up at 6.30 in the darkness of the early morning. I lay in bed, wondering whether Holland had been invaded.

Last night it seemed almost—but not quite—certain that Hitler was about to make a desperate Blitzkrieg. I went to bed after a discussion with Doc. Kerley, who is staying with us. The discussion didn't lead anywhere. No one seems to know what is going to happen, perhaps because Hitler himself hasn't yet made up his own mind.

One paper suggests that he will choose Armistice Day for his invasion of Holland, to wipe out the disgrace of the German surrender in 1918. Somehow, I can't believe this factor would outweigh purely strategic reasons.

I've just read the morning papers. One says that the German General Staff, having discussed the position with Hitler during the night, has now left him to make up his own mind.

If this is true, the fate of the world literally hangs on the mental workings of one man. The lives of thousands of men, women and children are in Hitler's hands.

What will he do?

I've just been asked to write an article for a newspaper with the title "I'm Still Cheerful Because. . ."

Not a very good day to begin! I find this "war of nerves" over Holland distinctly upsetting—which, of course, is what it's meant to be. I feel so sorry for the Dutch, a mere eight million people facing a gigantic and heavily-armed nation of eighty million.

Looked at in cold blood, it is monstrous that Holland

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(who has only one desire—to be left alone), should be sacrificed on the altar of expediency. But I suppose we, in Britain, might maintain (and with justice) that we are in the same position. The war was forced on us: and we didn't take up arms until the Nazis had made it abundantly clear, by their own actions, that there was no limit to their aggressions.

Now I must switch over and try and let the readers of this particular newspaper know why "I'm Still Cheerful. . . ."

Not an easy article to write to-day.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12th

An unexpected beginning. The telephone rang and I was asked to see a patient. A *rara avis* these days.

I've often heard doctors, who have been away on account of illness or their holiday, say, on their return, that their practices have disappeared. But this is merely a figure of speech and means that it takes them a week or two to get back into their stride.

But now? There are literally no patients for any doctors. It's not only the specialists who are unemployed but also the G.P.s.

Will there ever again be any patients?

We have just switched off the wireless. We are impatient to discuss Winston Churchill's talk—"Ten Weeks of the War."

Universal approval. Doc. Kerley, his eyes glistening and a

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smile on his lips, thinks it's "grand stuff." So do we all; but we express surprise at the directness of his attack on individual German leaders. Opinion is somewhat divided as to whether this is a good thing or not. Some consider that if we're waging war, we might as well adopt the enemy's tactics—as indeed we've admitted we may if they bomb our open towns.

Does not the same argument apply to verbal warfare? Ought we not to speak about the Nazis as they do about us? And, if force is the only argument which the Prussian mentality understands, does not this apply to forceful speech as well?

I was thrilled at Winston's talk. Beneath the invective, was the carefully thought-out plan, to register as many useful points as possible in the time.

He drew attention to the fact that if Great Britain and France were defeated, the small nations would be at the mercy of the Nazis. He said that, if that happened, the United States of America would be left alone to defend liberty in the world. He said that there were millions of people under German rule who were against the present régime.

Then he summarized our position after ten weeks of war. Again he made us feel cheerful and stimulated us to further effort.

By telling us that, if no major event occurred during the winter, we should have won the first campaign, he shamed those who say that we aren't doing enough in this war.

Why isn't he put "on the air" once a week—say every Saturday or Sunday evening?

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13th

I spent most of the morning with Emile Cammaerts, sixty-one-year-old Belgian poet and historian. He was helping to make a discussion at Broadcasting House on the position of the Netherlands in Europe to-day.

He has a striking personality, but looks more like a French business man than a poet. What remains of his hair is grey—his beard and moustache are also streaked with grey. The bridge of his nose is flattened, and he wears spectacles.

I was asking him questions as to the history and political position of Belgium and Holland. Sometimes, before he answered any question, he put the thin pointed fingers of his hand into his beard, first fluffed it up and then twisted little bits of it into a point.

He has lived in England for over thirty years, and talks English excellently, but with a slight accent. I was able to watch him carefully, as he almost always took a minute or two thinking over the answer to every question. His head is not large, but looks larger than it is owing to the fact that he has narrow, rather sloping shoulders.

His knowledge of the history of his own country and of Holland struck me as stupendous. His interest in the present political situation is shown by the close way in which he has followed every political development.

In the middle of our talk Rothay Reynolds came in, and listened intently to the Belgian poet's opinions.

Rothay Reynolds and I came back to the flat for a cigarette before lunch. We were trying to work out a scheme for the next discussion in the "Cards on the Table" series. Reynolds wants to talk about Poland and its claim to the restoration

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of its sovereignty, as he thinks this should always be kept before the British Empire.

He told me a historical fact which was new to me. Apparently East Prussia should, in the strict letter of the law, be part of Poland. In the seventeenth century the King of Poland had a Hohenzollern ruling over East Prussia as a vassal. *Now* the Hohenzollerns no longer exist—they are merely private individuals. Therefore, East Prussia, in international law, is really a part of Poland.

It will be interesting to see whether this claim is put forward at the termination of the present war, and, if so, what is done about it.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14th

A delightful autumn morning, no wind and quite warm. The Head Porter of these flats—a stout, dignified gentleman who, I'm quite sure, must have been a Sergeant-Major in his younger days—stopped me as I was taking Simon, the Bedlington, for his walk. "Did you hear Mr. Churchill, sir?" I told him that I had. "Weren't he just grand? That's the stuff to give 'em. Did you hear him say about them cortorionists?" I assured him that I had thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Churchill's talk.

I was to hear the other side when I got to Broadcasting House. Monsieur Cammaerts shook his head disapprovingly

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when this particular broadcast came up for discussion. He thought it was a pity to use the Nazis' weapons.

I can see both sides of the question, but I must stress that there was no vulgar abuse in the First Lord's speech. He was ironical, and made use of a familiar trick when he referred to "General—I beg pardon—Field-Marshal, Goering."

But, although he spits out the word "Nazis" as if he loathed the people the word stood for, he speaks sense and telling sense at that.

I am sure, taking a wide view, that the weight of argument is in favour of the kind of stuff Winston puts over.

We must not be too mealy-mouthed when opposed to the gutter-slush of Goebbels.

I was thinking this afternoon about the changes which the war has brought to people's lives. The speakers in the "In England Now" series are asked to talk about their lives before and since the outbreak of war. And what about the changes the last war brought about?

Before the war of 1914-18, I should no more have dreamed of going out in London without a top hat and tail coat than I should have of walking up Bond Street clothed in a bathing suit and a smile.

To-day a lounge suit and a soft collar are *de rigueur*.

It is, I think, a good thing to have two professions; for, if one lets you down, you have the other to fall back on. And the practice of medicine has certainly let me down since Hitler invaded Poland. But my other profession has filled the gap. I have certainly found myself in some funny situations when I have been in search of speakers. I have also been present at some incidents which could only have happened in war time.

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The other evening a young man we know, who is now in the War Reserve Police, came in to dinner. It was a warm night, and he is not as yet accustomed to his uniform, so Audrey suggested, as he kept fidgeting and wriggling his neck, that he had better loosen the top button of his tunic. After dinner Sir William Wheeler came in. I couldn't fail to notice his smile as his eye fell on a policeman in uniform, his tunic open at the top, sipping his coffee in the bosom of our family.

I found myself in another unusual situation some time ago. I was leaning over the railings in one of London's parks, discussing with the foreman of a gang who were digging trenches which of his workmen he thought could give a good "Talk." In the course of our conversation I asked him a few ordinary questions, such as "How many people would a trench like this hold?" and "Were they going to be gas-proof?"

Suddenly, a large woman in black, pushed her way up to the railings and said in a loud voice, "What right 'ave you to tell this man wot you're a-telling 'im? 'Ow d'you know 'e ain't a German spy?"

The foreman started, then stood his ground.

"I know wot I'm doing. You mind your own business."

"It's the likes of you that tell them Germans wot they want to know," she replied.

Her voice was raucous, her manner belligerent. It crossed my mind that she was the type out of which the *sans-culottes* of the French Revolution were made. It also crossed my mind that things were beginning to look nasty. For, by this time, a crowd had collected and were listening eagerly to the stout lady's denunciation.

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It so happened that I had in my pocket a letter from the War Office which contained the sentence, "Mr. Hore-Belisha is grateful for the help you have given"—or some such words. I decided that, if the worst came to the worst and the crowd decided to lynch me, I would produce this evidence of my *bona-fides*.

Fortunately, the crowd decided, as English crowds have a habit of doing, to wait and see. My friend, the foreman, hastily assured me that he would produce the very man I wanted, and I walked with as much dignity as I could muster at short notice, to my car.

I'm bound to confess that I felt rather like the "Baron von Blitzenburg," the hero of one of those wonderful spy stories, who appears first in Berlin, then in Paris, and finally on the Riviera to meet his associate spy, the beautiful brunette Countess!

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15th

The "war of nerves" is in full swing. Except for isolated attacks and counter-attacks on the sea, on the land, and in the air, there is no sign of a war—in the sense in which we understood it between the years 1914-18.

We were told that the Germans are going to invade Holland this week. Nothing has happened.

I read in the paper yesterday a possible explanation of this. It certainly looked as if Hitler was going into the Low Coun-

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tries. Else why all this massing of troops on the Dutch Frontier?

The article explained that a Blitzkrieg is impossible these days, for no sooner does the enemy begin to move his forces than our aeroplanes report it. There is no chance of a hurried "putsch" on any frontier.

If this is true, and if the one hope the Germans have of victory is the lightning move, what is going to happen?

I heard another explanation of the Dutch business. It was this: that Hitler had decided to invade Holland, when he received a broad hint from the American Ambassador that if Dutch neutrality were violated, the U.S.A. would take an extremely serious view of such an act. Hitler thereupon changed his mind.

I wonder whether there's any truth in this report.

I don't believe that we in Britain are moved one whit by this "pause"—or rather by the fact that nothing has happened. The Nazis keep threatening all kinds of slaughter; they try to make our flesh creep by dark hints about Hitler's secret weapon.

The only reaction at present is—boredom.

I have, however, heard some interesting antidotes to possible "air-raid nerves." One A.R.P. warden stated in a pamphlet that the chances of any one person being damaged in an air-raid were about the same as winning the Irish Sweep.

I liked the letter I received from an elderly patient—a parson's widow—who had evacuated herself (at my suggestion) on the outbreak of war. In a letter to me she announced her intention of returning to London. In this she said, "The Heavenly Guard will look after me as well in London as in Tunbridge Wells."

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16th

This morning it was a case of "up with the lark." I had to be in Billingsgate Market by 7.45—to see round the market and afterwards have breakfast with the Superintendent, Mr. Dove.

This gentleman is to give a talk on how the war has affected the market.

I made my way to the open space outside the Tower of London, where I left the car. It was a dull morning, but the four grey turrets of the old Tower stood up clearly in the dim light of dawn.

Billingsgate Market lies on the river, and to reach it you go down either a narrow street called Harp Lane, or a parallel street, equally narrow, which runs by St. Dunstan's in the East. This church is closed in by buildings which are right on top of it. None the less, the striking tower with the spire supported by flying buttresses (built, I believe, by Sir Christopher Wren) stands out nobly above the level of the surrounding roofs.

I made my way carefully down the slippery cobble-stones, avoiding a constant stream of fish porters, carrying boxes of fish on their heads, or pulling heavily-laden hand-barrows which are pushed by other men at the back.

I reached the open space in front of the market and stood on the steps of an office, watching the boxes of fish being carried on the porters' heads from the market to the waiting vans.

It was a scene of feverish activity. The porters, with their quaint leather hats—said to be identical with those worn by the bowmen at the Battle of Agincourt—jostled each other and anyone else who happened to be passing. There was a

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succession of hairbreadth escapes—boxes missing heads and faces by inches.

The market itself is lighted by large overhead lamps, which throw their light downwards in such a way that the edges of the market are more or less in shadow. But in the centre, the hurrying, jostling, shouting fish-salesmen are working in bright light, for each stall has its own flares.

In the aisles between the stalls there is an incessant stream of people: porters carrying boxes of fish—these boxes are three feet long by two feet wide and the men carry on their heads as heavy a load as two hundredweight at a time—buyers, and strange people you wouldn't expect to see in such a place. For instance, I saw two sisters-of-mercy standing at one stall.

When I had tired of watching this hive of fishy activity, I went upstairs to the Superintendent's office, where I was to breakfast.

In one wall there is a large window, which looks directly down on to the market. Standing there, gazing down at the crowd was like being in a box at the theatre. You could see the market in full swing—porters going backwards and forwards, salesmen at different stalls hammering nails into boxes of fish, or weighing out dozens of soles, plaice, or herring.

Mr. Dove, the Superintendent, is a tall, stoutish man of fifty with a genial expression. He is a mine of information about the market. He took me down a long corridor on the first floor, and told me to look out of the window at the end. Below me was the river and a barge being unloaded. Boxes of fish were coming up a sliding platform.

To my left was Tower Bridge. The Superintendent assured me that one of the finest sights in the world was to see the

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sunrise over Tower Bridge. Unluckily, there was no sun to-day, and anyway, we were too late.

Billingsgate derives its name from one Belin, who was a King of the Britons. There has been, according to Mr. Dove, a fish market at Billingsgate for over a thousand years. But it was only in 1830 that the City Corporation first erected a building to house the market. The existing building, however, was put up in 1877.

Mr. Dove will give a good talk on his work as Superintendent of the market; and it will be a humorous talk, if I am any judge of character.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17th

What is courage? I see Fowler defines it as "bravery, boldness." Are some people brave merely because their imagination doesn't furnish them with a sufficiently vivid picture of the possible results of their daring? Are others brave because their minds are infused with a kind of fatalism? Are others—who apparently lack courage—really influenced by the vivid pictures which their imagination conjures up?

The fatalist, of course, is a happy man, because he knows that his death or injuries are pre-determined. Such is the man who says that if a German bomb has his name written on it, it will get him. Otherwise it won't.

I am moved to these thoughts on the nature of courage by Coxswain Blogg. This Cromer fisherman has been over forty years in the Lifeboat Service, and he has beaten all

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records of the Life-Boat Institution for acts of heroism in rescuing life at sea.

Only a short time ago he received a second silver clasp to his medal, for the rescue of the crew of the Greek steamer, *Mount Ida*.

On reading of this exploit we decided that he should be brought to the microphone. We rang up the head office of the Life-Boat Institution, and were told that Blogg was very averse to any publicity and had always refused to broadcast. I suggested that if the Secretary himself would write to him, urging him for patriotic reasons to tell the Dominions something about the work of the Life-Boat Institution, this additional spur might succeed, where an ordinary request from us would probably fail.

It did. And Coxswain Blogg arrived this morning at eleven o'clock.

He is a man of medium height, with features not unlike Cardinal Newman. His somewhat scanty white hair is brushed straight down his head from back to front. His cheeks are weatherbeaten and bright red. A mass of little wrinkles round his eyes are explained the moment one talks to him, for he finishes almost every sentence by throwing his head back and roaring with laughter.

I questioned him in the presence of a stenographer for over an hour, and obtained sufficient material for a discussion.

The risks this man has run in purely voluntary work are dreadful to dwell on, and yet never once did he even suggest that this aspect of life-boat work struck him. The tale of his adventures was dragged out of him by repeated questions. Not that he was inarticulate, but so far as I could see, they don't strike him as in any way out of the ordinary. I suppose if one only does a thing often enough, one becomes

accustomed to it, even when it includes such risky work as that of coxswain of a lifeboat.

Of his many adventures here are the accounts of what happened in the matter of the barge *Sepoy*, the *Fernebo*, and the most recent, the Greek steamer, *Mount Ida*.

Blogg. We'd been called to a barge ashore at Happisburgh, but when we got there the crew had been taken off by life-saving apparatus. Well, it was too rough for us to go home, we haven't got a harbour at Cromer to run into. We met the Gorleston boat coming to tell us there was a barge ashore at Cromer. Well, when we got there we found the barge under water. Two men were clinging to the rigging. We tried to get alongside, but the sea and wind was too much. It was getting dark, so something had to be done. We tried to make fast alongside, but it was no good, so we cut away. Then I decided to turn the boat head on and run her through the bulwarks, which were under water. That brought us right up alongside the men in the rigging. Well, we took off the boy. He was only about twenty. But before we could get the old skipper the sea hit us and drove us right away again. We had to go through the same process all over again, but we got him. He climbed down the rigging, and we seized him.

We'd only been back a short time when we heard that the *Fernebo* had been mined three or four miles away and had broken in two. The middle part of the ship had sunk down and the two ends came up, and she was afloat only by means of her cargo of timber. Well, sir, they say that miracles don't happen, but I know they do. Six men had left this ship in a small boat in a very heavy sea, *and they got right in among the surf on the beach before she upset and threw them out.*

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Soldiers and civvies made a human-chain and rushed into the sea and pulled them ashore.

As for the ship itself, one half drifted toward the shore with fifteen men on it. The life-saving apparatus tried to get a line across, but couldn't; so about nine o'clock at night, when the tide began to go back a bit, we got permission to have another try; but we didn't manage it. We broke several oars and got driven ashore again. Anyhow, we got a fresh lot of oars and had another go. It was pitch dark, but there were military searchlights, which were an immense help. I think we got alongside about eleven o'clock and took off the crew.

Weymouth. Was it difficult when you got alongside?

Blogg. Not as difficult as getting there.

Weymouth. Did the same crew have to go on both these expeditions?

Blogg. Well, you see, this was in the last war, and all the young men had gone to serve. So my crew were made up of old fishermen.

Weymouth. You mean you had to work with men of fifty and in a rowing boat?

Blogg. Some of them were old gentlemen rising seventy.

Blogg. As regards the *Mount Ida*, we were told that she was ashore on the Happisburgh Sands, but as a matter of fact she was nowhere near them. We went to Happisburgh, and then picked up by radio-telegraphy the news that she was another nineteen miles further on; so although we left at 6.30 in the morning, we didn't get to the *Mount Ida* till half-past twelve. Then we got alongside, but the sea was too heavy and we couldn't take the crew off so we got clear of the sands and signalled that we would try and go back at slack water. At half-past two, at slack water, we had another go; we got

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alongside and began to take off her crew. Now, the first half-dozen, sir, we got down the ship's side by means of a rope ladder; then the next man got half-way down and hesitated. Then tried to get back. He'd only got two more steps to go when a sea came—and it was terrible. His leg was smashed between the two boats. We couldn't go on till he'd been seen to. Then the rest of the crew wouldn't use the ladder. They had their port life-boat swung out; that was just in case they were attacked by a submarine. Well, they lowered the injured man from their life-boat into ours, and then we got the rest of them off down a rope. But there were half a dozen who wouldn't risk that way—they came down by the rope ladder.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18th

It has been raining almost continuously for the last three days. One shudders to think what it must be like in France and in the Siegfried Line.

There is a curious feeling about that the war, which has never begun, is coming to an end before Christmas. Whether this is due to the reports of disaffection in Germany and a split among the high Nazi officials, I cannot tell. But apart from wishful thinking, I find it difficult to see how we are to be at peace in a little over five weeks.

Lunch with Collin Brooks, who is "second-in-command"

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to Lord Rothermere. A most interesting and much travelled person.

He possesses that elusive attribute—charm.

And now I've written this, I'm taking myself to task for using a word which I'm not sure I can define. The dictionary tells me that it is a "quality, feature, exciting love or admiration." But this doesn't define it—so far as I am concerned.

We all use the word frequently; and we also refer to someone as having a "charming personality." But are we clear in our minds as to the difference between charm and someone who is charming?

Suppose we try and define the word "charming" first.

If you take enough trouble you can make yourself charming to one particular individual. By which I mean that acquired charm is much the same as attraction, or even allure. A charming personality can result from lipstick and horsehair eyelashes in a pretty girl, from bronze cheeks and crinkly hair in a good-looking man—that is to say, if these kinds of things happen to be to your particular taste.

But, can you make yourself charming without possessing charm? You can take trouble with your appearance; you can polish up your manners, which simply means taking trouble with your behaviour. You can go out of your way to give up what you want to do, and thus impress people with your unselfishness. Then they will say, "What a charming person!"

But these things are only on the surface. They wear off like nickel-plating. They won't stay the course. Neither do they produce charm.

Now I'm going to be dogmatic.

Charm is either inherited or, if it is acquired, you only possess it when you have disciplined your character first.

Suppose you are aware that you possess one besetting sin

—let us suppose for instance, you are selfish. This will influence your behaviour, however much you try to hide your short-coming. It will peep out, and this one facet of your character is enough to prevent you from possessing that real charm which is not “plate,” but solid silver.

Or again, if you are unduly vain, it follows, doesn't it, that you will be paying too much attention to your own looks and not enough to what other people are saying? You will then give the impression that you are self-centred.

Suppose you want to acquire this nebulous thing called charm, what can you do about it?

I will tell you. Without being morbidly introspective, do a little mental stocktaking. Ask yourself, quite frankly, in what ways your character lets you down. Are you selfish? Are you inconsiderate? Are you self-indulgent? Are you cultivating your body at the expense of your mind?

If you feel that your conduct is influenced unduly by one of these failings, then you'll have to get rid of this weakness, before you can have charm.

For if you lack charm at sixteen, when your character is being moulded, it may not be your fault. But if you are still without charm at sixty—well then, I'm afraid you, and no one else, is to blame.

You will have gathered, I expect, that, in my judgment, charm is neither the product of beauty, nor of a good figure, no, not even of a well-stocked mind.

It is the reflection outwards of a beautiful character. Without this, there can be no charm.

And now I feel that I've let myself go and written a rather dull sermon. But I'm hanged if I'll put my pencil through it. I feel better for having tried to arrive at a definition of this

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strange human attribute. Like the girl's song, it's better out than in.

And all this arose because I had lunched with Collin Brooks, and come under his charm.

He is natural, kind, generous, and, although a most successful man, meets an ordinary individual, like myself, on equal terms.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19th

We remembered to put the clock back last night. So this morning when we woke up at half-past seven (G.M.T.) Audrey said, "Isn't it nice to wake up to daylight?"

"You wait till this evening," I replied. "And see how you like it when it gets dark at 4.30."

We were due at the Burning Bush at Eton at 2.15 this afternoon. Lower Chapel is now at 3.15, and I realized that we should be motoring home in the dark. As the driver, I relished my extra hour of daylight more in the evening.

We met Hod—complete with topper and gas-mask—in the road. There was a lot of talk in the newspapers at the beginning of this "half" about the boys abandoning their top-hats, now that they have to carry gas-masks over their shoulders. But this only applies to that part of Eton which extends to Barnes Pool Bridge, opposite Rowlands. If a boy is going to Windsor he must wear his hat. And we had planned to have tea after Chapel at Miss Masters', by the Castle.

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Hod had asked me to lend him my portable typewriter, as he wants to type the report of the Boy Scouts for the "half." We took it down with us to-day, so we went first to his room to leave this and a cake. Then we went to the Chapel.

I have always felt that life without some sort of Faith is no life at all. But, like many another person who escaped death in the 1914-18 catastrophe, I had become, I fear, careless in my habits. In the years of prosperity which followed, I had been trying to earn my living and had come to lay undue stress on material things.

The services in Lower Chapel have had a most extraordinary effect on me. I look at the hundreds of boys who sing so naturally, yet so earnestly; I watch the faces of the visitors who sit by me, and I listen to the music of the hymns.

This afternoon the last hymn was No. 1 in the Eton College hymn-book, "Abide with Me." I have heard Clara Butt sing this lovely tune in her rich contralto—I have sung it myself, I dare say, hundreds of times.

But never have I been more moved than to-day, when we all sang it as the light was fading. The high, clear notes of the trebles, as they chanted the descant, came floating above the harmony of the music.

For some strange reason two thoughts came into my mind. The first was that this mass worship of God, and all that He stands for, *must* make people lead better lives. The second was that nations with no religion, like Russia, and rulers of a nation, like the Nazis, lack this help in fighting wickedness.

If we worship goodness, and all around us are doing the same, we have a mass suggestion which elevates us and discounts vice.

Could the mass-murders of political opponents in the Soviet

have taken place if religion still influenced the minds of the leaders?

Stalin is an ex-seminarist—now an atheist.

Could the blood-bath of June 1934 ever have taken place in Germany if Hitler had any clear vision of right and wrong?

Stalin and Hitler are both murderers. They were prepared to countenance murder to remove political opposition.

If these men had any belief in a future life, would they have been prepared to countenance murder to gain success in this world?

I looked round the Chapel. Row on row of boys, all singing, unselfconsciously. The masters, sitting in their stalls, looking down on the boys, equally sincere in their devotion.

What can life mean without the comfort of faith?

All that is ugly takes command, as in Nazi Germany, when men place force before justice—when they worship matter rather than spirit.

We went to tea at Miss Masters', a lovely old house kept by someone who loves it.

Miss Masters is the owner of a middle-seventeenth-century house, famous in history as the hiding-place of one of Charles II's priests. Every room is panelled in dark oak—the colour due to age, not artifice. A narrow oak staircase leads to the upper floors.

Whereas some old houses have been so carefully restored that they give one the impression that they are new structures masquerading as old, this house takes one right back to the Stuart period. No doubt, some of its effectiveness is gained by the surroundings. For it is in a narrow street facing the

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main entrance to the Castle, and, with the exception of a fire station, all the houses belong to the same period.

Miss Masters herself is a "character." She looks nearer seventy than sixty; her face is a mass of wrinkles and her hair is quite white. She evidently adores her house, and the Eton boys who patronize it. She brings out autograph books containing the signatures of people who have visited her house; and has innumerable stories of interesting people she has known...

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21st

Audrey and I dined with the Negley Farsons. Negley has just returned from Copenhagen, where he has been laid up with his leg—the same leg which he damaged in the Great War, and about which he writes in *The Way of a Transgressor*.

He had another operation in a hospital in Copenhagen, and is still very lame, but seems otherwise well. He can, I must add, only speak in a whisper, but this is the result of a cold he caught flying from Denmark on Sunday last.

He is just as full of fun and good stories as ever. His blue eyes sparkle and the corners of his mouth tilt up as he relates some incident which tickles his sense of humour.

To-night he entered into a heated argument with a captain from the War Office, and Sir George Langton, the Admiralty Judge. The point, so far as I could understand it, was that Negley said we had too many "old-school tie men" still

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occupying the chief places in the Services, and that we needed to get rid of these.

The gallant Captain disagreed, and cited the three thousand commissions which had just been given to rankers. I think Mr. Justice Langton rather inclined to side with the Captain. But the argument ended—as most such post-prandial arguments do end—by a decision that it was time we went up to the drawing-room.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd

The eight o'clock news this morning was far from cheering. The mines laid by the Germans off the English coast have taken toll of ten ships in the last four days.

The morning was occupied with an article for the *Sunday Graphic* on "Diet in War-time." This is the fourth of six articles, and I must confess that I find writing them a weariness to the flesh. It's no one's fault, except Hitler's.

I cannot recommend any diet which lays stress on butter or bacon. And I have to try and translate technical terms, such as calories and grams, into horse-power and ounces.

I had a ridiculous letter the other day from a man who took me to task because I had written that we could, for purposes of simplicity and ease of understanding, look upon 100 calories as 1 horse-power. He wrote, "Since 14.3 mean calories=1 watt minute and 3.6×10 deg. watt seconds=1 k.w. hour=1.34 h.p. hour, it does not require much mathematical skill to find that 1 h.p. hour=641 K.G. calories."

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And all this mathematical swashbuckling merely because I had borrowed a mechanical term, explaining how I was using it. I had said:

"Now I'm going to suggest, for the purposes of our diet in the present crisis, that we look on our food as capable of developing a certain horse-power."

I make a rule of answering all letters which are sent by readers. But this was so manifestly a case of intellectual exhibitionism that I broke my rule and left it unanswered.

I had tea with Jan Masaryk, Czecho-Slovak Minister to London. His tall, rather full figure and bald head are familiar to most readers of the newspapers. But the vigour of his speech can only be realized when one has spent some time in his company.

His flat is high up in a huge block in Westminster. While the flat is the last word in modernity, the furniture is old and delightful. The walls are covered with books, and by the look of the bindings, very nice ones too.

Our conversation began with a discussion on the recent riots in Prague. Masaryk deplored these and told me that he was doing his best to persuade the Czechs to be patient under the Nazi tyranny, and to give no excuse by which their oppressors could begin further brutalities. Of course, he stressed what is now known to be true, that on the National Holiday the Czechs were peaceably celebrating the day, when Nazi youths started the trouble.

Frank, the local Nazi chief, appears to have improved the occasion by speedy reprisals. But then, a man who could ride in the main streets of Prague with a whip in his hand at the head of the Black Guards, is certainly capable of putting the whip into use.

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Masaryk has no use for Ribbentrop, but then who has? Probably not even his Fuehrer by now.

Masaryk told me that he had sat on a sub-committee at Geneva with Ribbentrop. He described how Ribbentrop would get up to speak, folding his arms firmly on his chest. He would begin something like this: "If you have been through war, as I have, you will know what it's like. If you haven't, I'll tell you."

He would then go on to express dogmatic views on war. As to the bombing of open towns and villages in Spain, Ribbentrop's views strike one as typically Prussian. "Of course, in war open villages must be bombed occasionally—and women and children must be killed. But, it is a part of warfare, and war is necessary, and anyhow it is a cleansing process."

Masaryk remarked that Ribbentrop couldn't tell *him* anything about war, as he had served from the first to the last day of the Great War as an officer in the Austrian Army.

It struck me what queer experiences men like Masaryk—an enemy to Britain in the 1914-18 war, now on our side—must have had.

After all, we and France are fighting the same old enemy—Germany.

Masaryk told me that he had once heard Lady Oxford say to Ribbentrop at a cocktail party, "The trouble with you, Herr von Ribbentrop, is that you've got no sense of humour."

"No sense of humour, indeed," the then German ambassador replied, haughtily, "You should just see how the Fuehrer and I roll about when we hear a joke."

Even if this were true, it conjures up a truly remarkable, not to say repulsive, picture.

We discussed the Hohenzollerns, and their future. There

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are something like twenty-two of them, counting the Kaiser, his sons, and grandsons. In addition to this Royal House, there are the Wittelsbachs, and Prince Rupprecht; the Hapsburgs, and the Archduke Otto.

It is obvious that Jan Masaryk likes the British, though he is not sparing in his good-natured criticisms. He thinks, I could see, that we are slow in the uptake, and that Privilege, with a capital P, is too firmly entrenched.

He kept referring to "my little country," and once, when discussing the European situation, said, "But you people, with a great Empire like yours, can afford to do this,"—referring to some plan we had been discussing.

He is certainly a most interesting man, and has travelled widely, not only in Europe but in America, where he has given lectures. He told me that, after one lecture tour when, as he said naively, "I had some money to spare which I had made from my lectures," he determined to go to Chicago and see Al Capone. On arrival at Capone's quarters, he was received, he said, by a rather mincing young man, who kept him in conversation for a few minutes before showing him in to the famous gangster.

Capone talked in a most animated manner, waving his arms and impressing on Masaryk what he would do if such and such a thing happened. He was, in fact, a typical blustering, bullying gangster. Masaryk's comment was, "You know how to deal with a man like that. Himmler is a similar type. But when you get with men like Ribbentrop, who have mixed with men of other countries, and have got some veneer of manners, it is a different matter. But underneath they're the same."

Before I left, my host showed me a map of Central Europe which he had bought for ten shillings. It was an Austrian

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map, probably printed about two hundred years ago. The interesting thing about it was that it showed all the best routes for the invasion of the surrounding countries.

Truly, human nature and its basic impulses change but little as the centuries pass.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd

A pouring wet morning and Simon got his coat wet on our "before-breakfast" walk. As I watched him shaking himself to get the raindrops out of his hair, I thought how curious a thing evolution is. We humans have almost completely lost the muscles which move the skin, because we no longer need to shake ourselves.

We have developed intellect and lost the keen sense of smell which the animal has. We have discarded our tails and carry our thumbs so that they can hold small objects—like this pen I'm writing with.

If adaptation to environment still proceeds, and if we continue to live in the way we are now doing, I wonder what so-called civilized humans in the twentieth century will develop? It seems as if for some time we shall have to be prepared to burrow underground, to wear heavy tin-hats on our heads, and, from time to time, to adjust rubber masks which make us look like deep-sea divers.

I was told the other day that the porters at Billingsgate are recruited from families who have been employed as porters for many generations. They have, of course, ex-

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tremely strong neck muscles, which is not surprising considering they carry two hundredweight on their heads.

I wonder whether the present generation of fish porters inherit strong neck muscles because their forebears have possessed them?

I remember after the last war a man asking me whether, because he had lost an arm in the war, his children, if ever he had them, would be born with one arm. I was happy to be able to assure him that the inheritance of acquired characteristics did not go quite to this length.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28th

Another case of up with the lark. I had to be at the Admiralty by nine o'clock to go through a Talk with an august Admiral. It's curious how different the atmosphere of the Admiralty is to that of the War Office. It's not only that everybody one meets in the immediate environment is in blue, or that naval ratings and officers, from Lieutenants to Admirals, meet one at every turn. It's partly that, from the moment one passes through the arch facing Whitehall, there seems to be a complete absence of life. A stranger would scarcely think that this building is the nerve-centre of the world's largest navy.

This morning there was neither man nor car in the large cobbled yard as I passed through. I walked up the steps and inside the hall, where there were some attendants in blue frock-coats. In a niche in the wall was the original plaster

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cast from which the statue of Nelson in Trafalgar Square was made.

My first surprise was when a *girl* messenger took me down steps and up passages and down more steps until finally we reached the basement. Somehow she seemed out-of-place here.

The Senior Service starts work early. As I passed the offices some of the doors were open, and I could see men already seated at their desks.

I found my Admiral and spent an amusing hour. Not what I should call an easy way of making a broadcast discussion. There were three telephones on the desk, and when one wasn't ringing, one of the others was. To prevent boredom the door opened every few seconds to admit a Lieutenant-Commander, a Commander, or even a Captain, each of whom had some question to ask. Their language was quite unintelligible to a mere land-lubber, or indeed to anyone who was not versed in nautical terms.

I came out of the Admiralty by a different door—the one which opens into the Mall. As I left, there was a steady stream of Naval Officers coming towards the buildings.

A busy morning, for we had to give this discussion at 1.30. The Admiral was in great form when he turned up at Broadcasting House. He is very small and wears rimless pince-nez which he takes on and off at frequent intervals. I am always amused at the way speakers warm up once they get in front of the microphone. I had hinted to my *vis-à-vis* that he should treat me as if I were an inquisitive schoolboy. He responded so well that in answering one question he finished up by saying, "And that is quite enough for you, m' lad." Without stopping to think, I replied, "Very good, sir"—words that were not on my script.

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I hope I shan't be hanged, drawn, and quartered for this breach of the rules.

Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan came to the B.B.C. this afternoon to make the first broadcast in Hindustani that has ever been given from London. It is nearly two years since he and I did a discussion on India, but he did not look a day older. His plentiful black hair, which is parted in the middle and brushed straight back, and the curious little black fringe of hair he wears round his face are unaltered since I had last seen him.

I listened to his talk in Hindustani, not that it conveyed very much to me. I also heard Stuart Hibberd announce him in the same language, which was no small feat.

Sir Muhammad is a man of striking personality. He is thoroughly at home in England, as well as in English, for he makes frequent visits here. He is always dressed in a well-cut lounge suit, and to-day I noticed that he was wearing brown spats. On leaving he was helped into a smart herring-bone grey overcoat. It was only when he put on his claret-coloured fez that his clothes looked queer. I mean, that he could pass for a sunburnt European until he puts on his fez, and then he looks definitely Oriental.

Just as his clothes are partly European and partly Indian, so, I think, is his mind. It struck me that his outlook on world affairs was by no means limited to that of an Indian. He is, of course, well versed in international politics, and his wide travels have enabled him to look upon European problems with the knowledge of a well-informed European and the detachment of some one who lives outside this continent.

He is a smiling optimist, and told us that he is convinced that Hitler had shot his bolt and that it was only now a ques-

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tion of time. He explained that any success Hitler could have hoped for could only have been gained by a surprise attack. He had recently launched his secret weapon in the form of magnetic mines, and this has failed.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29th

Simon enjoyed his early morning walk, because it was a dry, clear morning, and it evidently gave him, as it did me, a feeling of exhilaration. Both he and I have a number of acquaintances whom we are accustomed to meet on our before-breakfast walk.

The dogs with whom he has a bowing acquaintance are a perky little Schipperke, who prances up to Simon and gives him the time of day: and one whose build suggests that his parents met by chance. He has the head and body of a fox terrier, but the underslung chassis of a Sealyham.

Talking of mongrels reminds me of the story of a little girl of ten, who spent many hours writing, but whose parents were never allowed to see the results of her industry. One day, however, she ran out of the room, leaving behind a sheet of foolscap. Her mother took the opportunity of reading what she had written on the sheet. She found these words: "What a shame to call a dog a mongrel, merely because his parents weren't married."

Yesterday we encountered a stranger. Round the corner came a fat Dachshund, waddling slowly and ponderously, followed a second later by a woman. As she rounded the

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corner I was amused to hear her say in anxious tones, "Steady, Percy." She was evidently afraid that on the slight downward slope Percy might be unable to brake effectively.

Among my acquaintances is a man in grey flannel trousers and a shirt who is usually cleaning his front-door step and polishing his knocker and letter-box as I pass. I am quite confident that he is the master of the house. Why? Because it strikes me that he always looks a little shamefaced, as if he had been caught doing something he shouldn't. Audrey agrees with me in our diagnosis, but I'm hanged if I know how to prove that we're right.

Further along York Terrace there is a genial gentleman who, on fine mornings, comes out of his front-door and starts at the double for Regents Park. On wet mornings I sometimes meet him in a macintosh. We never fail to greet each other. I am consumed with curiosity as to who he is. Audrey thinks he may be a doctor, but I think he looks more like a lawyer. One day I'm going to take my courage in both hands and introduce myself, hoping that I shall discover his name. I will let you know who he is later—if I ever find out.

Some people speak of curiosity as if it were a tendency to be checked. Others—and I think wiser people—realize that it is the basis of all knowledge. The instinct of curiosity forces children, of course, to ask questions, because they want to *know*. The man who asks questions to the end of his days will be a much more interesting person to meet than the one who thinks that education stops when you leave school.

This morning we saw something unusual in war-time. A smartly-kept, closed Armstrong-Siddeley, drew up outside a house in York Terrace. Inside was a well dressed man with Jewish features. The chauffeur got down and rang the bell. We walked to our paper shop, and on the way back

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passed the car with the chauffeur still waiting on the pavement. The man was still sitting in the back of the car.

I said to Audrey: "This is something we shouldn't have looked at twice in pre-war days. But nowadays it's curious. You will notice that the man inside has not gone into the house, so he is not a doctor. What, Sherlock, do you deduce from this?"

"I think, my dear Watson," Audrey replied, "that he is a business man who is calling for his partner to give him a lift to the office, which has been moved to the suburbs. You will observe that his partner is late with breakfast this morning."

But he cannot have been very late, for we walked along to our turning, and, as we rounded the corner to Harley House, the smart Armstrong-Siddeley passed us.

Inside it were two men.

I paid a visit to an unfortunate woman who had a mental breakdown some ten years ago. She is always pleased to see me, but if ever there was a case of Jekyll and Hyde personalities, this is one, and what is more, the split in her mind is very near the surface.

For a few minutes she will talk quite rationally, even volunteering remarks, and answering my questions sensibly. This is the Dr. Jekyll part. Quite suddenly, and without any apparent external cause, Mr. Hyde comes to the surface, and she will address remarks to an imaginary person, rebuking him or her. Very often it sounds as if she is answering some question she has heard.

This happened yesterday. She had been telling me about a visit she had paid about thirty years ago to Warsaw. So good is her memory that she actually described a luncheon

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she had had in the hotel, telling me the names of the various dishes.

Then, without any warning, she proceeded to discuss with her imaginary associate some point in dispute between them. She talked in a lowered voice, and I was not able, on this occasion, to follow her train of thought.

I cannot think why the doctrine of dissociation was not applied widely until Sigmund Freud published his book on psycho-pathology. It obviously explains the mental mechanism which operates in a case like this. Like other great discoveries, it is simplicity itself.

For practical purposes I am "of one mind." My approach to life is, broadly, always the same. In other words, my personality, however slightly it may change as the years pass and as fresh experiences are incorporated in my mind, remains one and indivisible.

The woman I saw yesterday has two personalities. For some years now she has alternated between her real self and an imaginary one—a noblewoman at the Tudor Court. But the problem is not explained merely by saying that she suffers from dissociation. Why is she dissociated? One answer is, because her normal personality failed to adjust itself to her environment. Then we may assume that she developed a second personality which, so to speak, fills in the gaps in her normal self.

As to the mechanism of dissociation, the psychologists will tell you that repressed emotion is the cause. The physiologists may maintain that it is due to glandular im-balance.

Personally, I dare say there is no one cause. Sometimes it may be due to physical, sometimes to mental causes.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th

St. Andrew's Day, and pouring with rain. We motored down to Eton and, under umbrellas, watched the Wall Game. After ten minutes or so, the players became so plastered with mud that they looked like gigantic figures made of chocolate.

On the way down we saw a placard which told us that Russia had attacked Finland. Truly, evil communications corrupt good manners. If, as Stalin maintains, the Finnish frontier is "too near Leningrad for Russian safety," why has this only just been discovered? Lenin, the idol worshipped by the Soviet, agreed to this frontier, and as recently as 1932, Stalin himself signed a non-aggression pact with Finland.

Now, following the example set by Hitler, he tears it up, ignoring the fact that it contains a clause which stipulates for due notice on either side.

The proof of the contagious nature of the Nazi doctrine is that Stalin has followed almost exactly the same technique: abuse of the opposing state by newspaper and wireless, a faked frontier incident, a statement that there is no intention on the part of the Kremlin to invade its little neighbour—then, the Russian Blitzkrieg.

How monstrously unfair and immoral this sort of thing is! The one bright spot is, that now the Soviet Government has come out into the open and we see it in its true colours, we realize that it is not a "government for the people by the people," but an imperialism in the worst sense of the word.

These questions need answering:

1. Will Germany actively resent Russian domination of Finland? (After all, a neutral Finland is a safeguard to Germany's left flank.)

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2. Was the invasion of Finland part of the price demanded by Stalin for signing the Russo-German Pact?
3. Will Spain and Italy inaugurate an anti-Bolshevik *bloc*?
4. What action will the U.S.A. take (if any)?

Perhaps by the time I write up my Diary for February next, I shall be able to answer all these questions.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1ST

A most harassing hour and a half with a captain in the Mercantile Marine. This man was torpedoed twice in the Great War and wrecked afterwards. Now the ship he has just been in has been mined.

He is a fine-looking man in the middle forties. His face shows courage and his words are quiet and un-dramatic. Only his eyes show the suffering he has seen.

After our official interview—out of which I later have to make a talk—we stayed and chatted. He told me about his experiences on a Q-boat, and assured me that it was the waiting which was so trying. When the submarine shelled the Q-boat, it would pretend to be frightened and run away. Only when the submarine came well within range and only when the English sailors could throw down the camouflage which hid the gun-turrets, did they open fire.

In the meantime the officers and men had to sit with their backs to the enemy on the side nearer the submarine. This is because the shells are more likely to explode on the far side

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and the men are therefore safer if they keep away from this side of the deck.

This man has been through some ghastly times. He answered my questions quietly, but once he warmed to the subject, his descriptions were so vivid as to make me feel almost sick.

Here are two incidents he told me which I shan't easily forget.

; On board the ship was a certain petty-officer—"a grand chap." He was marvellous at giving the ratings confidence, especially the young sailors. One day, news arrived that he had been awarded a decoration by the King. My companion took him to the Captain, who wanted to congratulate him.

An hour later he was walking along the deck when a young sailor came out of a cabin holding a revolver and playing with the trigger.

"You shouldn't do that, me lad," the petty-officer said, "it's dangerous. Never play with firearms."

As he finished speaking the revolver went off and shot him in the abdomen.

They carried him into a cabin. As they were holding his head, he told them not to punish the boy, "as he didn't know any better."

"You shouldn't 'a done that, laddie," he gasped, and fell back dead.

The other story concerned the reaction young sailors show in their first experience of war.

He explained that most healthy young men are without fear, because they don't know what war is really like.

They are eager for a scrap and have no idea what ghastly sights they're going to see.

On one occasion, the ship was being shelled by a submarine, and the gun-crew were crouching inside the turret. One man

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had already been injured by a fragment of shell, and although he had been told not to, had crawled to the far side of the turret. A second shell exploded right on him and literally blew him to pieces, scattering fragments of his body over his comrades. Two were violently sick—and no wonder: the others turned bright green.

My Captain added that it is just these kind of experiences which young sailors find it difficult to face up to. On another and similar occasion when shells were bursting all round them, he saw a whole gun-crew jump over the side into the water. He added that the men literally didn't know what they were doing.

I came away shamefaced, feeling that I had no right to be living in comfort when men had to go through experiences like these—to feed me and others like me.

Lunch in the B.B.C. canteen with Lord de la Warr and Mrs. R. S. Hudson, wife of the secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade. We queued up for our trays, our knives and forks, and then chose our food.

It was a queer meal, for I could think of nothing else but the stories the sailor had just told me. I found myself looking at everything I ate, wondering whether it had been imported: and asking myself whether I had any right to eat food which perhaps had cost many men their lives.

I apologized for my dullness, explaining that I had just spent an hour with a merchant seaman. I gave some slight account of his story; but I discovered afterwards, what I didn't know at the time, that Lord de la Warr himself had served as a sailor during the Great War. So I probably was telling him the sort of things he knew all about from personal experience.

During lunch, however, he said very little, making no

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comments on my story. But I've noticed that most people are very unwilling to discuss any gruesome experiences they themselves have had.

I feel that the listener should be told exactly what our soldiers, sailors, and airmen have to endure. And I suggested that a talk on the life of a merchant seaman—not omitting the horrors—would do a great deal of good. It would bring home to the people the sacrifices which the men of the services are making. When I hear a woman say—as I did the other day—that she was exhausted after a few hours in an A.R.P. post, I am tempted to ask her whether she realizes that her contribution to the war is as nothing compared to what these young and middle-aged men are giving.

And it's not only men of these ages. Was not the Captain of the *Rawalpindi* a retired naval officer—sixty years old?

Mrs. Hudson, who was an American before her marriage, took my part, agreeing with me that we should try and bring home to people the dangers and discomforts which our fighting forces are enduring so uncomplainingly.

There is, of course, another side. We don't want children to hear horrors—and children switch on wireless sets.

If a broadcast Talk contained the two stories which this brave sea captain told me, and children heard them, it would certainly horrify them and might do them a lot of harm.

After lunch Lord de la Warr listened to a recording of a broadcast he had given some days before.

I often wonder why no speaker can recognize his own voice when a record of it is played to him. I should never believe that the voice, alleged to be mine, is the same as the voice I hear when I speak.

But other people's voices sound, to the listener, identically

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the same, whether they are speaking in person or a record is being played. So it can't be the fault of the recording.

I believe that the explanation of this queer phenomenon is that when I speak I hear *my* voice, partly at any rate, through the bones of my head. The listener hears it only through his ears, and, therefore, it sounds to him quite different. It is somewhat like a man looking at himself in a mirror.

If you look over his shoulder you see his *reflection*, and this is quite a different face to the one you look at. On the other hand, he is accustomed to seeing his reflection.

Or, as Lucretius puts it:

"Now in the glass
The right part of our members is observed
Upon the left, because, when comes the image
Hitting against the level of the glass,
'Tis not returned unshifted; but forced off
Backwards in line direct and not oblique."

The recorded voice differs from the voice the speaker recognizes as his own, just as the reflection differs from the face itself.

This evening I met for the first time a most remarkable man. Colonel Deneys Reitz—pronounced as if it were spelt Denates Rates—came to Broadcasting House to give an address in Afrikaans.

He told the Dominions:

"I have been pretty well everywhere in the past few weeks and what interested me most was the trip to France, to the British Front and the Maginot Line. These fortifications are impregnable; 10,000,000 soldiers could not break through

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them. Hitler now realizes this and that is why his troops are now holding back and are making no effort to attack France.

"He will now try to win the war by sowing mines in the seas and by a more intensive use of submarines. These measures may no doubt cause a good deal of damage before they can be overcome, but they will not win him the war as effective counter-measures will be taken. . . . I have seen what is being done in France and in England in regard to the building of fleets, military strength, and other activities, and I can only say that this is surely the greatest war effort in the history of the world.

"The French and English do not boast; they do not rave and bluster on the radio all day long; but they are determined to put an end to a policy of force and plunder under which no country and no nation can feel itself safe.

"You have, of course, heard how neutral Finland—that little nation which has never given anybody cause for offence, is now brutally attacked.

"Fellow South Africans, remember one thing: if that system of vultures and robbers were to triumph, our freedom, our language, and all that we hold dear would be lost.

"We are free and safe where we now stand by the side of our friends and, at least where I am concerned, I would be ashamed to think that we would sit still while such atrocities are taking place and while others are fighting for the future of our country, our people, and of those who will come after us. . . .

"Let us now stand shoulder to shoulder with the other free nations of the world for the honour of South Africa."

Deneys Reitz fought against us in the South African War. His secretary told me the other day that Reitz was chatting

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to a porter at a hotel when they discovered that they had both fought in that war—but on different sides.

"Lucky we were both such bad shots," the Colonel remarked. "Or we might not be talking here to-day."

Reitz is a man of middle height, almost completely bald, except for a fringe of closely cropped grey hair round his head. At first sight I doubt whether you would believe the kind of man he is. He might be the director of a company, or the manager of a shop. He is now rather stout.

And yet, his life has been one long adventure. He has been everywhere and done everything. A week or two ago, when I was dining with Negley Farson, Reitz's name was mentioned by a man in the party.

Negley, who has recently returned from Africa, became quite excited. He said that Reitz was the most fearless man he had ever met in his life—that he did not even know such a thing as fear existed.

"The pilots in South Africa," Farson added, "have been warned not to take him up, for he's so completely blind to danger."

Reitz had definite views on the Irish question.

"We have the same problem in South Africa as they have in Ireland," he told me, "and we realize that if we hadn't got the English, the rest of us would be at each other's throats."

He added that, if Eire tried to take the North, they would find they had bitten off more than they could chew.

Reitz is leaving to-morrow for Portugal via Spain, on the invitation of the President. He remarked that the frontier between the Portuguese colony and the Union was a long one, but, like the American-Canadian frontier, was completely unfortified because no fortifications were necessary.

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 4th

A cold wind this morning, and as I had to start work early, I was out before my usual time and thus missed my acquaintances.

Simon, however, gave the time of day to his friend the Schipperke, who was returning from Regents Park.

I have been wondering what there is to the human about the presence of a dog—it is certainly more than mere companionship.

It seems to me that a dog, with whom one is in sympathy, serves a most useful purpose. You can *project* your own emotions on him. You can complain of the coldness of the morning—and ask for his sympathy.

Whether he answers you or not (and all dog-lovers will tell you that he does even though it is not in actual words), you tacitly assume that he has done so.

You have, in other words, read the answer you want in his eyes and the movements of his tail.

One's feelings, the thoughts which pass through one's mind, are better expressed than bottled-up. And a dog enables you to do this.

I can't think what has come over my practice. I've been so busy with patients to-day that I've scarcely had time to eat.

Perhaps it means that people are returning to London—possibly it's merely a flash in the pan.

If it goes on I shall have to do something about it, for my legitimate profession will be interfering seriously with my illegitimate.

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5th

I had to be at the B.B.C. by 8 a.m. to record a discussion with Charles Tower. This should have been made as a "live" talk at 1.30 p.m. to-day, but Tower had to go to the country, so we gave it at 8.15 and it will be played over as a record at 1.30.

I can't really see that it makes any difference when the "live" transmission is given. The record sounds identical to the listener—in fact, he would never know that it was a record if the B.B.C. didn't announce it as such.

Tower was in great form this morning, although the cold was severe; and he, like me, had woken up every hour or so through the night, fearful that we should oversleep.

While we were waiting for the recording engineer, he told me that he had met one of the B.B.C. engineers one day when he had been broadcasting. He had asked him whether it was now possible to buy a short-wave set which would really pick up the Empire programmes, adding that he would like to hear the Empire news as well as the Home bulletins.

"What d'you want to hear them for?" this cheery soul had asked. "The bad news can wait till the morning, and the good news ain't true."

We were laughing so much at this pessimist that it took us some time to become sufficiently serious to begin our discussion.

Points of interest in this discussion were:

With regard to the Russo-German agreement, it is difficult to know exactly what conditions were put up in Moscow by Ribbentrop, except that Germany used the small states as pawns. If it is assumed that everything Russia demanded, and got, was freely accepted by Germany, then the only con-

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clusion must be that the Nazi Government at the time felt themselves in an awful hole—much worse, in fact, than we calculated.

On the other hand, it's possible that Russia also miscalculated and did not expect Finland to fight.

But then Germany obviously never expected France and Britain to fight, and so may have reckoned that Russia would never get the chance to "cash-in" on the Baltic.

I think it is quite certain Ribbentrop told Hitler we should not fight if Germany showed a sufficiently bold front; but that mistake has been made by Germans before.

German leaders have always looked upon the combination of Finland, the Scandinavian States and the Baltic States, as a sort of first line German defence in Eastern Europe. Banse is a Nazi Professor of military strategy. He wrote: "Finland is not less important than the Baltic States in keeping Russia out of the Baltic. Since she declared her independence in December 1917, and succeeded eventually with the help of German troops in repelling the Bolsheviks in 1918, she has played her part with due circumspection. Finland is the most central outpost of western and predominantly German civilization against semi-Asiatic Russia."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6th

A war-time railway journey—not so good either. A visit to a Divisional Commander "somewhere in England," which

was well worth the rather slow journey there and the very slow journey back.

Major-General Carton de Wiart is almost a legendary figure in soldiering. *Who's Who* will tell you that he was born in Brussels in 1880, and that he was educated at Edgbaston and Balliol. It will also reveal that he was twice wounded in the South African war, and that he served in East Africa from 1914-15, was severely wounded and awarded the D.S.O. He was wounded eight times in the European war, and given the V.C., C.M.G., and C.B. He was also made an officer of the Order of the Crown and given the Croix de Guerre—both Belgian decorations.

These facts I have extracted barefacedly from this valuable mine of personal information. I had heard a good deal about the General, and was confident that whatever else he talked to me about, it would not be about himself.

I found him in his headquarters, which is located in an empty house. A few weeks ago Charles Lyttelton told me that General Carton de Wiart had lectured to his unit, and he described to me the tall, lean figure with a black patch where one eye is missing, an empty left sleeve, and rows of decorations from "here to here" as Charles had said, placing one hand on his collar-bone and the other on his abdominal wall.

No one could mistake the face and figure of this extraordinary man. He talks quietly, and like most men of action, is anything but dogmatic. One might almost say he was diffident in expressing his opinions.

We discussed the recent war in Poland, and he confirmed the fact that the Germans destroyed the Polish aerodromes a few hours after the declaration of war. When I made a remark to the effect that we had rather let the Poles down by our pact of assistance, General Carton de Wiart replied that he

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didn't see what else we could have done, and that we made it plain to the Poles at the time that they could not expect any assistance in the form of supplies or men. When I said a little later that I wondered what they thought when we did nothing from the Friday to the Sunday, he said that the Poles expected us to take some action when they were invaded, and that they were overjoyed when we formally went to war on the Sunday.

General Carton de Wiart himself got out of Poland in the nick of time.

This interview left a deep impression on me, and made me ask myself once again what courage really is? To some extent, and in some people, I think it must be simply an absence of fear; in others a love of adventure and a willingness to pay almost any price to avoid monotony.

I left Divisional Headquarters feeling that I had been face to face with a professional soldier. By this, I mean some one who would, like the mercenary of old, go half across the world to take part in a war.

My next visit was to a very different kind of man—an agricultural expert, son of a Scottish farmer, middle-aged, thick-set and genial. He was out when I arrived, and I was shown into the drawing-room to await his return.

A few minutes after my arrival, his son, a young man in the twenties, came in and said that his father would be in in a few minutes. There is a sturdy independence which is characteristic of this type of Scot. He was in his stocking feet, carrying a pair of house shoes, which he slipped on without an apology. Shortly afterwards the Professor arrived. Tea was served in the North Country style—that is to say, a large table was covered with food of all kinds, including iced cakes and scones.

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It was a quaint meal, as a small evacuee from Hammersmith took tea with the Professor and his son. Afterwards the son drove me in the black-out to the railway station. I gathered that he is an undergraduate at a famous English university. I was surprised to find that neither the Professor nor his son had ever heard of Carton de Wiart, and also, when discussing certain new books, they seemed to have little knowledge of what is being written in the world to-day. I believe that the Professor is an expert on his own subject, and I dare say has little time to read anything else but agriculture.

Anyhow, they are a delightful pair, simple, natural, and evidently devoted to each other.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7th

I spent the morning writing an article on vitamins.

I often wonder whether readers of the newspapers realize how difficult it is to get a new angle on almost any subject. (I must exclude the present war and anything to do with it.)

No article will be accepted on a subject like vitamins unless it can be presented in a novel form. Nowadays the reading public is so well-informed that nine out of ten could tell you offhand what foods are vitamin-containing, and what diseases are produced by lack of a particular vitamin.

I was able to link up the whole question with the last war (when there had been definite vitamin shortage), and with the present war. This gave the article a new angle.

The average newspaper article is, of course, of a very high

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standard, and is much more difficult to write than a text-book. The most difficult achievement is to express, not only in simple language but even in colloquialisms, facts which only lend themselves readily to technicalities. At all costs, clichés and dittographs must be avoided.

Lunch with a very interesting man, whose knowledge of Germany and its politics is enormous. I shall remember his prophecy of what is going to happen very soon among the Nazis, but I shall not write it, even in my diary, as he swore me to secrecy.

What I shall do is to refer to it again when, and if, it happens.

Hoddy's birthday to-morrow and I must buy him a present. After some deliberation I have decided to send him a book; and have found a copy of Wells's *Outline of History* in a half-morocco binding.

In Wigmore Street, I heard someone running and felt my arm clutched. I turned round to find eighty-three-year-old Sir Arbuthnot Lane. He seemed to be quite capable of running without becoming breathless.

"You're the one man in London who can help me," he began. I feared I was going to be told some bad news. "What does Anthony want for his birthday?"

I breathed a sigh of relief, and walked back to where Lady Lane was sitting in the car.

Sir Arbuthnot is Hod's godfather and never forgets his birthday. As well as holding this important post, his life has been a very full one.

The general public know him mainly for his effort to improve the nation's health: for "The New Health Society" which he founded; and for his writings in the press on diet.

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Few people realize that he is one of the greatest pioneers in surgery that the world has ever seen. He was, I believe, though I am not quite certain, the first man to do a "mastoid" operation. He was the first surgeon to operate on the chest for an empyema: he was the pioneer of abdominal surgery for many intestinal complaints.

I am old enough to remember the scorn which was poured on Arbuthnot Lane when he first stressed the importance of intestinal poisoning.

With meticulous care he had worked out the anatomy of the intestinal tract: and had shown how the presence of "bands" hindered the action of the intestines and, in their turn, led to "kinks."

And yet his was a voice crying in the wilderness—and a voice which was subject to every kind of abuse and raillery.

One eminent doctor remarked that the only place "Lane's Kink" resided was in Lane's own brain.

Nevertheless, the medical profession has been slowly but surely accepting the views he put forward over a quarter-of-a-century ago. To-day, intestinal stasis and consequent toxæmia are accepted as the cause of many morbid states which hitherto have had no known pathology. Anæmias, rheumatic affections, arthritis, may just as surely be caused by poisons getting into the blood from the bowel as may the spotty face of the adolescent.

And, logical as ever, the doctors now treat these ailments with a wary eye on the intestines of their patients.

Many men fail to live long enough to see their work recognized.

I am glad Sir Arbuthnot Lane has lived to see his views adopted. But I fear that, like other pioneer thinkers, he has not even yet received the recognition which is his due.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8th

Many people seem to think that our propaganda ought to imitate that of Goebbels, and that we should give free rein to abuse of the enemy, to distortion of facts, and to personalities. Authorities in England do not favour this method, not, I might say, merely through over-scrupulousness, but because they think that in the long run it is not effective.

I was not quite certain as to my own opinion on this subject; because I had been told on good authority that the Nazis had successfully moulded public opinion in their own country by the thoroughness and unscrupulousness of their propaganda. To-day, however, I am a convert. I agree with those who say that the best propaganda is the plain statement of the truth. Sooner or later—generally sooner—the world at large will come to believe what we say, because they will see for themselves that bad news is not withheld and good news is not exaggerated.

To-day, in the programme "In England Now," we had two speakers, a young naval rating and a trooper.

The first was a working-class boy who had entered the Navy and is now, at the age of eighteen, a wireless telegraphist. His talk was not only altogether delightful, but was so simple in its emotional appeal that the announcer who, as you can imagine, is not easily roused to enthusiasm, told me that he had been quite moved by it.

This boy wrote down a thousand words of his feelings about, and experiences in, the Navy. He was wildly enthusiastic about the life, about England, and about his work. I did not alter one word of his script. (Unfortunately, owing to the time-limits I had to cut a few paragraphs.)

The result was that the listener heard a boy describing his

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life in the Navy in exactly the language he would use if he were sitting at home talking to his friends. The simple love of his country, the readiness to take any and every risk, the life he so genuinely adored, were so sincere that it almost brought tears to my eyes.

The second speaker was Robin Maugham, son of the ex-Lord Chancellor, nephew of Somerset Maugham, and now a trooper. His talk was equally good, although in a different way. He frankly confessed that he had been in his school O.T.C. and had found it very dull, and had got out as soon as possible. After that he had what he called "pacifist tendencies." Then, this summer he felt that he ought to do something because, although he would not have said so as naïvely as the first speaker, he knew that he loved his country, and wanted the satisfaction of doing something to help it. So he joined up, and for some months now has been getting up at 6.30, drilling, doing night operations, and all the other work which the ordinary soldier in training has to do.

Robin has a delightful sense of humour, and his description of the N.C.O. in his unit was a joy. Here is his account:

"We've got a grand Sergeant-Major. His chest is so large that he can't see his boots, and he's firmly convinced that nature made the human body in order that it could do foot-drill efficiently—with a rifle and without a rifle."

Our first day he appeared in all his glory before us; and having quietly rebuked several recruits for fidgeting in a voice which could be heard distinctly the other side of the parade ground he looked at us, and said, 'Gentlemen, I 'as studied foot-drill for more than twenty-five years, and I 'ave come to the conclusion that the 'uman body is especially designed for foot-drill. Now, gentlemen, if you will raise your right hand and place it just below your left shoulder, you

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will find there an 'ollow especially designed by nature to take the magazine of the rifle. And what is more: if you will raise your right arm and bend it at the elbow you will find once again that nature 'as been provident and 'as made it exactly the right length for giving the King's Salute. . . . Nature's a wonderful thing.'"

Now I am quite convinced that both these talks were propaganda of the very best kind. They were absolutely spontaneous, and listeners must have said to themselves, "If this is the spirit of the young Army and Navy, it will be impossible for a nation, who has forced its soldiers and sailors to fight, to beat another nation who is served so enthusiastically and voluntarily as our country is."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9th

I notice that since I've been writing this series of articles on diet for the *Sunday Graphic*, I have, imperceptibly, been more watchful of my own diet. For instance, as we were planning a picnic lunch for to-day, I ate my protein at breakfast in the form of sausages.

We were celebrating Hoddy's birthday by a large tea at Miss Masters' in Windsor—large in the number of the company as well as in the variety of the fare.

My goodness! how boys can put themselves outside what dear old Leonard Williams used to call "sticky toxins." After preliminary helpings of scones with strawberry jam and Devonshire cream, omelettes were suggested and approved.

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So omelettes descended with scones, and were followed at a short interval by birthday cake.

Shades of my articles on "How to eat in War-time!"

Doc. Kerley told me a story which *may* be only a story. Immediately after a railway accident in a tunnel, medical help from several of the hospitals was rushed to the spot.

The first to arrive were the members of a hospital nearby. The last, from another hospital, came some quarter-of-an-hour later.

A young and enthusiastic doctor, belonging to the latter hospital, and armed with a hypodermic ready charged with morphia, descended into the tunnel and saw, amid the wreckage, the posteriors of a man. From the position he was in, the doctor assumed that the man must be in great pain, so, with no more ado, he plunged his needle into the only part of his anatomy he could reach.

It was only from the language which resulted from this act of kindness that he learned that the nether portions of his unwilling patient really belonged to a brother doctor who was bending down rendering first-aid.

I wonder how long this unfortunate man slept following his "shot" of morphia.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10th

Hod is now fourteen. I must write him a letter. It must be a letter which, while giving helpful advice, is yet easy to read

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and so worded that it strikes a chord which will continue to vibrate.

He is such a delightful little fellow. I must, somehow or other, utilize my own experience to prevent him making the mistakes I, and so many others, have made. It ought to be possible for a middle-aged man so to advise his son that he avoids the pitfalls into which his predecessors have tumbled.

Why should generation after generation suffer because the human species fails to learn? I should like to be able to write to Anthony in such a way that he accepts my advice and acts on it. Anyhow, I'm going to try.

Sunday, December 10th.

My dear Hod,

Lord Chesterfield wrote a series of letters to his son, whom he loved very much. He wanted to help him to grow up into a really nice man. Now, although that was just about two hundred years ago, I am sending you some quotations, because I also want you to grow up into a fine character, and *now* is the time when your character is being formed. And, like Lord Chesterfield, I love my son very much, and I want to be proud of him, because he is nice and unselfish and humble. Remember it is always easier to force people to give way to you than it is to force yourself to give way when you want to do a thing very much.

Here, then, are some pieces of advice which I have picked out of Chesterfield's letters.

"... all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner. . . .

"But, pray, do you remember never to be ashamed of doing what is right; you would have a great deal of reason to be

ashamed, if you were not civil; but what reason can you have to be ashamed of being civil? And why not say a civil and obliging thing as easily and as naturally as you would ask what o'clock it is?

"I know how unwelcome advice generally is. . . . I flatter myself that your own reason, young as it is, must tell you, that I can have no interest but yours in the advice I give you; and that consequently, you will at least weigh and consider it well: in which case, some of it will, I hope, have its effect. Do not think that I mean to dictate as a parent: I only mean to advise as a friend and an indulgent one too: and do not apprehend that I mean to check your pleasures; of which, on the contrary, I only desire to be the guide, not the censor. Let my experience supply your want of it. . . .

"The art of pleasing is a very necessary one to possess; but a very difficult one to acquire. . . . 'Do as you would be done by' is the surest method that I know of pleasing.

"People are, in general, what they are made, by education, from fifteen to twenty-five. Consider well, therefore, the importance of your next eight or nine years—your life depends upon them."

And here's part of a letter he wrote to his Godson.

"Bath, November 25th, 1765.

"My dear little Boy,

"Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputative turn, which too many people have . . . and when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness, and gentleness: but never be eager, loud, or clamorous. . . ."

This is the first serious letter of advice which I have ever written to you. But you are now in your fifteenth year and I want you to lack no help which I can give you. For, as Lord Chesterfield says, a man is made between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.

You must not, please, think I am merely preaching to you;

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or that I want to spoil your pleasures: or that I am dissatisfied with you. None of these is true. But one of your uncles has more or less ruined his prospects of success in life, by pig-headedness—by always thinking that he knew better than everybody else.

None of us, even the cleverest, knows better than others in everything. Yet how easy is it for someone, quick to take in facts, to slide into the habit of being self-willed.

I don't want you to be rich or famous or learned nearly as much as I want you to be a nice character. And I mean *these* things, when I say character.

1. Unselfishness.
2. Consideration for others.
3. Humbleness.
4. Gentleness.
5. Kindness.

Sometimes you may be tempted to think that selfish people get more out of this world than unselfish. *But never make this mistake—I have never yet known a selfish person who has been really happy.*

You can put this last advice into a nutshell: "Think of others before yourself."

Now, will you do something for me? Will you keep this long letter and read it over several times, when you are sitting quietly in your room? And, will you send me a line during this week—it needn't be a long one—telling me whether you agree?

You and I are very much alike, and that's why we understand one another. I want to make you a present of all I've learned through experience—so that you can begin where I leave off.

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I send you my fondest love and with this letter all the good wishes possible for your success in life.

Your affectionate,

DADDY.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11th

I always believed that dogs only recognized each other by smell. That's why there was something so funny, although coarse, in the cartoon which showed a very perky little Scot terrier sniffing at a lamp-post and remarking, "Strange! I thought Florrie was in the country!"

But now I begin to doubt this. And for this reason. Simon was clipped yesterday; and, from looking like a very fluffy and extremely stout dog, he is now lean, with short hair on his body and a tuft of white hair on his head.

The Schipperke met us on our morning walk, and dashed in our direction. About a yard away, he suddenly stopped, put his head on one side and for a second or two, looked Simon all over.

Then he turned round and followed his mistress, obviously saying to himself,

"I could have sworn that dog was my friend the Bedlington!"

I spent the morning trying to get a discussion on "Europe's present position" into some sort of order. It was no easy matter. For one thing, no one quite knows what the League

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Assembly is going to say about the aggression on Finland. Then what exactly is going to happen in the Balkans? Will Russia attack Roumania and try and grab Bessarabia? And, if she does, will Bulgaria try and regain Dobrudja, and Hungary, Transylvania?

The difficulty in these talks is that, while we have to try and give some information to the listener, and to explain what is happening in Europe, there are pitfalls which must be avoided at all costs.

To-day, we must not mention Roumania more than is absolutely necessary. Italy must not be offended by anything we say. We must not speculate: we must not imply military action in the Balkans.

So, it's no easy matter to plan an informative talk which yet doesn't transgress the rules.

I had eventually so written the talk that it really did explain the German, Russian, and Italian interests in South Eastern Europe, when I heard in the news that the League Assembly had sent telegrams to Russia and Finland, calling on them to cease hostilities. What are Finland and Russia going to do?

Later. Finland has accepted.

Will Russia accept? If so, it will surely be a feather in the League's cap—and also an indication that the Kremlin is willing to make use of a back door, a way out of the mess she finds herself in.

For, there can be no doubt of one thing—Russian aggression in Finland has not gone according to plan. And there's a good chance that the Soviet troops will be freezing among the Finnish lakes and snow, without any tangible military advantage, until next summer comes.

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All reports are agreed that the equipment of the Russian troops leaves much to be desired. Fancy soldiers in a climate like Finland in winter, with a temperature of 20 degrees below zero, fighting with their toes out of their boots, no underclothes, and their rifles slung on their backs with string.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12th

I have just read *Hitler Speaks*. It has confirmed the view I've held for some time that the German leader is suffering from schizophrenia. His split-personality must be very advanced, and I suspect will increase still more rapidly now that he has come up against the first serious reverses he has met with since his advent to power.

What interested me more than anything else in Rauschning's book was the fact that, as long ago as 1933, Hitler was contemplating a pact with Russia, when it should suit his own ends. And, we must remember that all these years he has been pouring vitriolic abuse upon the Soviet. If this was intended to act as a kind of verbal smoke-screen, obviously it succeeded. But was it merely another instance of dual personality—one Hitler seeing the necessity of protecting his Third Realm from fighting on two fronts; the other detesting the Russian form of government because it (in theory at any rate) elevates the individual rather than the State.

That this is not how it has worked out in Soviet Russia is the fault of Joe Stalin, who has shown himself to be an

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Imperialist first, and a Communist second—and very much second.

I've been glancing through an article I wrote on Hitler. It was founded on information straight from Germany, and printed in a Sunday paper on October 15th.

Here are some extracts from this article.

"Hitler has for some years been suffering from schizophrenia—a progressive mental disease which is characterized by a splitting of the personality.

"This, of course, is the key to the riddle of his character. How else can you explain the brilliance of his judgment at some times—the devastating stupidity of his decisions at others?

"Psychiatrists will have no difficulty in recalling countless examples of schizophrenics who, within the limits prescribed by asylums, have behaved like Adolf Hitler has—and does.

"Hitler's mental make-up is well known. He is a dreamer; a visionary; an ascetic. To-day, more often than not, his mind is occupied with his dreams, to the exclusion of the present.

"It was this characteristic which, as an adolescent, led to his loneliness and to his failure to mix happily with others.

"It is, of course, only the abnormal individual who finds it necessary to live the 'shut-in' life. This tendency is at once a symptom of mental instability, and a danger to what remains of sanity. A schizophrenic is always liable to pass over the borderline which divides eccentricity from insanity.

"Now, so long as a human-being is associating with his fellow-creatures, some kind of social contacts are unavoidable. In asylums, schizophrenics avoid these by running away when anyone approaches. The same artifice can be used in a different way—the door of the mind can be bolted and barred against interference.

"Adolf Hitler has used both methods. He has shut himself

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up in Berchtesgaden, and, gazing down on his Bavarian mountains, passed the hours in silent communion with himself.

"It has often been noticed how, under the stress of an emotional speech, he will hesitate and remain in a fixed attitude for a few seconds, his arms uplifted, his whole body tense. Then, obviously with a great effort, he will force himself to resume his speech.

"Here, to begin with, are three reports. They are those of eye-witnesses.

"Hitler was inspecting an institution when suddenly something upset him. Without any warning he began to bellow loudly. Then he flung himself on the floor, striking out wildly with his arms and legs and foaming at the mouth. Those present tried to pick him up, but he bit them on the hands.

"'After some time they were able to "peg him down on a sofa" and cover him with a blanket. He bit the blanket and tore pieces out of it. Eventually he was quietened.' (Translated from the German.)

"A report from another source confirms the fact that Hitler suffers from attacks of violent and uncontrolled emotion. This correspondent was not present in the institution where the attack just described took place, but he states that he has witnessed similar outbursts, and adds that such attacks have lately been getting more frequent.

"This informant adds that the high officials of the Nazi Party know perfectly well that Hitler is suffering from a mental disorder, and that this has been diagnosed as schizophrenia.

"He is now under medical care, and is being treated, in addition to the more usual remedies, by insulin.

"It is unlikely, this informant adds, that treatment by insulin can do more than postpone the time when Hitler becomes completely insane.

"A third witness as to Hitler's mental state is a high official who describes in almost exactly the same words an attack

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which he himself witnessed. It was of a similar nature to that described in the first communication.

"I have recently received additional information, also from sources of undoubted trustworthiness. This is to the effect that Hitler has now been under the care of a mental specialist for at least two years.

"It is also certain that the mental disorder from which the Fuehrer is suffering is getting progressively worse. The fits of violence have, in recent months, become increasingly frequent.

"In public Hitler has frequently referred to the imminence of his death.

"On several occasions he has spoken to those around him of committing suicide, notably when he was asked by one of his military advisers what he would do if the French resisted the Nazi occupation of the Rhineland.

"The General is reported to have replied, 'That's all very well for you. But what about us?'

"Will he one day sacrifice his life because he can no longer tolerate his frequent lapses from sanity? If so, no surprise need be felt. Have not all experienced psychiatrists met many examples of schizophrenics who put an end to their lives because they can no longer adjust their day-dreams to reality?"

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13th

I worked late last night writing a Talk to be given by an Admiral to-day on Naval Warfare. All the material I had to work on was the answers to some of the questions I put to him.

I polished it after breakfast, putting in some touches which I fondly hoped were characteristic of the speaker.

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Sandwiches and coffee with the Admiral in the Studio at Broadcasting House. Then rehearsal for an hour.

It went brilliantly. The announcer, who has to put on a record if a talk finishes before its allotted time, came up to scratch nobly and weighed in with a spirited rendering of "Rule Britannia."

I was delighted to hear the Admiral speak *my* lines as if they were *his*. So I suppose I must have grasped something, at least, of his character.

In the evening I interviewed a waiter from a restaurant. He was an unpleasing person. Everything about him was spurious, from his wavy hair to a gilded pencil-case with which he ostentatiously fiddled.

And, after an hour with him and a stenographer, I got nothing out of him but a good deal of self-praise, which, I have been led to believe, is no recommendation.

A long day's work, forsooth, beginning immediately after breakfast and finishing at half-past ten.

Just time to feel my way home in the black-out and crawl into bed.

And it *was* dark. I can well believe the story of the man who, on a very dark night, tried to persuade a letter-box to allow him to pass.

To-night, without a torch, I could certainly not have distinguished a lamp-post from a policeman, or a Belisha beacon from an A.R.P. warden.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14th

I had to go to Farnham Common to-day, so I looked in at Eton and had a chat with Hod.

We walked across to Agar's plough and watched the field-game. On the way, he took my arm, saying, "Thanks, Pop, so much for your letter. I showed it to Bear and he thought it a ripping letter. Now, I want you to have a talk with him sometime about that fagging question. You see, if I explain it to you alone, you may think I'm only putting my own point-of-view. And Bear will tell you about it unbiassedly—for he wasn't concerned."

I was so delighted at the way he had reacted to my letter that I took care to answer quite casually. We fixed up a date for next week, for Bear is coming to his people for a few days in London before Christmas.

We left the match and went to School Stores to buy a pair of brown shoes with crêpe-rubber soles for the holidays.

Then we returned to Hod's house and selected some preliminary luggage for me to take to London to-day.

I *do* hope we get through Christmas without any increase in the warfare on land, sea, or in the air. And I do hope that the Nazis won't consider that they are helping to "down" Christianity by staging a putsch at this important season of the Christian year.

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17th

Three interesting encounters to-day. In the morning Dr. Rauschning, whose book *Hitler Speaks* has caused such a sensation. In the afternoon, Captain Taprell Dorling, better known as "Taffrail." And in the evening a long discussion with Vernon Bartlett who has just returned from the League meeting at Geneva.

Rauschning has a round, good-humoured face, marked by a deep scar just above his left temple. His English is hesitating without being faulty. What he says is correct and grammatical, but he is often at a loss for a word.

He told me that his wife and his five children are in Paris, and he is going there to spend Christmas.

When I asked him whether he was bringing them to England when he returns in January, he replied that he was a little frightened for them to cross the English Channel.

Taffrail looks like a sailor, which, of course, he is. He is of medium height with grey hair and a humorous twinkle in his eye, which was very marked when he was telling me a tale of the last war.

Apparently a young airman spotted a submarine, and welcoming the chance to distinguish himself, dropped his bombs as quickly as he could release them.

He missed the submarine, so dived down to continue the attack with machine-gun fire. It was only when the conning-tower opened and an English officer appeared to tell him exactly what he thought of him, that he realized his mistake.

I reminded Taffrail that we had last met at our drawing-room meeting in the autumn of 1938, when Voigt had told us that war was inevitable.

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Vernon Bartlett received me in his spacious flat in Whitehall Court. His round face and chubby features are familiar to many people—but not so familiar as his voice on the wireless.

I think he is quite the best broadcaster and commentator on foreign affairs that we've got.

We are doing a discussion on Tuesday. Subject: the League meeting at Geneva.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18th

8 a.m. at Paddington Station to meet Hod from Eton. Why don't the railway authorities ever know at which platform a particular train will arrive? We were told Platform 9, and, with other excited parents, we walked up and down.

When the train was only ten minutes late, word was mysteriously passed round that the Eton train was coming in on Platform 11. An undignified rush followed in which I slightly outdistanced a dignitary of the Church, complete with a fur coat and a gas-mask.

We could find no trace of Hod amidst the hurrying tangle of boys, all picking through piles of luggage, and all loudly demanding porters.

Audrey and I had parted, each to scrutinize one end of the train. After some minutes' search we had both drawn blank. I suddenly thought of going to the car. I found it full of Hod's luggage.

We then met him and found that he had, by some miracle,

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secured a porter and managed the transportation of luggage on his own.

What a marvellous moment is the first day of the holidays. I told Audrey that I could still recall the thrill which I always experienced each time I returned from Loretto. There's nothing quite like it.

I recaptured it this morning while I was waiting for the Eton train to arrive.

Lunch at Rule's in Maiden Lane, with R. J. Minney, lately Editor of *The Referee*, now editing *The War Weekly*—a new Newnes production.

He is a widely-read man, and has the rare gift of listening. When he has asked a question, he allows you time to answer it.

What an unusual gift this is! And how much pleasanter a conversation is when you can be sure that you have time to think before speaking.

I had hare soup and a fillet of sole, *sauce hollandaise*. And—very unusual for me, but it is near Christmas—a Brandy afterwards.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19th

It is still bitterly cold, and the wind whistles through one's clothes like the proverbial knife. All the same, it is nothing like as cold here as it is in Finland, where the unfortunate

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people are experiencing a temperature of 20 degrees below zero.

The war in Finland makes one feel so helpless—there is so little one can do beyond subscribing to send medical comforts. The soldiers in their white suits and skis attacking the Red Army form as romantic a picture as anything in the long history of warfare.

Good luck to them! Three and a half millions against one hundred and eighty millions.

Sir Kingsley Wood spoke in the programme this afternoon on the Dominions Air Force Training Scheme. We awaited his arrival in the drawing-room at Broadcasting House, and, as he had not put in an appearance ten minutes before the programme was due (in fact, we had not received his final script), we got a bit nervous.

However, at seven minutes to three he bustled in, shook hands with us all, took off his fur-lined coat, remarking, "Just in time, I think." We moved in a body up to the studio, arriving with a minute or two to spare.

The Air Minister's delivery of his talk was not, as you might have expected from his quick, restless movements, at all hurried. In a leisurely manner he described the scheme which had been arranged with the Dominions for training pilots. As soon as he had finished he came bustling out of the studio and along the passage towards the lift. He walked so fast that he seemed to be running, scattering remarks right and left as he went. When he had to wait a minute or two for the lift, it seemed rather an anti-climax to all this bustle.

He is, of course, a small edition of Mr. Pickwick. Once again I was struck by the fact that, coming face to face with him for the first time, I find him so much shorter than I had

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pictured him. I can quite believe that he gets things going; but I got the impression that this tremendous hurry has perhaps become somewhat habitual with him.

The other speaker was a very different type—Lord Somers, Deputy Chief Scout for Great Britain. Lord Somers is tall and thin, as most hunting men are. He has a weatherbeaten face and a genial manner. He gave a most interesting talk on the Scout movement, interspersed with amusing anecdotes. The one I liked best was the story of the Boy Scout who was acting as a casualty, and, to make it convincing had smeared his face and body with blood, using lipstick to heighten the effect. He succeeded so well that the nurse who came in to attend to him fainted; whereupon, the Boy Scout rose to his feet and rendered first-aid.

I am very impressed by Vernon Bartlett. As a broadcaster he is in a class by himself.

I have tried hard to speak naturally when I am broadcasting, and *not* as if one were reading from a script. But I haven't a doubt that Vernon Bartlett is streets ahead of me in this respect.

After the rehearsal one of the Talks assistants, who is new, came in and remarked that it was one of the best broadcasts he had ever heard. (He has only come to England recently, and possibly had never heard Bartlett before.)

I waved my hand in the direction of my opposite number, who was altering his script.

"What else did you expect?" I whispered, "when Vernon Bartlett is at the microphone?"

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22nd

We are nearing Christmas and the Christmas cards are beginning to arrive. It's going to be difficult to *feel* the joy which *is* Christmas, unless one can succeed, for a time at least, in pushing out of one's mind all the suffering which is going on in the world.

I cannot—and don't want to—forget what the Czechs are suffering at the hands of their German oppressors: what is happening in Poland: or the hardships of the men on the sea, in France or in Finland. I find myself pitying the poor Russians, driven on like sheep by a dictator who has forgotten the individual in his imperialist ambitions.

And yet, we are lucky enough to have a warm home, plenty of food—even luxuries such as crackers and chocolates.

Let us enjoy the season, as we are more fortunate than those in the distressed European areas.

But, afterwards, it's up to us to make any sacrifice which is demanded of us, without a moment's hesitation. And, even if the war lasts seven years (which it won't) let us grit our teeth.

The anti-Christ, which is Hitlerism, must be crushed, and the Prussian outlook which makes it possible for an able people to rush headlong into bestialities must, somehow or other, be altered: the German nation must learn that there are more worthy attributes than brute force, and better teachers than that lunatic Nietzsche.

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CHRISTMAS EVE, 1939

A strange way to spend this particular Sunday. I started out from London in a thick fog and a hired Daimler to visit an aerodrome. (I notice that I have, unwittingly, utilized a syllepsis. No matter, I shan't alter it.)

We crawled out of London, mainly on second gear. Strange figures loomed out of the fog, passing us and returning into the gloom.

We reached Ware and mounted the hill beyond. Suddenly we emerged into a clear atmosphere. We could see, perhaps, half a mile across the fields, which were sparkling as the sun lit up the sodden grass.

There was little traffic on the road and we bowled along merrily.

The object of my journey was to visit an R.A.F. Station and interview men to broadcast in a programme on "How we spent Christmas."

I was armed with a formidable pass which would ensure my admittance, and arrangements were supposed to have been made with the authorities at the aerodrome.

I say "supposed", because a shamefaced Squadron-Leader acknowledged that there had been a muddle and no permission had come through from Headquarters for an officer or other rank to broadcast.

Nothing could be done about it—and so I returned to London.

There was, however, one bright spot. Hod, who had accompanied me, was allowed to inspect—but not climb into—a huge bomber which, only a few days ago, had returned from a successful raid on Germany.

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What a vast structure a modern bomber is! And, it was exactly like the one we were shown in "The Lion Has Wings."

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1939

We woke up when Hod pattered into our room, carrying, as he always does, his pillow and a book, and showered his presents on Audrey and me. Mine was a book-token and a large cherry-wood pipe. But what I valued most was the inscription on the token. "Hoddy, your very adoring son, who sincerely wishes you a very enjoyable and happy Christmas."

For breakfast, coffee—and it was nice and strong and hot—and a slice of brown bread and marmalade.

Then to the Parish Church, which is nearly opposite. We sat in the gallery, looking down on the scanty congregation. I wondered whether, in the days of the Regency when this church was built, it had been better filled than it was to-day.

I suppose in those days churches must have been pretty well filled, else why did the Georgians build such big ones?

The singing here is first-class and the conduct of the service impressive. There were three clergymen, two of whom wore the scarlet hood of a doctor of divinity.

The text chosen was "Peace on earth—goodwill towards men."

I suppose Christmas Day calls for this text, but the year 1939 makes it very inappropriate. The preacher told us that

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if the world were ruled by Christian teachings and practice, we should not now be at war.

The Pope has spoken plainly in his Christmas message. This is, unless I am mistaken, the first time that he has gone so far as to condemn the Nazi policy of aggression and to tell the Catholic world that war must go on until this ceases.

When, some six months ago, I dined with André Géraud ("Pertinax") I asked him what, in his opinion, would happen if the Pope called on Catholics to resist the immoral practices of their political leaders.

"Pertinax" smiled. "I think," he answered, "it would depend on whether the politicians still had revolvers in their hands."

It has seemed to me, as to others I believe, that the leader of the great Roman Catholic Church should long since have made some definite pronouncement indicating his disapproval of the policy and conduct of the German Reich.

After all, one has to go back hundreds of years to find instances of men at the head of a State who have flouted the decencies of public life as have the Nazis.

And not only the decencies of public life. In many cases, the scandals of their private lives have shocked world opinion.

It's never any use looking back, however, except with the object of avoiding one's past mistakes.

To-day, political leaders in all parts of the world should ponder on the errors of judgment which have led to this war. Never again must the victor lay down terms—unless he sees to it that they are carried out.

If Germany had been pulled up sharply on the first occasion when Hitler broke the treaty which the former German

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Government had signed, we should never have got into this mess.

History will show us that Hitler's first illegal action was nothing more nor less than a try-on. Tentatively, he sent troops into the Rhineland, with orders (as we now know) to retreat at once if the French offered any resistance.

They didn't, as it turned out. But had they done so, Hitler, so Madame Tabouis assures me, had made up his mind to commit suicide.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26th

To-day, being Boxing Day, I allowed myself a slight relaxation of my war-time diet of apples for breakfast. I had some buttered egg, and was it good?

At Broadcasting House by 10.30. An able-seaman awaited me. He was to tell the Dominions how the Navy spent Christmas Day.

A.B. Morath is so broad-shouldered that he makes the Navy rig look rather an infant's bib. But there was no lack of spontaneity here. He poured forth a stream of words, descriptive of life in a naval barracks. Every other sentence was punctuated with "So we 'ad a pint," or "We only 'ad 'arf a pint 'ere." The day seems to have been one long sozzle, interrupted by meals.

I liked this sentence. "Then came supper time. O' course, we was none of us hungry, but we 'ad a supper o' cold 'am, Christmas pudding, and fruit, 'cos it was Christmas."

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I wrote most of this talk in longhand, then had it typewritten. Rehearsed him from twelve to half-past. Then rehearsed my own discussion with Michael Macdonald on "Christmas."

We broadcast at 1.30. Sandwiches at 1.45-2.0. Rehearsals of the programme due at 3 p.m., for an hour. Then the studio.

My A.B. enjoyed his own reminiscences so much that he guffawed after almost every sentence, with the result that we overran our time by a couple of minutes.

But it was a grand, natural, spontaneous expression of enjoyment.

The newly-arrived Australian airmen took tea with us in the canteen, then were interviewed by me.

Six o'clock saw us at the Admiralty, preparing a talk on the Navy for to-morrow.

I felt rather queer on my way to Whitehall; queerer still on my way back. So instead of returning to the B.B.C., where I was due at 8.30, I went to bed with a temperature.

Funny how mouldy this can make you feel. My feet were lumps of ice and my head burning hot.

A strong whisky and a Veganin, and I sank into a stupor.

Hod was listening to his wireless in his room.

Just before I fell asleep I heard him tune in to the Empire programme. Almost the last thing I remember was the voice of my A.B. coming through the door which separates Hod's room from ours.

He was just telling the world that, at the officers' mess, "they 'ad 'ad a pint each!"

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27th

I regained consciousness free from fever and feeling like a giant refreshed. Thank goodness there's no need to lie up, as I really have a great deal to do.

The Admiral is giving his talk to-day. Someone must knock it into shape.

He's provided us with the material, including one or two good stories, but it still has to be put into broadcasting form.

Here's one of his yarns. A young officer was being court-martialled for alleged drunkenness, and his marine servant was giving evidence, doing his best for his master.

"'E must 'ave been all right," he said, "'cos he told me to call 'im early."

"Why did he want to be called early?" the President of the Court asked.

The witness hesitated, then replied, "Well, 'e said that 'e was going to be Queen of the May, sir."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28th

Fog and snow. I suppose about half a dozen hours of daylight only, for, here at any rate, it grew dark soon after lunch.

I've seen four patients to-day. (If I'm not careful I shall have a nervous breakdown from overwork!)

I've also obtained from a senior officer in the French Military Mission the material for a talk on France's military effort.

It's brilliant stuff, and crammed full of facts. Practically all

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France's man-power is mobilized; old men and women are carrying on the essential services.

The Commandant's account of the Maginot Line reads like something one might meet in a modern version of *Gulliver's Travels*.

Here are some extracts from this Talk:

The French Army—or, I should say, the French military system—is based on the drafting into the Army of practically the whole manhood of the nation.

France has mobilized over five million men—or, say 25 per cent of the whole male population of the country. It means that practically all men between 20 and 50 have been withdrawn from commerce, industry, and utility services. There are no reserved occupations in France; and even priests and clergymen of all creeds serve with the Colours.

After the last war, France was denied the right to hold the Rhine Bridgeheads, which Marshal Foch considered essential for the safety of the country; and, therefore, France maintained conscription. But she reduced the duration of the service from three years, as it existed in 1914, to only one year. When it became evident that Germany was preparing for a new war, France, in 1929, increased the duration of service to eighteen months, and in 1935 to two years.

The Maginot Line was started in 1929. The name of "Maginot" will remain in history as that of a sergeant of infantry who fought and lost a leg in the Great War. He had an English grandmother, and it is said that he owes his perfect knowledge of English to the fact that in his young days she used to tell him long stories in English. He was Under Secretary for War when the work of creating these fortifications was started, and under his inspiration such work was pushed most actively. Such an immense and costly under-

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taking was all the more remarkable as French finances of State at that time were not in very good shape.

The cost of the building of the Maginot Line is said to have exceeded ten milliards of francs.

The man who supervised the technical part of the huge scheme was Marshal Pétain. Marshal Pétain's formula was: "Choose the best points from which your artillery can fire on the enemy; then create fortified works to protect your guns; then link up all these fortified works by underground galleries."

It was done. And the great novelty of it was to adapt defence to landscape, instead of following the old method of planting here and there forts or other defences which would only form targets for the enemy fire.

Inside the fortified works great care has been taken to make life as bearable as possible, although, of course, efficiency comes first. Apart from absolute protection against shells of all calibres, and gas, the occupants benefit from decent quarters—electric lighting and heating; but living underground for any length of time is a hardship, and so much has been said and written about the trains, hospitals and recreation rooms of the Maginot Line that I would very much like you to know that it also has its great hardships so that you do not form any exaggerated views as to its comforts.

Being inside any of these fortified positions is very much like being inside a warship. There are spiral staircases and ventilating shafts, ammunition lifts and telephone boards and air filters; tarred walls and gas-tight steel doors. And all these are packed within a minimum of space, and under the care of technical officers and men who take great pride in their job, and who wear a special badge on which is inscribed the motto of the Maginot Line—"THEY SHALL NOT PASS!"

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29th

Wickham Steed gave his weekly talk on "World Affairs." He spoke of the year 1939, and what it had brought with it.

He dealt mainly with the Pope's New Year message, analysing its five points.

Of these he said:

"The Pope's first point was that all nations, great and small, strong and weak, have a right to life and independence. 'The will of one nation to live,' he said, 'must never be equivalent to a sentence of death upon another nation. In other words Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, to say nothing of Finland, now so gallantly defending her own right to live against the Russo-German sentence of death, must be allowed to live freely and in peace.

"The Pope's second condition of peace was that the nations must be freed from the burden of rivalry in armaments, and from the danger that material force may become the tyrannical violator of right instead of being its defender.

"In this third point the Pope clearly foreshadowed the creation of a Court of International Justice endowed with enough authority for its judgments to be respected and carried out.

"Were I to express a purely personal view I should say that none of the Pope's five points shows more practical wisdom than his fourth which dealt with what he called "the true needs and just demands of the nations and peoples, and of the ethnical minorities."

"He said, 'Such demands may not be strong enough to establish a strict right, but may deserve friendly examination, so that they may be met in a peaceful manner and, if necessary, by a fair, wise, and agreed revision of the treaties.'

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"Let me say why I think this fourth point sound and wise. To clamour and agitate for the 'strict right' of a racial minority to have its demands fulfilled is fatally easy and is often harmful to the minority itself. After all, minorities owe something to the majorities in whose midst they live.

"The Pope's fifth point ran: 'Rulers of the peoples, and the peoples themselves, must become imbued with that spirit of moral justice which can alone breathe life into the dead letter of international instruments.' "

Wickham Steed, like most men who have lived a large part of their lives abroad, and who speak other languages than their own, always impresses me with the breadth of his outlook. Whenever I meet him he always has something to tell me which I have not heard before.

This is due, I suppose, to the fact that his contacts are cosmopolitan and not confined to Fleet Street.

When he had finished his talk, we discussed the war. He had just received from America a book which analysed Germany's chances of winning. He said that the author gave full weight to every factor which was in Germany's favour, and yet came to the conclusion that Hitler could not possibly win.

As I helped him into his heavy fur-lined coat, I studied his features. With his sharply-pointed grey beard and his rather narrow face, he is not unlike Hall Caine, or even an elderly edition of Shakespeare.

He wrapped his coat round him, and I noticed how neatly his little beard fitted into the angle where the two parts of the brown fur collar met. I remarked that he ought not to catch cold in such a garment.

"I bought this coat in Vienna in 1904," he said. "It's done me well."

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He put on a flat-topped, sporting, check cap and departed for Oxford, driving himself.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30th

Now here's a to-do. On Tuesday next, the French Commandant rehearses his Talk at 12.30, and gives it at 1.30.

On such occasions as these the B.B.C. very courteously provides sandwiches and coffee for the speakers who, otherwise, would have a late lunch or no lunch at all. But sometimes longer drinks than coffee are asked for.

We wondered whether a Frenchman would be happy unless we produced a *Nuits St. Georges* or a *Château Yquem*? We agreed that true hospitality lies in giving your guest what he will most enjoy.

And so, after breakfast this morning, Hod and I went to St. James's Street to the wine shop of one Mr. Berry, whose ancestors were versed in the intricacies of wines some years before Pepys died in 1713.

My friend, Mr. Walter Charles Berry, was not on duty, it being a Saturday. But a relative of his welcomed me and listened to my story patiently.

"And so," I concluded, "I feel that we must produce a good sound wine for such a distinguished representative of our allies, the French. What d'you advise?"

My companion wrinkled his brow in thought. "What food is being eaten?" he asked after a few minutes' pause.

Now this was a question which there was no dodging.

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Somewhat shamefacedly I confessed that we were lunching on (or off) sandwiches. This was obviously a shock, but he manfully hid his feelings.

"Ah! Well then, I should recommend a claret. Burgundy's a trifle heavy; it might send your guest to sleep, and you don't want that to happen, I suppose?"

"On the contrary," I assured him. "I want him to be very much awake. If you supply us with too strong a wine he may forget where he is and give the talk in French."

The gentleman learned-in-good-living shook his head, more in sorrow than in anger.

"I see. But, if only you had been lunching off, say a bird, or a noisette, or perhaps a Canard Rouennaise—well then"—and he brightened up perceptibly—"I could have suggested a splendid Burgundy, full-bodied, ripe and of a marvellous bouquet." His eyes sparkled, his whole face changed.

The mental picture of such a burgundy had made a man of him.

Soon his mood changed. The artist, contemplating the superb beauties of a wine, changed to the practical business man.

"Now what time are you lunching?"

"We shall be rehearsing and munching sandwiches somewhere between 12.30 and 1.0."

"I must get this wine decanted in good time."

"Decanted?" I queried. "Can't you send us up the bottle?"

"Impossible." Such a suggestion evidently shocked him deeply. "This wine must lie for months in one position. All the 'thick' part will be deposited on one side of the bottle. We shall carefully decant it into another bottle, say about 10 a.m. We shall deliver it at Broadcasting House at 12 noon sharp. You can then safely drink the wine to the last drop."

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He paused, rendered speechless by the vision he had conjured up.

For some moments he was silent. I looked round the old shop, at the ancient weighing-machine which, in its time, has weighed the Regency Bucks, including, I believe, the Prince Regent himself; and my thoughts went back to those spacious and colourful days when life really was worth living—for the privileged.

It is not very difficult amidst such surroundings as these to leave the present and wander, in imagination, down the years to the last century.

The floor of the shop is so irregular that just beyond me it was at least a foot lower than the spot where I was standing. Facing me were the ledgers which record the weights of such men as Napoleon III, "Butcher" Cumberland, and Louis le Désiré. At the far end of the room was a door, and beyond that a room, where I have in my time eaten an excellent lunch as Mr. Berry's guest.

To my right, were the stairs which lead down to the cellars. Here it was that the last Emperor of the French surreptitiously wrote the leaflets which were sent to his countrymen.

The power of the imagination is very strong, and easily encouraged by suitable surroundings.

As I looked round the shop I could see the men and women of the Georgian days. The men in knee-breeches and powdered wigs, in buckle-shoes with red heels, strolling in a leisurely manner down St. James's Street—the street which Sheridan called "The Campus Martius of the equestrian beaux of London." I could see the languid ladies, in their hoops and crinolines, being assisted to alight from their sedan-chairs.

I pulled myself together and tried to banish the figures of the past which had come between me and the B.B.C. claret.

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I looked round the shop; on one wall were empty shelves. But they have only been empty since the outbreak of war. Before this, they had housed a unique collection of ancient bottles, specimens which dated back to the days when bottles were made of leather.

Now, the bottles have been evacuated to safer quarters. Actually, they are in a shed some fifty miles from London. And there, I suppose, they will remain, until the Nazis cease from troubling and Hitler is no more.

Were those days really better, or does each generation long for "the good old days"? I was turning this problem over in my mind when I was dragged back to the present by a very commonplace question.

"To whom shall I address the claret?" I answered the question, then made my way out into the snow and ice of St. James's Street.

I had enjoyed my visit to Messrs. Berry Bros. and Co. For I had spent some precious minutes with the picturesque figures of the nineteenth century, when there were no four-hourly news bulletins telling us of fresh disasters, and no aeroplanes to attack non-combatants and devastate unfortified towns.

As we were walking up St. James's Street, with a watchful eye for patches of ice, Hod suddenly said:

"Could we go, Daddy, to the Marble Arch Motor Supply Stores? I want an A.R.P. mask for the headlamp of the Austin."

So off we went. The Regent vanished. I could no longer doubt that I was living in the reign of King George VI.

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JANUARY 1st, 1940

I nearly always fail to change the year on my letters and cheques until the first month is well advanced.

My New Year resolution is to think before writing the date. And all to-day I have kept it. Each time I have written '1940' firmly.

Shall I keep it up?

I have asked George Robey to speak in next Friday's programme. And among my suggestions as to what he shall say, is the item—New Year Resolutions.

I wonder what his will be?

I have been reading some of the earlier entries in this diary. The news this evening tells us of Finnish successes against the Russians. We were also told that a vast Russian offensive has been launched against the Mannerheim Line. And I am interested to see, that when the Russo-Finnish war first began, I prophesied that the invaders might well find themselves held up by the nature of Finland's country.

I must get hold of a military authority to explain the strategy which is being adopted on the Karelian Isthmus.

I have rung up M. Gripenberg, the Finnish Minister, three times already, but his line was engaged each time. I can't say that I am altogether surprised.

I am somewhat unmoved by all these New Year messages which each Power has been sending to every other Power which is friendly to it. May we not take it for granted that we all wish each other luck, as we are all out for the same objective—smashing the Nazis.

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But, wasn't Goering's message typical? A threat to bomb us with umpteen aeroplanes!

Good will to all men.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2nd

It's still fearfully cold, but the fog has lifted.

An interesting letter by the early post. Some few weeks ago I wrote an article in the *Daily Mail* on "Noise." In the course of it, I remarked that an animal could live longer without food than without sleep. And I quoted a medical authority as saying that if you keep a dog awake as long as five days it dies.

A correspondent wrote to me asking me whether this was a fact—had it ever been done as a scientific experiment? If so, this lady added, it seemed a monstrous thing to do. The thought that it might have been done had kept *her* awake at nights.

I replied that I had come across the statement in a medical text-book, adding that my scientific knowledge had taught me how much we owed to experiments on animals, but that my personal feelings were all on the other side.

This morning's letter was in answer to mine.

It read:

"It was very kind of you to answer my letter. I am not an anti-vivisectionist though, as your letter infers. I do think

however that there are some things for which too high a price can be paid—trapping for furs for instance, and the obliteration of whales for explosives and, I believe, cosmetics.

“I think too that while science claims to judge objectively religion and art, her judgments on her own activities are decidedly *subjective*!

“Scientists, like the rest of us, are human.

“Contrariwise, I don’t mind shooting, hunting, or fishing. They provide risk, excitement, a feeling of being one with nature and natural impulses, and teach patience, which are all vital to the average human being, and account for the fact that he-men at the front complain that there is not enough fighting. The clamping down in the name of progress of all sports is bound to lead to dissatisfaction and boredom. I may say that I cannot take part in sport myself owing to poor health. I felt no revulsion this summer at watching the marvellous grace and speed of a whippet catching rabbits—perhaps because I identified myself with the whippet?

“If I could identify myself with the scientist who kept the animals awake for five days, it would be all right. Somehow I can’t. I hate cold-blooded things. I’d rather be hunted and shot than put in a zoo myself, though one can’t tell how animals feel, of course.

“A friend of mine, a poet, says the test of anything is, are there songs about it? If there are, it’s all right. Drinking songs, marriage songs, love songs, dirges, lullabies, even marching songs, but who ever heard of the song of the laboratory? He was joking perhaps—but there’s something in it, isn’t there?”

Well, that’s one point-of-view. Another is that so-called “blood sports” do no one any good, and conceivably do

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those who take part in them (as well as the animals they hunt) quite a lot of harm. Whereas the motive of scientific experiments is, at all events, a merciful one—the effort to obtain fresh information to save human suffering.

Whether human beings are justified in causing pain to animals to save themselves or their fellows from pain is one of those problems about which men differ.

Montaigne, in his Essay, "Of bad means employed to a good end," writes:

"Those were also more to be blamed, who anciently allowed that criminal offenders, what death soever they were condemned unto, should by Physicians all alive be torn to pieces, that so they might naturally see our inward parts, and thereby establish a more assured certainty in their art."

The bottle of claret arrived and was carefully uncorked. The Commandant thanked us for our kindly thought, and then told us that he was on a diet and that his doctor had forbidden him to take wine.

I turned the label towards him, so that he could see the name of the wine and its year. He showed a little interest at first, then an increasing interest. He put his hand on the bottle, "Too cold," he said, with the decision of a connoisseur.

We warmed it, and persuaded him to try a glass. Unluckily we had taken rather too much time in rehearsing the talk, so we had to leave our sandwiches and the remains of the wine, and rush down to the studio.

The Commandant placed his scarlet and gold hat by the tray, remarking that he hoped it would warn people from poaching on our preserves.

The discussion went well.

We returned and finished our meal.

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I have just been reading *The Offices*. I came across this:

"There is nothing on earth then so contrary to nature, nor whatever other evil can befall a man, either in his body, or fortune, as to take away anything wrongfully from another, and do oneself a kindness by injuring one's neighbour: for, in the first place, it ruins all manner of society and intercourse among men; since it is plain, that if once men arrive at such a pass as to plunder and injure the rest of their neighbours, out of hopes to procure some advantage to themselves, there must follow of course a dissolution of that society which of all things in the world is most agreeable to nature."

These words, which were written by Cicero before Christ, are very apposite to the causes of the present war in A.D. 1939.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3rd

A conference convened by the Minister of Pensions in July 1939, has just issued its report. It was appointed to study nervous breakdown in war-time, both from the standpoint of treatment and compensation.

The Times of January 1st printed a column-long report with the caption "shell-shock" in quotation marks. Underneath this heading were the words, "A costly misnomer."

Here are some extracts from *The Times*.

"The term 'shell-shock' came into use in 1914, when it was believed that the great bulk of nervous disorders noted in the field of war had their origin in the physical effects of concussion by high explosives or poisoning by gases. At that time this

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theory was widely prevalent, and was even promulgated by neuro-psychiatrists of experience.

"It soon became obvious that this view could not be justified since precisely similar disabilities, and in the same proportions, occurred not only among men who had not been subjected to any exceptional exposure, but also among those who had not been oversea. Moreover, the nervous disorders arising during the war differed in no material way from those well known in civil life. Again, many men who were blown up or buried to the same extent were able to return to duty without admission to hospital and without apparently suffering any durable effects.

"However, the term 'shell-shock' soon became a catchword among the troops and was welcomed by the man suffering from nervous symptoms as he did not realize, or could not admit to himself, or to others, that he might be suffering from the effects of fright or terror. The catchword appealed to the public imagination as an excellent term by which to explain a condition which could not easily be understood, and was too often adopted by the medical profession itself as a diagnosis for any functional nervous disorder appearing in soldiers during the war. Such was the appeal of the word 'shell-shock' that this class of case excited more general interest, attention, and sympathy than almost any other, so much so that it is feared that it became a most desirable complaint from which to suffer.

"Most of these neuroses occurred either in the form of an anxiety state or as hysteria."

Now, I not only spent some months in charge of a section of a British hospital in France which was devoted exclusively to war neuroses, but I was subsequently sent back to England in 1917 to undergo a course of training in the up-to-date treatment of these ailments. I spent three months at Maghull, where this course was held, and was then, with another M.O. sent to a special hospital in the North of England to put the theories I'd been taught into practice.

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After the Armistice I worked in the Ministry of Pensions for a year or two treating pensioners suffering from shell-shock, neurasthenia, and "anxiety states."

These are my credentials for presuming to criticize this report. I may claim, I think, to discuss it with first-hand knowledge; for I saw shell-shock in its earliest stages: some days after it had occurred: at the hospital in England: and finally, among the pensioners.

Let me say, with no further preamble, that I dislike the wording and resent the implications which this report contains. As one who has seen what the old-fashioned M.O.s of the last war used to call "shell concussion" (which was then recognized as a sub-division of shell-shock), the sentence, "Such was the appeal of the word 'shell-shock' . . . that it is feared that it became a most desirable complaint from which to suffer" is an unfair and an unjustifiable reflection on many a soldier who suffered mental and physical agonies, all the harder to bear because there was no outward wound to testify to his sufferings.

Let me explain. Yesterday, my friend the French Commandant (who knows something about it), told me that the air-concussion caused by the firing of anti-aircraft guns would break windows half a mile away. "But if you leave the windows open," he added, "the air can get through and you may save your glass."

Now, suppose your head to be in the half-mile range of a gun: you can't do anything about it. Isn't it likely that it also will be shaken up—more than somewhat, to quote Mr. Damon Runyon? And is it not at least probable that the symptoms of shell-concussion are due to molecular disturbances of the cerebral tissue itself?

Of course, many cases labelled "shell-shock" were in reality

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instances of nervous shock, neurasthenia, anxiety neuroses, or what you will. But I am confident that some of the cases included under the term "shell-shock" were due to the physical changes brought about in the central nervous system. It is not a valid argument to say that the same nervous disorders occur in civil life—for surely there may be many and different causes which are capable of producing the same set of symptoms? In my judgment, shell-concussion was a real state, and one which produced symptoms often quite indistinguishable from those of neurasthenia.

What would your feelings and mine be if, in addition to the suffering caused by the concussion, we knew that we were looked upon by the M.O.s as "lead-swingers"?

I am writing this about shell-shock to-day because I have just "contacted" (if you will excuse this verb) Dr. C. S. Myers, the psychologist.

In view of the findings of this Conference, the Broadcasting Powers-that-be decided that the Empire should be told something authoritative about shell-shock.

I suggested Dr. Myers's name, because he had seen something of these cases first-hand.

He was my chief in France when I was treating shell-shock during the war of 1914-18.

My suggestion was adopted and I was detailed to get in touch with him and ask him to broadcast.

I telephoned three times to his house in York Terrace, but there was no answer. I tried his office but he had just left, and was, they told me, dining out.

So, after breakfast this morning I again rang up his house, but again the telephone wasn't answered. So I gave it up and strolled down Marylebone High Street to buy a postal order.

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Just this side of the post office I came face to face with Myers himself.

I hadn't spoken to him since the last war, though I'd seen him once or twice in the distance.

I stopped him and told him what I wanted. He readily agreed to give a Talk on shell-shock, and asked me to send him a précis of the kind of thing I had in mind.

He hasn't changed much, although nearly a quarter of a century has passed since he was Colonel Myers, Consulting Psychologist to the B.E.F. and I was one of his underlings. I worked in a hospital in Abbéville, where the neurological patients were sent. And some of these poor chaps were in a dreadfully "disorganized" state. I use this unusual adjective because it exactly describes their condition. Some couldn't speak, or only with a stutter. Some had lost the use of one or more limbs. Many couldn't sleep, or, if they did drop off, would be woken up by terrifying nightmares.

All were shaken, restless, unhappy, and, more or less out of touch with reality.

My job was twofold. First, to make sure that there were no organic lesions present, such as hæmorrhage into the brain or a fracture of the skull. Secondly, to treat the patient.

I felt a bit strange when I first faced up to the treatment part. For, you must remember, that what high-explosive could and could not do to the human organism was, in those days, a somewhat uncertain quantity.

But I soon worked out for myself the best way to handle these patients. One thing was obvious—they all hated talking about themselves, their symptoms, and, above all, their recent experiences.

It was equally obvious that tactful and sympathetic discus-

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sions released a whole heap of repressions and helped them enormously.

So, as soon as I had made as accurate a diagnosis as lay in my power, I would get them to talk about themselves; but, to begin with, only for a short time. At the first interview, perhaps, I would chat with them on general subjects, trying to find out where each man's interests lay. Very gradually, as we got to know each other, the ice would be broken, and we would approach the forbidden territory—the man's recent experiences.

Have you ever seen a horse shy at a bright light or an unexpected noise? Well, if you have, you will understand how such patients as these behaved when we first asked them to discuss what had happened to them "up at the Front."

In the days that have gone, when I used to drive a dog-cart, many's the time I've climbed down into the road and, turning the horse round again, led him past the terrifying object, patting his neck and speaking soothing words.

In just such a way I had to handle these men, who had been so battered by the ghastly weapons of modern warfare that they couldn't bear even to think of what they'd been through.

Familiarity breeds contempt. And this, in a word, was what we were aiming at in our efforts to restore the reactions of these victims to something like normal.

After all, if you don't know what's causing that mysterious noise you hear as you're walking through a wood in the dark, no wonder you're scared.

But if the light of your torch shows that it is merely the branches of one tree brushing against those of another, well—now you know there's nothing to be afraid of.

It was confidence which we tried to instil into the patients. We showed them that there was really nothing to be afraid

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of—that what had happened at the time may have been—certainly was—terrifying, but that the *memories* need contain no terror if only they would pull them out from the back of their minds and have a good, straight look at them.

They say that there's no royal road to recovery; well, this was the nearest thing to a royal road that I've seen.

Colonel Myers was a sympathetic chief, who realized the difficulties which the actual treatment entailed, and helped me all he could.

And now, we meet again, this time in the midst of another European war.

Is this sort of thing never going to stop? My young adult life was submerged in a war with Germany—my middle-age is again to be spent in a similar atmosphere.

You hear people say we mustn't hate the Germans. Perhaps not—in theory. But is there any other country in the world which, calmly and deliberately, would have plunged Europe into war, before the memories of the ghastly shambles of 1914-18 had passed away?

If so, what is its name? Don't tell me that Russia would have gone to war without the murky example of the Teutons, because I simply shan't believe you.

No. Germany has set a bad example, and, in the long run, Germany must be made to pay for this fresh war.

In 1937 I wrote my autobiography and called it *Who'd Be A Doctor?* I suppose I needed an outlet for my various repressions; for they say that if middle-aged men have no adequate outlet they get up to no good.

Whether this be true or not, *Who'd Be A Doctor?* got a certain amount of stuff off my chest.

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One section described my Army life, and dealt with shell-shock. (When I wrote this book we were, of course, at peace.) Nevertheless, writing it brought vividly back to my mind the sufferings which the Kaiser was responsible for.

I have been glancing through it this evening. On page 177 I have just read these words: "Anyone—whether he be a Communist or a Fascist dictator—who encourages another war, knowing what modern warfare is, deserves the worst fate a disordered imagination can produce. . . . There is plenty of suffering in the world without deliberately producing more."

And now Hitler, and his beastly henchmen, have plunged us into war—war which always has made, and always will make, the innocent suffer as well as the guilty.

Montesquieu, in his *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains* makes this observation, which I wish I could force Hitler to read:

"D'où peut venir cette férocité que nous trouvons dans les habitants de nos colonies, que de cet usage continuel des châtimens sur une malheureuse partie du genre humain? Lorsque l'on est cruel dans l'état civil, que peut-on attendre de la douceur et de la justice naturelle?"

But what's the good? Hitler doesn't understand French—or, for the matter of that, France and the French people.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4th

Audrey and Hod have gone to Norfolk for a couple of weeks. Hod wants to drive his Austin through the woods

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which surround Broome Fruit Farm. I only hope there won't be too much ice for safety.

There are only three of us at meals. And at breakfast this morning the news led to a discourse from Yvie which put the Moral Discourses of Epictetus into the shade.

It began like this. The morning paper stated that Germany was trying hard to improve Italian-Soviet relations. It also hinted that Russia, after the failure of her Finnish campaign, might seek to re-establish her prestige by attacking Roumania.

Berlin, according to this report, is trying to do her best to keep Russia out of the Balkans, by maintaining that Italy and the Soviet can both obtain what they want by pooling their resources.

We discussed this over the coffee and rolls, and I chanced to say that Germany might attack Sweden if she really felt that Russia was getting too much Baltic influence. And I drew attention to the fact that the Nazis had threatened to send help to the Russians if Sweden allowed help to Finland to pass through her country.

"Really," Yvie began, speaking very quickly, "the Nazis are old fools. Fancy attacking yet another country when their hands are already full. That would bring the Americans in, wouldn't it, Pop?"

"I doubt it."

"Well, it might do. I should be ashamed if I were an American. They know they'll be the next if we get beaten."

"Wait a minute, Yvie," Ave said. "You must remember that the Americans are a long way away from Europe. Now would you be in favour of our taking part in a war, say between Mexico and the United States? And, from the point of view of distance. . . ."

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"Woof, woof," Yvie said.

"Your mouth's full," her sister pointed out. "Anyhow, would you vote for sending an Expeditionary Force to America in such circumstances? Would you like to think that Michael, Stephen, or Bobbie were going to be killed in a quarrel as far away as that would be? Don't forget that this is how many Americans view the European war."

Yvie, leaving the vexed question of American neutrality, paying, however, *en passant*, a tribute to the speech which President Roosevelt delivered yesterday, began her moral discourse.

"Those Nazis have no sense, have they, Pop? They must have known that we would stand by our pledge to Poland; yet Hitler believes Ribbentrop when he tells him that we shan't fight, and then they go and invade Poland. They're nothing but bloody fools."

"Steady, Yvie." I felt that the time had come to stem her eloquence. "Remember that gentlemen are present."

"I can't help that." Yvie was not to be turned aside from her main theme. "Now they're going to invade Sweden, that will bring America in, if anything will; don't tell me that it won't."

"All right. I won't. But I don't quite see. . . ."

"Well it was America that stopped them invading Holland, wasn't it? Roosevelt told the Nazi ambassador that he would declare war if they did."

"There was some rumour to that effect," I admitted. "But I don't know that it was more than that."

"Anyhow, they'd declare war if the Huns attacked Sweden. I'm sure they would. Don't tell me they wouldn't." And a flat hand waved in protest over the breakfast table. "They'd never stand for that. Why should they? One nation after

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another grabbed by those swine. America will be the next, mark my words."

When our Yvie is in this didactic mood, argument does little to stem the flow of words. Neither does it serve any useful purpose to attempt to alter a firmly adopted opinion by suggesting flaws in the reasoning.

Ave contented herself with repeating that America was a long way from Scandinavia, and that America had fairly strong grounds for adopting isolation, at any rate for the present.

What is curious about such discussions as these is that they show how strongly *we* feel about the political *morals* of Germany and Russia. And I take it that our meal-time discussions are typical of those taking place in many another English home.

As I have said many a time before, the Teuton seems to subscribe to the doctrine that any means justify a good end. And we don't.

It's just the difference in ethnic outlook which is going to make it difficult for Britisher, Frenchman, and German to sit round a peace-table. I hate to think that the only decent German is one who is thoroughly cowed; for I can't see that we can expect a permanent peace if that is to be the attitude of the German, any more than we succeeded in gaining one at Versailles.

I suppose we must make the German see that, in the long run, he gains absolutely nothing from his aggressions. He is infinitely worse off than he was in 1913. To say that we are too doesn't affect the argument that warfare helps neither victor nor vanquished. By plunging the world into war in 1914, Germany pulled us down with her into the vortex.

But she sank down deeper than we did.

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An interesting conversation this morning with Lord Kemsley, who, earlier this year, talked with Hitler for an hour and ten minutes. Being particularly interested in the Fuehrer's mental state, I asked Lord Kemsley whether Hitler showed any signs of emotional disturbance during their interview. He said not. But he struck him as a man who had got caught up, so to speak, in many directions and was not a free agent. I forget exactly how Lord Kemsley described Hitler's personality, but the Nazi leader seems to have behaved himself pretty normally on that occasion.

But then, this is easily explained by the fact that he was not facing an international crisis. When he is, as at Godesberg when he met Chamberlain, he is certainly liable to lose control.

Lord Kemsley himself has a charming personality, and received me in his spacious room at Kemsley House. I admit that the approach to such an august interview is somewhat alarming. I was put in a lift by a commissionaire on the ground floor; sent up to the third floor, where a page assisted me from the lift and took me along to a small but comfortable waiting-room. .

Here, for a few minutes, I read one of the papers which were on a side table. Then the door opened and a man came in, who introduced himself as Lord Kemsley's private secretary, and apologized for the fact that I had had to wait. As a matter of fact I was early, and was shown into Lord Kemsley's room just on the hour. Which only bears out what many years' doctoring has impressed on me—that it's the busiest people who are invariably the most punctual. I suppose they realize the value of their own, and other people's time.

Immediately inside the door is a huge leather screen, which hides at least half the room until you have successfully rounded it. Then you see the far end—two large modern windows, in

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front of them a desk. This was piled up with papers—and to one side, the mouthpiece of an inter-office telephone.

I have an inquisitive nature, and I always look with interest at men who have made their way in the world. I have often asked myself what faculty it is which makes for success. Is it only one, and always the same one? Or is it one dominant characteristic in one person and another in a second?

To have climbed the ladder of life as Lord Kemsley has, is no mean achievement. Here he is, at the age of 57, chairman of the Allied Newspapers, and Allied Northern Newspapers—which control, Heaven knows how many newspapers, periodicals, and journals. And, apart from the financial aspect, the newspaper proprietor to-day is an extremely important person. He sways public opinion; politicians are influenced by what his newspapers may say or leave unsaid; and the power he possesses might well turn a man's head.

But, if I am any judge of character, this is not the case with the first Baron Kemsley of Farnham Royal. I have been told by a friend of his, who ought to know, that he is one of the kindest men alive. Certainly, in spite of the formality with which a man in his position must surround himself, he showed no sign, to my practised eye, of laying too much stress on the things of this world.

We talked of the war, of Hitler, and of the offer he made early last year to the German Press to publish any statement by them on the international situation in his papers, if they, in turn, would do the same in the German papers.

It was this offer which led to Lord Kemsley's visit to Germany. He had a long talk with Dr. Dietrich, he told me, then entered a car and was taken to see Hitler.

But nothing came of the idea of an exchange of Anglo-German views. Knowing what we now know of Hitler's in-

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tentions, it could scarcely be expected that the Nazis would accept such an offer. Their plans quite obviously included the destruction of Poland—and a frank exchange of views between them and us would scarcely have helped this scheme.

It is only one more proof of the Nazi desire for war—unless complete surrender were brought about by their bluster.

They had no use for the conference table, or any other means which might have brought about an understanding between Germany and the Western democracies.

Perhaps they feared that an exchange of views between a free Press and a controlled Press would give the Nazi-ridden Germans a taste of what living in a democratic country could be like.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5th

Our breakfast-table talks are becoming increasingly heated. Perhaps this morning there was some excuse. For the chief items on the front page were: "Finns drop three million leaflets on Leningrad" and "Goering made Economic Dictator."

Well—I mean to say—as George Robey might have remarked. Here's some provocation.

The Finns, so it is said, were flying Italian 'planes. We picked out this fact, and it formed the basis of a discussion on neutrality. One point is interesting in this connection. We and France can legitimately help Finland, because we are obeying the instructions of the League. But what about Italy? She, of course, is no longer a member.

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As regards Goering's new job, the announcement is worded significantly. "Field-Marshal Goering has assumed control of Germany's war effort in the economic field."

Usually, when Goering has been given a new job, we have been told that the Fuehrer has appointed, etc.

The statement went on to say that the appointment probably means a new and drastic system of taxation which "will have the effect of destroying the wealthy classes in Germany and introducing a uniform standard of life. . . . The result will be a form of State Socialism hardly different from the form in force in Soviet Russia."

Suggestive, isn't it? And bears out the rumour, current months ago, that the Nazis would introduce their own brand of communism.

Yvie doesn't like the Russians, or at least, she has no love for Stalin and his Government. Having read in the morning paper that Molotov might be going to Berlin to suggest that if Germany would stop help reaching Finland through Sweden, the Soviet would create a diversion on the Indian frontier, she expressed the pious hope that Stalin "would soon get one in the guts."

Although it isn't exactly a ladylike expression, much may be excused to righteous indignation at Stalin's unprincipled attack on poor little Finland.

Socrates in a conversation with Euthydemus, had something to say which bears on Goering's appointment.

"And what sort of masters do you consider those to be, who hinder men from doing what is best, and force them to do what is worst?" "The very worst possible, by Jupiter," replied he. "And what sort of slavery would you consider

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to be the worst?" "That," said he, "under the worst masters."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6th

Yesterday was a bumper day—I mean from the standpoint of running across interesting people.

An early lunch of tongue-sandwiches and coffee. Then half an hour with two booksellers, who were discussing the changes which the war had brought about in their trade. Their reminiscences floated back to the Boer War of 1899. It was then, they maintained, that Kipling first achieved his great popularity.

The names of famous authors like Stanley J. Weyman, Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, were bandied to and fro: writers who, in their day, were best-sellers, but who, I suppose, are not read at all nowadays.

As I heard them discussing these dead and gone figures, I was reminded of a sentence in one of Somerset Maugham's books, where the question is asked: "Does anyone ever read Walter Pater nowadays?"

Does anyone ever read *God's Good Man* nowadays? Or *The Manxman*?

Sic transit. How many of to-day's best-sellers will be read in twenty-five years' time?

At 2 p.m. Mr. George Robey arrived at Broadcasting House, accompanied by his wife and a Miss Smith. He was

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arrayed in a tweed ulster, a large cap on his head and a muffler of generous proportions around his neck.

When he had shed these garments, we noted with admiration that he was dressed somewhat as if he intended to go for a hearty cross-country run. The collar of his Aertex tennis shirt was unsuccessfully restrained by his tie, his coat would not have looked amiss at Sandwich or Rye.

The one and only George changes little as the years roll on. It is just forty years since I first heard him at the London Pavilion; in the days when the vaudeville programme consisted of some seventeen or eighteen items, one of which, in any well-constructed example, read "Mr. George Robey . . . Comedian."

As the number against his name was put up on the side of the proscenium, the audience would begin to fidget: and, such is the power of suggestion, would also begin to giggle in happy anticipation. The opening bars of the song would be played and replayed, sometimes three or four times, before the short, stocky figure with the expressive eyebrows and flat bowler, dressed in a black frock-coat and no collar, would come skipping on to the stage, swinging a short cane and telling the audience that "he was *surprised* at such hilarity."

I have always been a Robey fan. I even went the length, on one occasion, of taking my mother-in-law to hear him. But it was not an unqualified success, or so I gathered, for, as we left the theatre, she remarked that she supposed it must be "Man's humour."

I little thought, however, that the day would ever come when I should be suggesting gags for the great George. And yet that is what I had to do yesterday; for the script he sent in consisted of little more than greetings to Australia, with one story, and a few complimentary remarks about the "diggers."

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So I sat down, closed my eyes, and ransacked my memory for typical specimens of Robeyian sayings. I sandwiched good wishes and the complimentary remarks, between such phrases as "I mean to say . . . what I mean . . . well, you know . . . Oh! don't look so stupid when I'm trying to explain . . ." and so on.

Then I made up some New Year resolutions, which I fear sounded far from funny, and—hoped for the best. But I must confess that I went into the studio with a sinking heart.

But George didn't go up in smoke as I had feared. He made a few trifling changes, then rehearsed it; and, under his practised tongue my dull words came to life and took to themselves just that intimate and personal touch which is the essence of the great performer.

The Talk was, by universal consent, a great success. When he came out of the studio, George began discussing the war, and told us how he had entertained soldiers in the last war. He has a trick of imitating little pigs; and he said that on one occasion when he was visiting a hospital the Matron had pointed to a patient who was suffering from shell shock and could scarcely get a word out. Robey had made his little pig-noises so successfully that the man had first laughed unrestrainedly, and then spoken quite naturally.

In fact, George talked so long and in such an interesting way of his various experiences, that it was suggested that he might give a "Reminiscences" Talk. Perhaps he will.

To-night, or in just about half-an-hour's time (as the Announcers say), he is in the Home Programme in a feature called "Nursery Rhymes."

He told us about this yesterday. I shall switch on at 8 p.m. and hear how he comes across.

As I was accompanying him to the entrance-hall, he sud-

denly grabbed my arm, led me across to a distant corner, saying in a husky whisper "'Ow 'ull this do for the reminiscences? All right to go on the air?"

He then told me a story which I'm sure would certainly have turned the ether blue. I tried to stifle my laughter, and assured him that I was afraid it wouldn't.

George Robey, through long habit I presume, keeps his features still, and in conversation looks straight at you. When he does move a feature, for instance his famous eyebrows, there is, as all the world knows, a wealth of meaning in a small movement. And when he has told you a story, he continues to look at you with a deadly serious expression that has a trace of pugnacity in it. It is almost as if he were preparing to say "Let this hilarity cease."

It is only when you hear him talking on some subject like the war, that the life-long mask of the comedian is dropped and you see his real nature underneath.

Robey is the kindest, most generous, and softest-hearted man you could wish to meet. He told me that there were still men in Australia who had not yet recovered from the wounds they received in the last war. And his face changed, his eyes softened and he began to talk on war, on the ghastly wounds and on the hardships which are inflicted on combatants and non-combatants alike in modern warfare.

Most people remember—or at least they ought to—but the public memory is short—how hard he worked in the war of 1914-18. What with his work in the Motor Transport Service, his professional engagements and the incessant entertainments he gave in hospitals, he can have had but little rest. He received the C.B.E. for his services.

But what the public don't know are his many little acts of kindness. He would find Colonial soldiers wandering

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about, and take them into the theatre. And here is a small instance of his generosity. One war Christmas, he found two Australian soldiers strolling along a street. He got into conversation with them, and found that they had no Christmas dinner.

So he piloted them into a shop and bought them a goose.

A young fisherman from the Hebrides, Malcolm Morrison, is now very much in the public eye. He was in a merchant ship which was torpedoed. This boy of 18, took charge of one of the boats which had six men in it, and sailed it for over a hundred miles, saving the lives of all six men.

Now the extraordinary fact remains that, although there were older men in the boat (the cook, for instance, was a man of 60), this boy took charge, issued orders, conserved the small supply of fresh water which the boat contained, and acted like an experienced old seaman.

He spent part of to-day at the Admiralty, receiving congratulations on his exploit.

This evening, "Taffrail" and Commander Holbrook, V.C., brought him to Broadcasting House. I expected to see a braw Scot, huge and muscular.

Instead, when I arrived in the foyer on the third floor, there was "Taffrail" and there was Holbrook—and between them a slim dark lad who barely came up to my shoulder. He has a thin face which comes to a point at the chin: black, rather sunken eyes, and the high cheek-bones which denote the Celt.

He had, poor boy, spent a terrible day. For, in addition to his ordeal at the Admiralty, he had been badgered by pressmen all day long, and, at 9 p.m., was dragged to the B.B.C. for a further ordeal.

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We went into the studio for a rehearsal of a discussion which "Taffrail" had drafted. But either Malcolm was so tired that he couldn't see, or else his powers of reading are so slight, we could make no headway.

In the end, we suggested that he should have no script at all, but simply answer *extempore* the questions which "Taffrail" asked him.

We got on much better, and, half an hour later, recorded this discussion. It went quite well, for his frequent "yes-es" and pauses gave the impression of spontaneity.

We waited for the actual programme at 10.45, and then listened to the recordings of this talk, an airman's, and the one and only George's. (I must explain that we had put these two Talks into the Robey programme at short notice.)

We had some "Horlick's" between the recording and the actual broadcast, and I had the chance of studying Commander Holbrook. He is now about 56 years old, bald, with a jolly, rather red face and a most engaging smile.

Looking at him to-day you would scarcely credit him with deeds of such valour as those which stand to his credit. As long ago as 1914, he dived his submarine beneath five rows of mines in the Dardanelles, and torpedoed the Turkish battleship *Messudiyeh*. He returned safely, but only after one period of nine hours during which his submarine lay submerged.

The V.C., which was the reward for this amazing feat, was the first given to the Navy in the Great War.

Now, as you can imagine, although I was over two hours in his company, Holbrook himself never referred to his experiences at sea. In fact I shouldn't have known that the stoutish man with the bald head and the row of ribbons on his coat was the famous Holbrook, if "Taffrail" hadn't said on the telephone that he was bringing him along.

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It was only when someone referred to the machine-gunning of merchant ships, and the conversation turned on men who had been wounded in the last war, and who still had bits of lead in them, that he spoke about himself.

"I've got lots of little pieces in the back of my nose," he said laughing, "I had 'em X-rayed the other day and they're all right—doing no harm."

I asked him how he had come by them. He brushed the question aside, answering with as little attention as politeness demanded.

"Oh! I was in the conning-tower when we were shelled, and these little bits came off the metal sides."

I changed the subject.

I noticed that the ribbon of the V.C. was covered by the lapel of his coat, only the very end could be seen.

A journalist told me the other day that he'd been talking to the Commanders of the *Ursula* and the *Salmon*—the two submarines which have made the Germans sit up. He said that both men were horrified when he told them that he wanted their stories for publication. They said, "Oh hell! We don't want anything like that."

SUNDAY, JANUARY 7th

As I came out of the front door of these flats into the drive, a welcome smell of moist earth met me in the warm air. The frost and snow had disappeared, and in its place was a reminder

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that one day, in the not too distant future, we may be once more enjoying daylight and sunshine.

For over two weeks now it has hardly been possible to get fresh air and exercise. Just before Christmas the fog settled down on London and, on one or two days, brought dusk an hour earlier than even the almanac allowed. Then came snow and ice. The snow froze and walking became a case of one step forward and a slide. What between the icy pavements, the fog, and the absence of daylight, pedestrians became candidates for the casualty departments of hospitals.

And, so far as I was concerned, this weather kept reminding me of the much lower temperatures in Finland. I suppose we have had a few degrees of frost every night during this cold spell: and once or twice it has been difficult to keep warm even indoors.

But think of forty degrees of frost!

After lunch I walked down to the Finnish Legation. Now, in normal times I much enjoy walking about London. I have a working knowledge of its history; and the streets, the churches, and the houses mean something to me.

But, in these troubled days, half the pleasure has gone from a London walk. The houses are either boarded up, or show other signs of being uninhabited. As you pass one derelict house after another, you get the impression that you are living in a beleaguered city. And you wonder, as you see the myriads of "To Let" boards on the houses and shops, what the financial future is going to be like.

As I strolled down deserted Bond Street, I noticed a house agent's board which read: "Rent will be adjusted to takings." It struck me that this shows the difficulty landlords must be experiencing in obtaining tenants.

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In the piping days of peace which followed the Great War, when trade was booming and everybody's pockets were full, I remember going into a tiny tobacconist's kiosk in Bond Street, which had been formed from a corner of a shop. It was, perhaps, six feet wide by as many deep. I talked idly to the woman who was serving me with tobacco, and she told me that the rent for this little dug-out was fifteen hundred pounds a year.

It has long since disappeared.

Not even in the parks can one get away from the suggestion of war. I walked down St. James's Street, glancing idly at the shuttered windows of Locke, the hatter, and those of Berry, the wine merchant. As I passed St. James's Palace I noticed the date on the clock—1832.

Now, I must have seen that clock hundreds, if not thousands of times, but never before have I *apperceived* that date. Why should I, to-day for the first time, not only have seen this date with my retina but also with the interpreting mechanism behind it—that's to say, with my mind?

I think the explanation lies in the state of my mind at the time. My thoughts were running on the "good old days." As I had passed the small passage just above Berry's shop, which leads into a delightful little square known as Pickering Place, I had seen an old man—who looks like an out-of-work actor and who is a self-constituted guide to this part of London—conducting a party of people down this passage. My thoughts had gone as far back as the Tudors, and, as my eye fell on the Palace, I had remembered a quaint piece of history.

Henry VIII, it seems, was one day driving down what is now Pall Mall with Anne Boleyn, when she espied the building which at that time stood where the Palace now stands. It

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was a hospital for several "poor leprous maidens." Now, Anne Boleyn had recently been getting to dislike Whitehall, for she had, in modern parlance, been "getting the bird"—I presume, on account of her little affair with the King. So she suggested that Henry should pull down the hospital and build her a palace on the site. And he did.

Now this juicy morsel of the past had trailed through my mind in a flash, as my eyes fell on St. James's Palace. I was therefore receptive to the Palace itself, and the date on the clock struck a chord which otherwise would not have vibrated. In consequence, I asked myself, why this particular clock should have such a relatively modern date on it?

Not only did I apperceive this date but I have even remembered it.

What we remember, of course, depends so largely upon the degree of attention we give to those objects which meet our passing gaze, and what mental associations our vision calls up. Memory, so the psychologists tell us, consists of Impression, Retention, and Recall. And if we fail to impress upon our minds the objects which meet us in our daily lives, "we have eyes yet see not." But the "Retention and Recall" parts of memorizing are largely a question of intact cerebral mechanisms. And that is one reason why old people find it so difficult to remember recent names and dates, whereas they have little difficulty in recalling the long-distant past—(younger people often find cause to regret this facility). They no longer can succeed in "fixing" events in their minds.

And, as we are taking a look at the question of memorizing, what about the equally important, negative side of the same question—forgetting?

In an American book I was reading the other day, I came across this paragraph:

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"Forgetting is in proportion to learning; the more we learn it, the longer we remember it. Learning is a soaking-in process. Some things must be learned many times before they soak in. The idea that we forget the *unpleasant* or the *painful* because it is unpleasant or painful is nonsense."

Now, is not the last sentence of this didacticism itself nonsense?

Do you remember with equal ease to pay a bill and to collect the salary which is owing to you? Do you remember disappointments and awkward situations in which you have found yourself with the same facility that you recall your successes and the compliments which have been paid you?

I pass over this author's style with no other comment than that of Buffon. "*Le style c'est l'homme.*" What is more important is that this writer has stressed the "impression" part of memorizing while apparently denying the existence of any other mechanism.

Few people will agree that forgetting is purely passive—is merely a slipping away from our conscious grasp. Unless there is some *active* agency in this business of forgetting, why do we forget some things and why can't we forget others which we should very much like to?

I haven't a doubt that Freud was right when he postulated his ideas on this subject. And I believe firmly that my consciousness is very receptive to ideas which are to my advantage, and sometimes sluggish in remembering matters which I want to forget.

As to loss of memory, what theory approaches nearer to its explanation than that of dissociation? If my consciousness for any reason suffers a splitting, I am temporarily another individual.

And the typical instance of loss of memory which, from

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time to time, makes news in the papers, is nearly always associated with recent mental disturbances.

And, with some such thoughts as these in my mind, I crossed the Mall and stood for a minute or so watching the seagulls standing on the surface of the lake in St. James's Park. It was a surprise to see ice, for the afternoon might well have passed for that of an April day. There was a faint mist, and Buckingham Palace peeped out, huge but indefinite. To my left the buildings which stand behind the Horse Guards' Parade looked even more Oriental than usual.

The temperature must have risen very quickly for such a warm afternoon to be associated with ice on the surface of the lake.

I chose to leave the Park by way of Queen Anne's Gate, for the period houses in that exclusive thoroughfare never fail to please my eye. Thence, through Dean's Yard where, in normal days, the boys of Westminster School disport themselves. By way of Cowley Street—also saddened by many empty houses—to Smith Square with the curious church with its four square towers, which irreverent people have said looks like "an elephant lying on its back."

The Finnish Legation is housed in No. 37, in a building which someone has, at no distant date, made into a thoroughly comfortable and pleasing residence. The pickled wood and the expensive lighting are, however, rather wasted now that the rooms are used only for offices.

I had an appointment with M. Brunow, a young Finn who is working at the Legation. He is, like so many Scandinavians, tall, fair, and handsome, and talks English perfectly with only a very slight accent.

I began by congratulating him on the astounding bravery

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of his countrymen, then commiserated with him on their sufferings. His expression barely altered, which made me suspect that he felt very deeply on the subject of the Russian aggression and had schooled himself to hide his feelings.

But he did issue this warning:

"The London Press has almost forgotten that we are fighting 180 million people—3½ million Finns against 180 million Russians. There is always a danger next spring—when the snow is going—that there will be a mass attack along the almost 700–800 miles long front line. There is no reason, because of the gains in the local fighting which has taken place along the Finnish frontier, to think for a moment that the war is decided. We have all the big odds in front of us, and we have all the possibilities of being overrun by weight of great numbers. The figures of the Russian losses which you see mentioned in the Press are something like 100,000 we are told; but that number means nothing to Russia with her army of well over a million. But if we Finns lost 100,000 men, that would mean the end of everything."

When I mentioned the extreme cold which the north of Finland in particular is experiencing, he said something which hadn't occurred to me. He told me how grateful the Finns were for ambulances, medical supplies and help for their wounded. He explained that unless the casualties were brought in quickly the wounded would freeze to death.

So, although the weather is certainly hampering the Russians in their attack, it is truly adding to the hardships against which this poor little country has to contend.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 8th

Simon and his wife, Bunty Precious (her kennel name), have returned from a trip to the country, and were they glad to see us? Their tails were inadequate to express their feelings, so their sterns were utilized as accessories.

The world, it seems, is full of Mr. Hore-Belisha's departure from the War Office. I have been wondering why it has caused such remarkable excitement. And this afternoon I have had the chance of discussing it with several people—one of whom has had a long talk with H.-B. himself. Not that this man told me a single thing which the vivacious Leslie said; but, by putting together the various reasons I was given, and turning them over in my mind, I have come to the following conclusions.

That Hore-Belisha has been making his changes too quickly for the Army's taste.

That Mr. Chamberlain had no notion that Hore-Belisha's "dismissal" would cause such a to-do.

That the P.M. will set up a new ministry—which will be a Ministry of the Armed Forces. This will be announced when Parliament meets.

Now, I am putting these rash predictions on paper, merely to prove to myself in due course, how wrong my conclusions were. Unless I see them in black and white, I shall doubt whether I ever held such views. For, by Tuesday week, when we shall have heard Hore-Belisha's own statement, I shall almost certainly have changed my mind.

I received a belated Christmas card at Broadcasting House to-day. It came from a kind-hearted listener in Canada, who wrote on the card, "We have listened to your voice coming

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into our house for so long now, and your kindly cheery spirit has manifested itself through the very prosaic business of news broadcasting, that we feel we cannot let this Christmas pass without sending you a very friendly greeting."

How good-natured people can be! I am writing to thank her for her card, and to explain that I do not speak in the News, but only in Talks and Discussions. I hope she is not attaching some much nicer voice to my name, so that, through no fault of mine, I am receiving compliments which rightly belong to another.

One result of the invention of broadcasting is that people to-day know more geography than their forebears ever did. The radio is not only annihilating distance but is working steadily towards internationalism. The rigid barriers of Sovereign States were possible in the days when communications were slow, when few people spoke any other language than their own, and when news from the outside world filtered in only when it was weeks or months old.

The interchange of views which the wireless has made possible must lead in time to a common understanding of the problems which face all peoples, and to a better comprehension by one nation of the particular difficulties of another. I see this already in the British outlook on Germany's difficulties. This strikes me as very different to that which was usual in the last war. The broadcasts in English from Germany tell us their point of view; although I must admit that Lord Haw-Haw would be more effective if Dr. Goebbels kept a little more punctiliously to the straight and narrow path of Truth.

I expect our broadcasts in German are listened to widely, be the Nazi threats never so bloodthirsty. What is even more im-

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portant is that the German troops openly listen to our wireless. I have it on good authority that there is little attempt at secrecy so far as the German soldiers are concerned, for they know quite well that their officers are listening with equal avidity to foreign broadcasts.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 9th

An interesting Talk to-day from Colonel Worsley, the Chairman of a National Recruiting Board. He explained that the work of the Board is to ensure that square pegs are placed in square holes; and he told us that men are prevented from joining the Army when their services would be of greater help to the country in a civilian capacity.

I plead guilty to ignorance on one point. I had never grasped what is meant by a "reserved" occupation. Colonel Worsley explained that a man who is entered in this category can only be drafted into the Army to follow his own profession or trade.

The more I learn about our way of setting about this war, the more I am convinced that we really have learned a good deal from our experiences in the last struggle. Look at the appointment of an allied Generalissimo right at the beginning of the war, instead of after much needless squabbling, with consequent inefficiency, as in the war of 1914-18. Then take the pooling of the British and French economic resources:

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the rationing, not because we have any shortage of food, but to cut down our imports, and—equally important—to make it more difficult for us to spend our money. This time there are to be found no food queues because food is scarce: this time we are asked to share and share alike.

In France, the Government realize that money must be saved. They therefore prohibit the distribution of coffee, for, if you buy coffee, you are spending money abroad. They don't say "You mustn't spend money on an imported luxury": they merely say "Sorry! but we cannot afford the room in our ships." And this action serves both purposes—it forces economy on the individual and releases space in their ships for goods which are more essential for the prosecution of the war.

And, even in extravagant England, I am sure we are economizing individually, and it's not only because we are already poorer. It is largely because we have entered this war with no illusions. In August 1914, we believed that a long European war on a large scale was an impossibility, and most people thought that it would be all over by the first Christmas.

Now we know that a long war is not only possible, but probable. Nothing but an unforeseen occurrence—such as a serious mutiny in Germany—is likely to bring the present conflict to a speedy end. Why should it end? The Germans possess a magnificent and well-equipped Army, with its *morale* at present intact. It is still flushed with its victory over Poland. Hitler's army is probably the biggest mass of men and metal which any single nation has ever possessed.

And a crack among the civil population in Germany? Not a hope at present. There's plenty of disaffection, and abundant underground anti-Nazi activity. But what can the malcontents do? The Gestapo has a very, very long arm.

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No. There is one slender hope, and that is that the highly-placed plunderers will quarrel among themselves. And we all know, don't we, that when thieves fall out, honest men come into their own?

But, as one well-informed man said to me the other day, Germany will not have a civil war until she gets a jolly good kick in the pants from outside.

But a nation ruled by force and by brutal repressions can never be static. A dictator, as we all know, must be producing the rabbits out of the hat in regular succession, or that will-o'-the-wisp, prestige, gradually fails and eventually disappears.

To-day Hitler's prestige is perceptibly less than it was six months ago. His *volte-face* over the Soviet alienated many, not only because they were anti-bolshevist, but because they couldn't reconcile their Fuehrer's action with his past teachings. Even so, the German mentality being what it is, the bulk of people would have managed somehow to pocket this extraordinary move, had it been followed by some tangible advantage.

But it hasn't—unless the clumsy attempt of the Bolsheviks to establish themselves in the Baltic can possibly be construed by the ingenious Goebbels into a German victory.

So what's to do then? as Sidney Howard would say. The answer is that some move must soon be made by the Nazi hordes; for while the quiet of the Western Front has been of inestimable help to the Allies, it has been of less use to the enemy. There is nothing much more the Germans can do, beyond transporting their troops from Poland to the Rhine. This is proved by the frequent massing of troops, first on the Dutch, then on the Swiss, then on the Luxembourg frontiers. And these moves, by the way, are indicative of something more than the difficulty which Hitler and his generals have in making

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up their minds. They are proof that, as the Nazis cannot come to a decision so far as fighting is concerned, they at least can keep their troops busy moving from pillar to post.

And so, I am convinced that very soon now a military offensive on a large scale will be launched. Exactly when this will happen depends upon many factors, not least among these being the weather. There are also to be taken into consideration the stresses and strains inside Germany itself: the effect which the Russian debacle will have on their new friends: and the degree of apprehension with which the Nazi leaders view the situation in Southern Europe.

Someone who was editing a periodical in the provinces wrote to me the other day and asked me for a "tip" on the international situation.

I answered in two words: "Watch Italy."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10th

I often think that the problems which the doctor has to solve are often quite as difficult as those with which the detective is faced.

Here's one which a doctor friend of mine came up against recently.

He was consulted by a man in the early twenties, who told him that he was perfectly fit, but had recently been examined by a Medical Board and, to his surprise, passed as unfit for Groups I, II and III.

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"And this, you see, Doctor," this visitor had added, "means that I am in Group IV, or even a lower one if it exists." The young man spoke bitterly, and said that he had consulted my friend because, having never suffered from any illnesses other than wax in the ears and one slight attack of lumbago, he didn't quite see why he should be thrown out as C.3.

"On what grounds were you classified as unfit?"

The youth opened his pocket-book and produced a type-written form, which he handed over in silence. The reasons for his grouping were stated to be "vaso-motor instability and ? anæmia."

Now, for the lay reader I may explain that the portentous words "vaso-motor instability" mean the same thing as saying that the circulation is in a somewhat toneless condition. Sudden movement might make the heart race unduly or bring on dizziness. An emotional shock might produce breathlessness or even lead to an attack of fainting.

So the consultant proceeded to question his patient, and this is the story he was told.

"They made me strip in a bitterly cold room and, when I was chilled to the bone they began to pull me about. Now, Doctor, I always hate being examined; I loathe being prodded and poked and tapped. And I particularly dislike having lights flashed into my eyes."

"What was it upset you? And did you change colour, or feel dizzy or faint? Otherwise why should they have said that you suffered from vaso-motor instability?"

There was a slight pause before the reply. "Well, when they flashed the electric light in my eyes I felt dizzy."

"Did you actually faint?"

"Well, I felt faint."

"I see. Well, what exactly do you want me to do?"

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"I want you to overhaul me and give me a certificate to say I'm fit. Then I'll get the decision of this Board reversed."

"Very well."

My friend began his examination, and, in view of what he had just heard, decided to have a look first at the retinae. So he darkened his room and focused the light of his ophthalmoscope on the patient's right eye. Nothing wrong there. So he changed over and was just picking up the retinal arteries in the left eye when the patient said, "I don't like that much you know," and before the doctor had time to switch on the light in the room, the man was in a dead faint.

My friend laid him down on a sofa and slipped a cushion under his head. Then he watched him to see exactly what was going on.

The young man was as white as a sheet, his eyes were lifeless, and he was sweating profusely. For perhaps thirty seconds he remained in this state, then, with a few jerky movements of his head, he sat up.

"What are you doing here? Who are you? . . ." Then, as his consciousness returned, he smiled: "D'you know, for a minute I didn't recognize you," he said looking somewhat foolish.

Beads of perspiration stood all over his forehead, and he was still the colour of chalk.

My friend fetched him a glass of sherry and made some commonplace remarks to give him time to recover.

"Well, I suppose that puts the lid on." He spoke suddenly—his voice showed his anxiety.

The doctor took the empty glass and put it on a table. Then he stood in front of the fire, looking down at the pale-faced man reclining on the couch.

"Tell me, have you ever fainted at any other time?"

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"No—well—I did once *feel* a little faint. I was running for a bus and missed the step and gave myself a crack on the shin. But I didn't go right off."

"Curious. Why do you suppose flashing this light in your eyes upsets you?"

"I've no idea. But, of course, I hate being examined, and to-day I suppose I was really dreading that you'd look at my eyes. I don't know, but I'm sure nothing else would upset me."

"What's your job?"

"I'm a lawyer."

"Could you get war work in your own job?"

"I expect I could."

The doctor looked at his patient. Anxiety was written all over the young man's face.

"Tell me, would you have to undergo a medical examination for that sort of work?"

"I don't know. Probably not."

"Well. Somehow I don't think I'd appeal against this Board's findings. You've offered yourself and they find you unfit. You can help the country equally well doing some work where you don't need to pass as A.I."

The young man stood up.

"Look here. I'm awfully obliged to you. I'll think it over." He shook hands and, still rather pale, walked from the house.

My friend and I discussed this queer case, and he told me that the jerky movements of the man when he was unconscious had made him wonder whether it might have been an attack of *petit mal*. But, if so, why should it never happen except when a light was flashed directly on to his retina? And my friend believed his patient's story that never in his

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life had he fainted until his ordeal in front of the Medical Board.

I suggested two possible explanations. The first was psychological, and postulated an unconscious motive—possibly a deeply-rooted antagonism to taking part in war. The conscious mind shut the door, so to speak, to the entry of such an anti-social impulse, and the young man volunteered.

But the unconscious urge would not take its repression too easily. It would utilize a new and striking stimulus, such as the bright light on the retina, to carry out its original purpose. In effect, the man's unconscious mind would say to his conscious, "All right you'll flaunt me and my dislikes—will you? We'll see."

This is not really as far-fetched as it sounds. Is there any doubt that many people faint when they hear bad news? Well, in the case we're considering, the difference is merely that the unconscious determines when the signal shall be given.

The second possible diagnosis is even more far-fetched. It is that the strong light produces some chemical change in the retina. I admit there is no scientific evidence to support such a view, and it is purely surmise. But one does know that very bright lights make one dizzy: that in illness such as fever there is a dislike of bright light: and in diseases of the nervous system there is often present actual photophobia.

I admit that this theory has little to support it, but, as I told my friend, if he is not prepared to admit that the mechanism of fainting in this man is psychological, he has got to produce some other theory which will explain the facts.

And they take some explaining.

A mixed bag of letters by the mid-day post. A card from Audrey telling me that their telephone has been out of order

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for forty-eight hours. Don't I know it, for I have been trying to speak to her at intervals for the last two days, but without any auditory contact. She tells me that Hod and his "scarlet runner" (the Austin sports) are in great form. She adds that the postal service in Norfolk is awful—only one delivery in and one out daily.

Next, a script from a naval officer for a broadcast.

And, lastly, some X-ray pictures of teeth.

Both these can wait, for I am due at St. Martin's Vicarage to see Pat McCormick in half an hour.

Even Piccadilly Circus has changed since Hitler's war began. Not only is there much less traffic, but they have covered Eros with sandbags which rise conically, so that what's left of him looks like a beehive.

It feels really cold to-day, and yet the thermometer in Negretti and Zambra's porch registers only forty-two degrees. I wonder what forty degrees *below* zero feels like?

I was a few minutes early for my appointment so I went into St. Martin's Church. Churches, like people, have personalities, and the atmosphere in this church tells you at once that it is loved and cared for. I suppose it is one of the best-known in, and to, the Empire, as well as being the parish church of Buckingham Palace. There were a few people kneeling in prayer: a woman quietly flicking dust off the pews: and a notice warning visitors to put their handbags on the ledge in front of them and not on the seat beside them.

The vicarage is separated from the church by the wide passage which runs between. I was shown into a ground-floor room in which was a bed. The Rev. Pat came in almost at once, and, apologizing for seeing me in a bedroom, explained that he is not allowed to go upstairs.

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Nevertheless, he forgot this admonition when he took me down a couple of dozen steps to see the crypt and all the social work which is being carried on where once there were vaults and dead bodies.

We went first into the crypt itself. The groined roof and massive pillars which support it are whitewashed and very clean; and there is an altar in the middle of one wall. Facing this, at the extreme end is an iron grille and behind that is the children's chapel made out of a vault. Here the walls are painted green at the bottom and this is shaded through lighter colours until it finishes in the gold sun in the centre of the low roof.

There are many curious things to see in this crypt. One is the date 1856 on a pillar and this, Pat McCormick told me, records the year in which all the bodies were moved out of the vaults around the crypt. Then there is a long epitaph engraved on a tablet. This records the virtues of a deceased lady, one "Mrs. Frances Jones, daughter of Arthur, Vicecount of Ranelagh" who died in 1672. There are a dozen lines singing her praises; the last four are touching, leading up, as they do, to a philosophical end.

*"Modest as Morne, as Midday bright,
Gentle as evening, Coole as Night,
Tis true, but all so weakly said,
Twere more significant, she's dead."*

The main stairway into the crypt faces the wall where the altar used to stand. But it was not in the centre of the crypt and so was moved, and a modern and very beautiful cross of blue and green glass put in its place.

The crypt is open day and night for the use of homeless men and women. Pat told me that one night a very drunk

man in evening dress somehow or other passed the policeman at the entrance and stumbled down into the crypt. He crossed the floor, in apparent ignorance of his surroundings, and suddenly found himself face to face with this large glass cross. The sight must have brought him up with a jerk, for he walked back to the door and said to a policewoman who was standing there—"I'm drunk." He then assured her that he was going to give up alcohol. What is even more remarkable is that for some time afterwards he reported himself regularly once a month to show that he had kept his promise.

I left the crypt with regret. It is so unlike the ordinary crypt. It is cheerful, and, even more important, is being put to a grand practical use. We passed through a door into a wide passage, from which open out the rooms—originally vaults—where the social life of St. Martin's bristles with activity. In one room was a canteen, in another a branch of the Citizens' Advice Bureaux, in yet another two rows of long tables at which soldiers and others were eating. A gramophone was functioning rather too successfully for my taste at the far end of this room: none the less it gave a barrack-room flavour to the gathering.

Altogether, a happy atmosphere of help and welcome to all.

I left the Rev. Pat and his church, feeling that the criticisms one sometimes hears levelled at our ecclesiastics will find no place in which to roost at St. Martin's.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11th

Since my discussion with the Finn, I can understand more easily what is happening in Finland.

The news this morning is that the Russians have begun a new offensive in Finland's "waist-line," and that hard fighting is also taking place near Salla which is just within the Arctic circle.

Now, my Finnish friend explained the enemy tactics in this way: Russia is attacking at five main points; the first, and most important, is on the Karelian Isthmus, where her forces are trying to break through the Mannerheim Line. If this succeeds, the Russians will be able to penetrate into the southern part of Finland, which is the chief industrial area and where the population is densest. They would also get control of the railway and road at Viborg; and as they are attacking only on the roads, making no use of the country in between (which is nearly all lakes and forests except in the extreme south), this would be an important advance for them. The road from Viborg leads to Helsinki, and incidentally, another leads to Lahti, where the Finnish Broadcasting Station is.

So success in this sector would be, in many ways, of exceptional help to the invader. One wonders why the Russians did not concentrate their attack on the Karelian Isthmus, leaving the rest of Finland alone. Is the answer that they are not really interested in Finland except as a passageway to Norway, Sweden, *and the Atlantic?*

But to return to the Russian strategy. The second point of attack is in the region of Tolvaharju, above and to the east of Lake Ladoga. If this attack is successful, it will enable the Russians to swing round behind the Mannerheim Line.

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The third and fourth points of attack are at Suomussalmi, and, further north, in the Salla district. These attacks are so planned that the Russian armies taking part can converge on Kemijaervi, the eastern terminus of the railway which runs to the Baltic.

The fifth battle front is at Petsamo. Here, again, the invaders hope to drive southwards and make contact with the other Russian forces operating at Salla—which, by the way, is not a town, but a hilly district.

So far, the reinforced offensive in this area has been held in check by the gallant defenders. But I understand that considerable anxiety is felt in Helsinki as to the outcome of the battle now raging, for the enemy has brought up experienced troops and is making strenuous efforts to break through.

What lies behind the Russian aggression? As I have said, it can't be merely the desire to regain Finland. The Soviet cannot even manage the territory it already possesses, so why should it add to its responsibilities? It certainly isn't lack of raw materials which has led Stalin to launch this offensive—an act of aggression which has ranged the whole world against him. I am not even excepting Germany, for the ineptitude and futility which Russia has shown in this campaign will most certainly make the efficient Germans despise their new ally.

What motive then, can the Dictator in the Kremlin have had strong enough to make him go to war? It is well known that Stalin fears revolution in Russia more than anything else in the wide world. It is equally certain that no finer culture-tube for revolution exists than a nation waging an unsuccessful war.

We must remember that Stalin had before him the successful German rape of Poland. And with this juicy morsel of

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brigandage in front of him to inflame his greed, he evidently considered that he could add Finland to his Empire as easily as Hitler had walked into Western Poland, or with as little difficulty as he himself had snaffled Eastern Poland.

But the Georgian bandit reckoned without gallant little Finland's *esprit de corps*.

I understand that when the Finnish delegates to Moscow were first presented with the Russian demands, they read them over carefully in the presence of Stalin and Molotov, and then, very courteously and equally firmly, indicated that they were incompatible with Finnish independence.

They then retired to their hotel, and, as no word came from the Kremlin, sent out for their railway tickets. An hour or so before the train was due to leave, they received a request to postpone their departure and to see Molotov again.

As we all know, the Russians wouldn't give way, and on November 30th, with no declaration of war, the Russian air-engines came out of a blue sky and rained death and destruction on Helsinki.

One thing is quite certain. The Soviet Chief will pay dearly for this war. Russia has already lost the respect which her bulk inspired in Berlin. She has, by this unprovoked attack on a tiny and inoffensive neighbour, exposed her inefficiency to the world, has given to the nations, eagerly awaiting news from the frozen North, an unparalleled example of ineffective logistics. Had she been content to stay inside her own wide borders Russia could quite easily have kept up the legend of her military greatness.

Now, the world sees her as she is—an enormous, amorphous mass of incompetency.

What is so heart-rending is the human aspect of Stalin's

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gamble. I am told on excellent authority that the Russian soldiers present so pathetic a spectacle that the Finns could at first scarcely be persuaded to fire on them. These poor tools of Stalin's imperialism are forced to advance by threats from the rear! They creep rather than march, trailing their rifles behind them, their hands covering their eyes, knowing that their choice is between being shot from behind or shot from in front. And they have been told that they must never surrender because the Finns torture their prisoners before they murder them.

In consequence of this slander on one of Europe's most enlightened and successful democracies, when the Russian soldiers are cut off from their lines of communication they stand—like sheep waiting to be butchered.

I understand that their plight is wretched beyond belief, but I don't suppose the Bolshevik leader cares much about this. The Finns, however, seem to be genuinely concerned about the terrible plight into which the enemy troops have been forced. And this is not only that the vast numbers of dead bodies are so littering the roads as to hinder transport; but from a humanitarian point of view as well.

The Finns, you see, are a free, enlightened and, up to the moment of the Russian aggression, happy people. They enjoy the complete freedom of a well-governed democracy. There is no poverty and no unemployment. Just across the border, the great experiment of Sociology has been going on—an experiment which, by abolishing privilege, was going to raise the standard of living of the mass of the people. Yet the contrast between the happiness and freedom in Finland and the wretched serfdom of the U.S.S.R. must, I am told, be seen to be believed.

Was Envy partly responsible for the Kremlin's war on

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little Finland? Or, did Low hit the nail on the head in last Saturday's *Topical Budget*? His cartoon showed Stalin greeting Hitler with the words "Hail, Imperator!"—and Hitler replying, "Hail, Imitator!"

A friend of mine told me that he saw Laval in Paris shortly after the French statesman had visited Moscow and had negotiated the Franco-Soviet Pact.

Laval had said that he happened to have mentioned to Stalin that in France they were having trouble with their Communists.

Stalin had raised his eyebrows. "Trouble?" he asked, obviously mystified. "Then why don't you shoot them?"

I was kept at Broadcasting House this afternoon until six o'clock. I had expected to get away soon after four, and so had failed to provide myself with a torch.

I made my way past the policeman at the door, and then, with a gait like a high-stepping horse, felt with my foot for the pavement. Then, into a darkness which a picturesque writer would doubtless refer to as "stygian."

A really fruity night in a street which doesn't even boast the new "moonlight" lamps is certainly something to be avoided.

With the greatest difficulty I crossed the road and found the opposite pavement. Then, at a cross street I lost it again, until my ankle ran into the semi-circular curb where it turns from New Cavendish Street into Portland Place. I all but fell over: then, out of the unknown, came two women sharing a torch and, equally important, going my way.

Shamelessly I walked behind them poaching their light and keeping near enough to see when they came to a crossing. They left me just before the top of Portland Place, but, once I

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had sighted the pillared and porticoed sweep of Park Crescent, it was an easy matter to reach Marylebone Road. I even increased my pace. I doubt not that I achieved a steady two miles an hour.

But enough of the black-out. I have only this minute reached my room, and I certainly shall feel all the better for not repressing my feelings.

No doubt the black-out is necessary, and, if so, it's not for us to object. But as I groped my way, holding to the railings which skirt Harley House, I was thinking that if ever London is again lit-up as it used to be in the good old days, we shall probably feel as if we needed sun glasses in the evenings, so unaccustomed shall we have grown to brilliantly lighted streets.

Shall we pause in wonder when we see an illuminated sign?

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12th

I have been seeing something lately of a New Zealander, and I have been very struck by his attitude to the Mother Country. There is a good deal of criticism of our ways, of our social structure, and of our manner of living. He is on the watch, or so it seems to me, for any well-established English custom to appear on the horizon, in order that he may disparage it. His mental reactions in this respect remind me of the Punch, in a Punch and Judy show, who is always waiting, truncheon tucked securely under an arm, to hit the wooden head the moment it appears.

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For example, the name of a certain ex-Colonial Governor cropped up, and our friend from the Dominions promptly let loose some uncomplimentary remarks anent Colonial Governors. One day, someone made use of the term "gentleman farmer." The New Zealander at once explained that all men who farmed in New Zealand were working farmers, whether they possessed a university degree or not.

Now, let us be quite frank about ourselves. And let us begin by admitting that in England we have certain social distinctions which we like and to which we are accustomed and which we miss when they are not there.

I remember E. V. Lucas expressing surprise when he arrived at his hotel in New York to hear the hall-porter say to the page "Take this man up to Room——"

Now, Lucas said, there was no reason why the porter should have said "gentleman" rather than "man." And yet, here in England, we have always heard ourselves described by the word which suggests a superior social status and we dislike the alternative noun, possibly because of its unfamiliarity.

We are, of course, essentially a polite nation. We may not have quite the airs and graces of the Frenchman, but we speak, and are spoken to, with civility. If a bus-conductor, for instance, hands you a ticket without saying "thank you," you experience a faint surprise tinged with disappointment.

We are also a very conservative people. Whatever political label we choose to attach to ourselves, we dislike change and we loathe drastic or sudden alterations in our method of living. There always have been, and I have no doubt always will be, the leisured, or upper classes in our British hierarchy. And, unless I am mistaken, they will continue (taxation, or no taxation) merely because the mass of the people likes having an upper class.

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I have often pondered on this question. I have tried to understand the respect in which the upper and upper middle classes are held by the less well-to-do. How often have I heard it said that if you really want to find snobbishness you must look in the working classes for it.

This, at first sight, curious fact is, of course, easily explained. Deep down in all of us is a wish to get on, to be successful. And we naturally look up to people who are more successful than we are. And this includes those born in better circumstances although, if we stop to argue about it, we admit that no credit can be given to a man merely because of his birth. None the less the bearer of an ancient name is our superior, and we instinctively treat him as such.

Can you doubt that a man who has behind him generations of distinguished ancestors is born, more often than not, with a character which gives him assurance and self-confidence? I admit that his environment (and the deference paid to him by his social inferiors), is a factor. Such fortunate people are established. They behave as if no doubt of their social solidarity ever entered their minds.

I had an amusing experience last summer when the exception proved the rule. I went to a large and important public dinner, and stood by the door watching notabilities enter and hearing them announced. The names I heard sounded like a kind of verbal Debrett.

I fell to guessing who the various people were as they walked in and gave their names to the footman. Some, like Lord Londonderry, I recognized, and rigidly excluded from my entries. Others, I placed accurately in the social hierarchy. But I was often mistaken.

A small man, with neat grey hair parted in the middle, immaculately dressed and with aristocratic features, strolled with assurance into the lobby.

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I turned to my companion. "That's a winner," I said. "Look at his manner. Look at his Norman nose. There's blue blood there, all right."

He approached the footman, who leaned down to catch his name.

"Lord —" the man announced, mentioning the name of a place famous in history.

"There you are," I said triumphantly. "What did I say? You can always tell the long pedigrees."

Now it so chanced that when we went in to dinner, I found myself next door to this peer. He glanced at the menu, then turned to me and introduced himself. I told him my name and we discussed the international situation.

It was when I referred to some commercial subject that my neighbour remarked:

"Well, I ought to know something about that. Before I was raised to the peerage my name was . . ."

I had been talking to a man who had made his own way in the world, and who is now one of our leading industrialists.

Now, I am quite prepared to admit that I am in no way an exception to the rule that Englishmen like the courtesies to which they're accustomed. For instance, the other day a clerk from the office of the Inspector of Income Tax rang up and asked me about an assessment sent to me, and I replied that I had already notified his office that all communications should be sent to my accountants.

He replied, "Right-e-ho!" and rang off.

I was incensed. It seemed to me indecorous for this man to use such an expression: and I don't think it was because I wished him to be deferential, but rather that in a business conversation a slang expression is out of place. Had he not rung

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off, however, I couldn't have done anything about it, for the urge to be respectful must come from within.

I think it is in *Fanny's First Play* that Shaw makes the footman in a suburban household, in answer to the young son of the house, say that he only calls him "Sir" because he is paid to do so.

A card from Audrey telling me that their telephone is at last mended. Hod had scribbled this portentous message on the bottom, "We are having liver for lunch! Then to Panto. Alfred (his car) behaving like three dozen birds."

An amusing letter from Bernard Shaw. It contains this characteristic passage, ". . . my speciality is keeping my mouth shut when I have nothing to say or at least think I had better not say it."

A most entertaining dinner at Beverley Baxter's. It was quite in the pre-war fashion and twelve of us sat down at a long, comfortably narrow, table. It was an excellent meal, and a stranger, seeing the menu, would never believe that there was a war.

I was placed at one end of the table with Ian Hambourg facing me at the other. He was the most picturesque figure there, for he was wearing a wine-coloured velvet dinner-jacket and trousers, and a wine-coloured bow tie. I had on my right-hand General Critchley, now an Air Commodore, and on my left Monsieur Sauerwein of the *Paris Soir*. During the early part of dinner General Critchley and I avoided the war. I told him that I knew all about his luxurious caravan, as my son had been thrilled to read an account of its shower-bath, and its catering capacities, and had told me all about it.

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Critchley at once offered to send it to Eton to take Hod and some friends for a picnic.

"They can either go in the morning and have lunch in the caravan, or in the afternoon when they can have tea and ice-cream."

When I thanked him he told me that it would give him just as much pleasure as it would the boys.

Monsieur Sauerwein has recently made a tour of the Balkans, and he and our host discussed Roumanian politics.

Half-way down the table on my right was a Polish Count, by name Poklewski-Koziell. He was a striking looking man with a square face, greying hair brushed straight back from his forehead, a wide mouth with large teeth and a rimless monocle screwed into his right eye. After dinner Beverley Baxter asked him some question about the Russian Revolution, and this evidently opened the flood-gates of memory.

Count Poklewski-Koziell gave a most interesting account of his early training in the Russian Army, and his experiences in the Great War, when he fought under General Mannerheim. Someone asked him how Eastern Poland would be dealt with after an Allied victory. His eyes hardened.

"The Germans," he said, "have shown that it is easy to move ten million people if you want to. We shall have no difficulty in moving the Germans out of East Prussia. That will solve the 'Corridor' question."

I chanced to look down the length of the table. At the other end Ian Hambourg was fast asleep, his head, almost completely bald, resting against the back of his chair; his wine-coloured suit lit up by the candles in front of him.

We crossed the hall into the drawing-room, and then Hambourg produced his Stradivarius and played to us. He stood in the bow window in front of the beige curtains, his

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accompanist, a young edition of Aldous Huxley, sitting at the Bechstein. A shaded light came from the tall standard lamp.

Ian Hambourg played Chopin, his body swaying in the dim light as he drew his bow across the strings. He finished, and spoke to us in English about the piece he had just played; then he spoke in French to Monsieur Sauerwein; then across the room in Russian to Count Poklewski-Koziell.

He played again and again, finishing up with Tartini's variations on a piece by Corelli. And then Sauerwein sat down at the piano and played most beautifully. But the surprise of the evening, so far as I was concerned, was two songs in a rich tenor from Beverley himself. He was warmly congratulated as he left the piano on the excellence of his voice. He laughed.

"It's too good for a public-house," he told us, "but not good enough to earn a living with."

I asked Monsieur Hambourg how many languages he spoke.

"Six," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "I am a Russian by birth, but have moved about the world."

I told him that Hod had been thrilled to hear him play when he went down to the Eton Musical Society last "half." Hambourg's face lit up.

"They are delightful boys at Eton," he said, "so keen and so nice. I autographed ninety programmes for them," he added, "and I let them look at my Stradivarius."

He turned away from me and picked up his violin.

"And now I play you some Bach," he announced to the company at large. "Even if you don't like Bach I play it to you all the same."

"I don't like Bach," Beverley announced.

"You listen to this," Hambourg said, "it is a piece describing

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the descent of a religious procession from a village on the hills, in the south of Spain. You will notice . . .”

And he gave us a technical description of the motif and how the music described what was happening to the procession.

“But we must have less light for this piece.”

So all the lights, but one small reading lamp with a Japanese shade in the far end of the room, were put out. Hambourg began to play unaccompanied. I am not sufficient of a musician to be able to describe the piece, but I do know that, bearing in mind his preliminary explanation, I could follow what the music was saying.

It was a grand evening. Not a dull minute and everybody interested and interesting. At least three languages could be heard at one and the same time.

We sometimes hear it said that we, in the twentieth century, have lost the art of conversation. Perhaps, where the English are concerned, this may be true; but it certainly isn't when the somewhat taciturn Britisher is diluted with intelligent foreigners.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13th

I have just spoken to three people, independently, who all declare that the war is going to come to an end shortly.

The first is a spiritualist, and predicts that peace will replace war at the end of January. In support of this she quotes the

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British Israelites, a medium of her acquaintance, and a conversation she had with "someone on the other side."

My second prophet told me that almost everyone she met, including high officers of the Services, were certain,

(a) that war on the Western Front would not be intensified;

(b) that Germany would give in and accept terms from the Allies.

As for the third, he merely said that he was an optimist and thought that we were gaining strength daily; and that the Nazis could see no way in which to attack the Allies which had not serious disadvantages. If they incurred heavy casualties, they risked internal trouble; and, if they gained little by attack, they would have lost some of their military might with nothing to show for it.

Therefore, sooner than do this, they were likely to renew the "peace offensive" in some form which was more or less acceptable to the Western democracies.

I think that the only two words of Spanish in my vocabulary are apposite—*quien sabe?*—who knows?

I caught the train at lunch-time on Saturday and journeyed to Norfolk to see Audrey and Hod.

While waiting for the train to draw in, I gossiped with the porter. He told me that the trains were very unpunctual and he couldn't think why. Mine started in good time and actually arrived early.

Audrey and Hod met me in the Austin. With its sports body and pillar-box red wings there was no mistaking it as it drove up to Beccles Station. Then began the business of packing three people into a space designed for two. Although I blush to admit it, I am the possessor of extraordinarily large

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feet: so that when this little car is closed, I have to be like the classic Mrs. Jones and "try sideways."

After some careful manœuvring I arranged myself behind the wheel, while Hod sat on Audrey's lap. And away we spun, the sun shining on the large square tower of Beccles church which we passed on our way downhill to the marshes.

The frost was white and sparkling on the road; and just before the bridge which spans the river, now frozen hard, we pulled up to avoid a dozen swans which were pecking at something in the middle of the road. Poor creatures—I expect there's little enough to eat when everything in sight is frost-bound.

I thoroughly enjoyed a quiet evening in front of a wood-fire, listening to an account of what my wife and son had been doing.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 14th

I ran across to Ditchingham to see Lilius Rider Haggard. She is talking next Friday in the "In England Now" series, and I wanted to read her script.

It is grand. It smells of life in England. It reeks of the marshes, the hills, the farms and the villages. They say that listeners in the Dominions suffer, almost universally, from nostalgia. This talk of Lilius's will make them *see* England.

After lunch, to a harness-maker who is alleged to be very

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busy, now that people are taking to carriages as they can't get petrol.

He's a specimen of the type of Englishman who has lived all his life in a small country town. He looks nearer seventy than sixty. Nevertheless, he had injured his knee the day before—skating. So I saw him in his room, and suggested that he might tell the Empire something about his work, now that the pony and trap has, quite unexpectedly, come into its own again.

As I drove through Bungay, I realized that life hasn't really changed in England. Take away the garages and their gawky petrol pumps, replace motor traction by horse, and, we might still be living in the last century. The countryman is just the same—he doesn't hurry, neither does he allow himself to be put out by trifles like the possibility of air-raids.

There is a curious character who has spent his life on the Waveney as a boatman. He has just written his autobiography. A young man I know, who is rather a pal of his, went to see him one evening recently when the floods were out. He found him in his kitchen busily writing: but as the water was up to his knees, he had merely put on gum-boots and carried on.

MONDAY, JANUARY 15th

I listened to Lord Hailey answering questions put to him by Sir William Beveridge. They were discussing India in a series called "This Freedom."

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Lord Hailey is tall and thin, partially bald, with a rather narrow face and prominent features. He bears a strong resemblance to the late Lord Reading.

Sir William Beveridge, who had just given a talk on freedom is, with his long white hair and massive nose, singularly like the late Lord Oxford.

I found these questions and answers very illuminating. The two speakers were discussing the question of Dominion status. Sir William was cleverly putting the questions which those of us, not too well informed on the subject, are asking ourselves.

Lord Hailey paused before answering each question. The difficulties in the way of granting Dominion status seem to be, first of all, the fact that we have treaties with the rulers of the Indian States which we cannot, in fairness, ignore. Another difficulty is, of course, the question of religious minorities. Until the Indians themselves can come to an arrangement as to freedom of conscience for every man, the British would be sacrificing the freedom of the individual if they granted the larger freedom—Dominion status.

As to the question of the limitation of freedom in matters like education, Lord Hailey explained that all the universities in India are self-governing. Sir William asked why there were many British professors in Indian universities, but no Indian professors in British universities. Lord Hailey had a complete answer. Those responsible for the appointments in the Indian universities, namely the Indians themselves, had chosen British professors; furthermore a post had just been created at Oxford and offered to a distinguished Indian.

Sir William raised the question as to whether British financial interests had stood in the way of granting Dominion status. Lord Hailey replied that he was completely satisfied

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that this factor had not contributed to the difficulties of the problem.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16th

The cold becomes more intense. I can't remember any previous winter when a brisk walk didn't result in a warm glow. To-day, however, although the temperature was about thirty degrees Fahrenheit I found it impossible to feel really warm even in a thick coat and after vigorous exercise.

Also, for the first time in my life, I believe, I have a chilblain. I read in a newspaper last week, that a doctor attributed the present crop of chilblains to the black-out. He said that, whereas men used to walk home from the office, now they take a bus or the tube, and spend the evening crouching over a fire.

Far-fetched as it sounds, I believe that there may be something in it. For chilblains are due to a stagnant circulation—that is why they always appear on fingers or toes. And they are encouraged by external heat when the circulation is already sluggish—holding cold hands to the fire, or toasting the feet on a hot-water bottle.

For longer than I care to think I have had no adequate exercise. The days are short and I have been too busy to spare time until the evening—and not always then. And the evenings nowadays are not inviting enough to encourage exercise. Then, the cold spell has made the streets dirty and slippery. In fact, everything has been against me so far as exercise is concerned. And it's been so cold that I have installed

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a small electric radiator close to the desk where I'm now writing. Result: a chilblain.

I met a young journalist to-day, Nesbit Sellers. And meeting him brought home to me that an unusual first name, or the use of a double-barrelled name, makes one remember its owner better than an ordinary Christian name, even if the surname itself is striking. Moreover, one comes to think of the person by both names, if the first is sufficiently unusual to remain in one's mind.

I doubt if you would recognize to whom I was referring if I asked you if you ever read Doyle—so accustomed have we become to speaking of "Conan Doyle." The same is true of Ethel M. Dell. Where would she be without the "Ethel M.?" There is something a little unimpressive about Mr. George, after all these years in which we have been referring to Mr. Lloyd George.

I dare say the tacking-on of a second name to the surname is not so much, as used to be supposed, due to the desire to sound aristocratic, as it is to the dislike we all have of being mistaken for someone else.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17th

The wireless tells us that there are eighty degrees of frost in Norway, and that it is the coldest winter Scandinavia has known for thirty years! Truly the forces of nature are joining with man to make this winter as ghastly as possible. First, Turkey has the worst earthquake on record: thousands perish

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and many more are homeless and wandering in bitter cold, seeking the safety of the open country. And then comes this fierce winter weather. To be wounded in Finland and not taken to shelter within an hour or two, is to be frozen alive. I can well believe the report that thousands of the Russians have been found lying about frozen to death.

Even if two wars were not raging in Europe, these weather conditions would be trying enough, and would lead to many deaths, especially among old people and those exposed to the full force of the cold.

As it is, millions of people are suffering the discomforts (to put it mildly) of icy cold winds, snow and frost: spending hour after hour in the open, in trenches or, as in Finland, in rooms where the window-glass has been blown out by bombs.

I looked through the peep-hole in the studio door and saw Philip Noel Baker at the microphone. So I picked up the headphones outside the studio and listened. He was speaking on the peace we are going to make after the war and on the League of Nations. He quoted three rules which Nansen had told him governed his own work: "Never stop because you are afraid—you are never so likely to be wrong"; "Never keep a line of retreat—it is a wretched invention"; "The difficult is what takes a little time; the impossible is what takes a little longer."

Noel Baker went on to describe the Labour Party's peace aims—a real peace, built on justice; horror of Nazi cruelty to be wiped out and the territories of Poland and Czechoslovakia to be restored; Austria given freedom to decide her fate. He described the world as very small, and remarked that if we want ordered peace we must organize the world.

He denied that the League had failed, but said that the fault

lay "not in the tables of the law but in the fact that the commandments of the law were not observed."

I enjoyed this Talk, because I am convinced that the future peace of the world will be in the League, or whatever name the new combination of nations likes to adopt. People to-day are talking widely and loudly of Federalism: of the pooling of the nations' resources. And Noel Baker, in referring to the recent Anglo-French agreement to pool all their resources in shipping, raw materials and industry, asked why, if it can be done in war, it can't be done in peace?

The answer is that there is no answer—in theory at any rate. The practical difficulty will be to persuade all the European nations to fall into line.

Obviously, so long as you have a sovereign state with the extreme nationalism of Germany—and people in it who are taught, and believe, nonsense about their ethnic superiority to all other "races"—you can scarcely expect to arrange a successful federal scheme or anything approaching it.

But recent wars have brought no material prosperity to Germany. Perhaps this argument will in time convince the Germans that they must adopt some plan other than force in their dealings with their neighbours.

But is it not pathetic that countless lives must be lost, untold suffering inflicted, millions of pounds—sorely needed for the relief of distress—wasted, before the Teuton can be persuaded that *argumentum baculinum* is not a paying method of ensuring prosperity to himself or to others?

I talked for a few minutes to Noel Baker after his broadcast. This fifty-year-old Labour M.P. does not look his age. There is a humorous twinkle behind his glasses; perhaps the power to see the funny side of things has kept him young.

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He told me that he is going to Finland to-morrow and will be away about a fortnight. Well, it won't be the first time he has seen war, as he was Commandant of the Friends' Ambulance Unit from August 1914 to July 1915, and an officer of the First British Ambulance Unit for Italy, from 1915-18.

I should imagine that his heart lies in the work of the League of Nations. He has been a member of the British Delegation to the Assembly, and Private Secretary to the President of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

Now, if you had heard, as I did, his convincing outline of the plan for a future Europe, I'm confident you would have reacted as I did.

Modern science has "contracted" Europe. No nation can any longer afford isolation. If this is true, then we must break down the barriers between nations, adopt an international currency, and stop over-spending on non-productive goods with which to attack others or defend ourselves.

How easy to say or to write! But what about the petty jealousies between States? What about the adjustment of territorial boundaries? At this very moment, as I write, the formation of a solid Balkan bloc—so badly needed at this very time—is being held up because Hungary wants Transylvania, and Roumania won't give it up; Bulgaria wants the province of Dobrudja and Roumania doesn't see her way to return it.

Nations, like individuals, are often selfish: and like individuals who fail to control this tendency, they pay dearly for it in the long run.

I hope when European statesmen are making a new order they will remember this—and apply the moral, not only to the claims of other countries, but to their own.

Will they? Mons. Jules Sauerwein was talking to me the other day about the future of Europe, and he observed that

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only those nations which have fought aggression in Europe will be allowed to arrange the next peace. When I asked him if he was implying that America should not again be allowed to control the peace-terms, he repeated his statement. I pressed him for a definite answer, and he nodded his head.

I looked at his prominent, rather hooked nose and the glint in his eyes, and I saw the way he pursed his lips when he referred to America. And I realized once more how strongly the French feel about the rejection of Foch's demand that they should control the Rhine bridgeheads.

Had they been allowed to do so, there is little doubt that Europe would not now be under arms because Germany has once again run amuck.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19th

The *Sunday Graphic* wants an article on the present cold spell.

Here, at last, is a piece of newspaper work into which I can put my whole heart. I can write feelingly about snow and ice and about the monstrous behaviour of the Clerk of the Weather in pushing the thermometer down to its present level.

I shall enjoy writing about all the evils for which a really low atmospheric temperature is responsible. As the degree of spontaneity of all prose depends upon how deeply the author feels about what he is writing, this article at least ought to sound sincere.

Lilias Rider Haggard's Talk was a further proof that one

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must *feel* what one writes about. She has lived all her life in the rather flat marshy country which is watered by the River Waveney.

Like most country-people, the sights, sounds and smells of the country-side mean a lot to her. They arouse emotional reactions which they certainly wouldn't in a townsman. She has inherited her father's skill in the use of words, and his power of vivid description.

But, as I have said in earlier pages, the word which is just right to read is not necessarily equally suitable when you are trying to give the impression that you are talking and not reading.

I went through her script, which she had told me I might alter in any way I liked. She took me to task for the grammar of the re-written version.

"Take this sentence," she said, disapprovingly. "It begins with the word 'and.' That's shocking."

"Not in conversation," I replied. "You must remember that you are talking to one person, and not lecturing to hundreds. You must aim at reading this script as if you and he—for instance a man sitting in a lonely hut in one of the Dominions—were chatting in a friendly way about England. If only the listener could join in the conversation, I'm sure you would answer him as you are now talking to me, and not with a piece of descriptive prose, however grand."

Her script needed only minor adjustments—often merely the substitution of the first person for the third. It savoured of the real England—of the little island, insignificant in size, which has lovers all over the world.

Here are two extracts:

"I have lived all my life in between two counties in East England. The river runs past my door, and in front of the

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windows of the house stretches a wide vista of common and marsh, lying like a great green cup, encircled by a vast loop of the river's length, and sheltered by the woods which clothe the slopes of the low hills on every side. It is lovely at all seasons, and in winter is very quiet except for the plover wailing and tumbling in the pale arc of the sky."

"If you were with us to-day you would be as determined as we are that this England of ours, with its rolling uplands and warm brown arables, its deep orchards, wide commons and green pastures, where the cattle stand knee-deep in grass beneath the willows, must remain. That its homely farms and little villages, with huddled roofs and noisy rookeries round some old grey church, shall not be touched."

Grand descriptive writing, isn't it? Even if you had never seen the farms, the villages, and the fields, you'd have to be singularly lacking in imagination for these descriptions not to evoke some response.

I have spent several hours this afternoon with some Canadian soldiers. They are part of the contingent which arrived earlier this month. Six of them, a captain, a corporal, and four privates, came to make a programme to be broadcast to Canada.

They turned up at Broadcasting House sharp at 3 p.m., as arranged. The officer, a truly magnificent figure of a man, at least 6 feet 3 inches in height and broad in proportion, wore the kilt. And what a grand garment it is when its wearer has a physique like Captain Armstrong's. He is, in addition, strikingly good-looking, with regular features, bright, clear complexion and a small, clipped moustache.

I liked his attitude to the men he brought with him. He and they chatted in the most friendly fashion as we sat round

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the large table in a conference-room, but never once did any of the soldiers make a familiar or personal remark. There was no need for him to remind them of his rank—they behaved *naturally*. I have no doubt that Captain Armstrong would command spontaneous respect among any group of men: a glance at his firm chin and the look in his eye would warn the least observant that here was no man to take liberties with.

We began by inspecting the scripts which the men brought with them. Then we arranged, that in the half-hour allotted to the programme, each man should speak for just under five minutes, and that the officer should introduce each speaker.

The scripts were remarkably interesting. There was, as there was bound to be, a certain amount of repetition: they had all given accounts of the voyage across and their impressions of England and a soldier's life. But each had also expressed the thoughts which were in his mind: each was looking upon his broadcast as a means of opening his heart to his relatives and friends at home.

Captain Armstrong told me that nearly all the Canadian soldiers had left comfortable and prosperous homes. They had their motor-cars and sometimes a house with two bathrooms. And yet, they had thrown up everything because they felt that the little old country they had never seen was being attacked and might go under.

What is the real motive which prompts such sacrifice? I ask, because I don't believe the obvious answer—duty—is the correct one. After listening to these Canadians for several hours I believe that the fundamental motive is affection. They love England—and that love is the protecting love of a father for his son. Every fibre of their being is stirred at the thought that little old England is in danger. They have sacrificed jobs, incomes, and homes to fight for us—and they are quite pre-

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pared to sacrifice their lives if necessary. And their determination is strengthened because they feel that the cause we're fighting for is a crusade.

But don't think, please, that they said anything of this sort to me when we were chatting while the scripts were being typed. They were just excited children, thrilled at seeing the B.B.C. and taking part in a broadcast. They all begged me to autograph the back of the slips which they found enclosed with their contracts. They questioned me about the work in Broadcasting House, and were astonished at the care with which discussions are prepared.

I have been trying to analyse the Canadian character as exhibited by these men. I think the outstanding feature is the un-selfconsciousness. We, in England, are afraid to show our emotions, even to refer to such questions as religion, or the love we bear for our wives. And in England we would die before we asked for anything!

Yet these men—simple, direct, saying what comes into their minds—are rather like children. They were excited at being in England: openly critical about many things they had seen which didn't please them: tremendously impressed at what they regarded as the kindness and hospitality they had received. Their criticism was, however, directed on material, and mainly trivial, things, such as our plumbing (a favourite topic, I find, with Canadians): the fact that our buses had "upstairs," as one man put it: and our habit of driving on the left-hand side of the road.

When it came to things which really matter, it was a very different story. One and all spoke of England as a grown-up son might of his mother if he heard that she was being threatened. There was no ranting about the Empire—I

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doubt if this word ever once passed their lips. But they spoke of England in a way which brought tears to my eyes—and made me ask myself what we had done to deserve the love these men showed for the home of their fathers—in some cases only of their grandfathers. They spoke, I repeat, so simply of England. They took it for granted that the moment England was in danger, it was up to them to give up good jobs, leave their homes, wives and children, and travel thousands of miles to discomfort, danger and very probably death.

And there is no mistake about this. These men didn't come across because they wanted adventure: they didn't leave Canada merely to savour a new sensation. It is plain that these men are all fearfully homesick, and are hiding it in their ordinary lives. But it came out all right in their scripts—they were going to talk to Canada, and it was no use trying to hide their longing for their wives and children. One man said "... we sure do miss all our sweethearts and folks and it's good to get mail. . . . We've a job to do! We will do it with the power and strength God gave us, and with the morale and courage they have shown so far, we will return victorious to the freedom and righteousness Canada had when we sailed a few short weeks ago."

No bombast, no self-pity. Merely a simple, unspoilt soul, not afraid of his trust and belief in God.

Another man said: "At 12.30 p.m. we all look for the mail van. Some of the boys get a lot of mail and some get none. I've had four letters. So now I'm looking for more. It is nice to get mail from home telling you how things are and of things you would like to know. I feel that if you all knew how much we want letters and how often we are disappointed, you would write more to us."

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This man finished his Talk in this way: "... I know you in Canada will take care of our families while we are away. I feel that Britain is fighting for right and for freedom, and if anything happened to her the whole world would collapse and that would include Canada—so that's why I'm here."

Some people living as far as Canada is from Europe would, I fear, consider that a reason of this kind need not necessarily lead to the sacrifices these men have made.

Americans, at the present time at any rate, seem in no hurry to help the Allies to stem the attacks of the Nazi barbarians.

The corporal, whose Army age is given as 39, but who admitted that he is, in reality, 49, is a small man, wearing the ribbons of the last war.

His last words were a mixture of optimism and idealism.

"We're gradually making the world a good place for man to live in—the sort of place God meant it to be."

Among these soldiers was a French Canadian. He gave his talk in French.

It was interesting and amusing to notice how the national characteristics have persisted. For instance, he stressed the food on the ship which brought him over. He remarked that he pretended to feel sea-sick on Christmas Eve; the sight of turkeys being carried to the kitchen made him forget his troubles. "Vous comprenez je ne veux pas manquer le dîner de la fête." The other attribute, usually believed to be characteristic of our allies, he showed in these words: "Les demoiselles ont de beaux yeux et sont très gentilles, soit dit sans déclasser les Canadiennes, parce que nous pouvons retourner au Canada un jour."

When we went into the canteen for some food, it was

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further evidence of his interest in the fair sex that, within a few minutes, he was in animated conversation with one of the waitresses. And, if further proof were needed, it was forthcoming when I left him for some ten minutes in a lobby while I rehearsed one of his comrades.

On my return, he was apparently exchanging addresses with two girls—presumably those employed in taking teas to the various offices.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21st

A walk in the bitter cold early this morning. We—that is Simon, Bunty and myself—met a large black Newfoundland, in charge of a maid, limping up the road. I couldn't pass by without a word of sympathy. The girl told me that he had injured his leg some weeks ago, that it was now much better and that he was having electric treatment.

My newspaper-shop was shut, which meant an extension of my walk into the Marylebone Road. The road was practically deserted, except for some men, blue with cold, selling newspapers. I bought the *Graphic*, the *Sunday Times* (which to-day for the first time has its news on the front page), and the *Chronicle*.

Certainly, times change. A mere six months ago the volume of traffic in this wide road was, even on a Sunday morning, sufficient to make one wait. To-day, it had shrunk to one bus.

Large cars are out of fashion, certainly where doctors are

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concerned. Gone are the 40-50 Rolls which looked so impressive as they drew up outside the houses. No longer does the surgeon recline at his ease in the Daimler or Buick while his chauffeur sits at the wheel.

In all the years I have known him, I have never seen Lord Horder driving himself.

This morning he passed me as I was walking down Wimpole Street. He was at the wheel of a small Austin saloon, and waved gaily when he recognized me. It seemed to me that he was thoroughly enjoying a novel experience.

I must take the car out again one of these days. It is strange to have so little use for a motor-car. Ever since the Armistice I've driven most days.

But, *que voulez-vous?* When London is as empty as it is now, one can scarcely dash around paying visits to empty houses.

I listened to the eight o'clock news-bulletin. We are once again in the midst of a Dutch-Invasion scare. I thought that I might hear that Hitler had gambled on the frozen dykes and invaded Holland.

But there was no such news. What I did hear was an S O S for a woman named Smalley asking her to go to Oswaldtwistle because a man named Gravy was seriously ill.

I had heard vaguely of Oswaldtwistle—I believe Sidney Howard refers to it now and then—but I had always thought it to be an imaginary place, a kind of Hogsnorton. To discover that it is a real town (my *Gazetteer* describes it as "urb. dist. par. tn."), and not the result of a comedian's imagination is rather a shock.

I have just looked up Hogsnorton in the same work of reference. It's all right. There is no such place. The town with

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the nearest phonic resemblance is Hognaston ("par., vil. Derby, Eng.").

Audrey and Hod were due at Liverpool Street at 6.50 this evening. I made my way through the city which was lit up by a moon behind swiftly moving clouds, and whitened by a carpet of snow.

The station was much darker than the streets, but, fortunately, I know my way about it.

I went to the board on which are chalked the times at which trains are supposed to arrive. The 6.50 from Yarmouth was already thirty minutes late. So I walked up and down under the war-time lamps which merely light up a small circular area immediately underneath.

When I returned to the blackboard a porter was licking his finger and rubbing out the 3 out of 30. Then he chalked up a 5.

But even fifty minutes late was unduly optimistic, as the train actually arrived nearly an hour and a half behind schedule.

I engaged a taxi-cab and filled in the time talking to the driver.

He was a middle-aged man who, while agreeing with me about the futility of war, made this sinister statement.

"But there's people who *do* benefit by these wars," he said, darkly. "Of course it's not for the likes of me to know too much. But, what I says is, that them who makes the weapons of war makes a lot of money at the same time."

Now I describe this statement as "sinister," because, if the working classes get firmly fixed in their heads the idea that rich men like war because they feather their nests, well, there are the makings of a different kind of war—a class-war.

I hastened to tell him that, although men made fortunes

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out of the last war, nothing of the sort would be possible in this. I supported this contention by saying that I had been round an armaments factory, and had been shown the costing-sheets. I assured him that profits were so cut that it would be impossible to profiteer by so much as a fraction of a penny. In addition, of course, large incomes are now no more—or if they exist on paper, the Government reap the benefit.

I tried to convince this man—a decent Englishman—that it was not a case of war to benefit the well-to-do at the expense of the working classes.

We hear a good deal about the possibility of a revolution, not only in Germany but in this country as well.

Here are two suggestions, which I should like the British Government to consider.

1. Through their Press Officers they should arrange intensive propaganda to dispel the idea that this war has been engineered by, or is welcome to, the capitalist.

2. That within a quarter of an hour of a broadcast by "Lord Haw-Haw," the half-truths he delivers with such false verisimilitude, should be exposed by a broadcast talk on our own wireless system.

The reason for the first suggestion is already obvious. For the second—well, have you not heard people listen to "Lord Haw-Haw" then switch off and say, "You know, there is something to be said for the Germans."

All the points "Haw-Haw" makes are, on the surface only, convincing. A little thought, however, shows them in their true light—instances of *suppressio veri*.

And that is why the other half of the truth ought to be supplied.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 22nd

Fifty-one years in the Army: one ought to learn something about soldiering in that time. And I suppose that one of the advantages of an Army life is that you see the world and acquire a working knowledge of geography.

I was very struck by a talk I had with Sir Philip Chetwode, who told me that he had joined the Army in 1888, since when he seems to have visited most parts of the world.

I should never have believed that this distinguished Field-Marshal was seventy years of age. He drew my attention to his hair, remarking that his youthful appearance is largely due to his full head of black hair.

As a soldier his work has taken him into places as widely apart as Jerusalem and India, Aldershot and South Africa.

I think he must feel as energetic as his youthful looks suggest, for he is on nine committees which keep him busy from morning until night.

We discussed a Talk he was giving on India, where he was Commander-in-Chief from 1930 to 1935.

Sir Philip is going to prepare a Talk on strategy, and for this listeners will certainly want an atlas in front of them. I agree with Sir Philip that most people's knowledge of geography is exceedingly small.

Variety is said to be the spice of life. I am prompted to get this *cliché* off my chest, because the next person I met to-day was G. D. H. Cole, the economist, who combines economics with the writing of thrillers.

He and Sir William Beveridge were discussing freedom; and it was interesting to see the way each approached the subject. Their political views, of course, make them see freedom from

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a different standpoint. Sir William Beveridge is a Liberal and Cole, of course, a Socialist. In reply to some remarks of Cole's on the question of unemployment insurance, Sir William said that he very much doubted whether—if the State became the sole employer of labour—a workman would be any better off from the unemployment angle.

"After all," he said, "supposing a workman is discharged by an employer because, for instance, he puts forward political views unwelcome to the employer, he has the chance of obtaining work with another firm: but if the State were the employer it seems at least likely that once out of a job he would remain unemployed."

G. D. H. Cole looks older than his age, which is 50. It struck me that he looked delicate and as if he spent too much time working and too little in recreation. I dare say this is, in fact, the case, judging by the long list of books which stands to his credit.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24th

Hod goes back to Eton this afternoon. He has spent two days in London and, in spite of its comparative emptiness, has met some of his friends. He has braved the black-out, and been twice to the cinema.

This morning I drove him to Fulham to see William, our chauffeur and close friend, who is now an Auxiliary Fireman. Hod wanted to find out how he was getting on and have a chat about cars.

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We found William, an axe under one arm and a pair of full-length rubber waders under the other. He was bending over a converted taxi-cab, which had large letters painted in white on the doors and an iron framework on the roof. There were several other cabs in the asphalted school-yard which now serves as a Fire Station.

It was very cold and I shivered in a fur-lined overcoat. Poor William, his pointed nose bright red, had no overcoat on.

He was delighted to see us and to gossip for five minutes. We swapped yarns, and Hod told him how much he was looking forward to the end of the war when William could return to us.

I can't believe that William's enjoying himself. But, characteristically, not one complaint passed his lips.

We reached Eton without mishap and helped Hod to settle in. Books were unpacked and clothes arranged on hooks and in drawers. Then we strolled down to School Stores to buy some necessary books. We found that some of Hod's requirements in this direction could be bought at the School "Pound"—the place where books left by former boys can be bought for a few pence. Strange bargains can sometimes be acquired here. Not long ago an Eton master bought a first edition of *Paradise Lost* for twopence.

We spent ninepence here. Then to the outfitters for a pair of gloves, and also a lesson in how to tie a white bow-tie, for Hod has gone into tails this "half".

Tea at Rowlands and back to Hod's House. There are several new boys: and each has a boy allotted to him to act, in the words of "Tutor," as a "guide, philosopher and friend." I wonder whether Hod will have a new boy to help. He had one last "half".

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I always enjoy the notices on the Board. Soon after Hod went to Eton, I chanced, as I was passing, to see one which read: "Boys of good sense will not, others must not, lean on the wire which surrounds the shrubbery."

Even before I got to know Tutor, I realized that he must be a most human as well as a humour-loving man.

He sent me some official notice or other with a request that I would not hold him responsible for the wording. And since Hod has been in his House, his letters and reports have been a sheer delight.

In a letter he wrote me after Hod's first half, Tutor said: "He is doing very well and in every way. He is not yet a ripe scholar . . . but he has that valuable and not too common faculty of pegging away at a difficulty until he really understands it, and he never stops taking trouble."

The choice of the phrase "ripe scholar" to apply to a boy of 13½, struck that sense of the incongruous in me which is, I believe, so distinctive a characteristic of the British.

I also chuckled when, having written to Tutor to ask what were the rules governing "car-leave," I received this reply:

"The situation is one of those particularly dear to the English and *a fortiori* the Eton mind. It has to be asked for and is always given."

Referring to a remark made in Hod's classical report, Tutor wrote: "I do not care a straw whether his success in his classical division is due more to *amour-propre* than to accuracy of scholarship."

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 26th

A postcard from Hod. He writes: "Can you send me a tooth-brush? Have contacted Ian." (Ian, I must explain, is a cousin who has just gone to Eton.)

Now, I find that I am using the word "contact" as a verb more and more frequently, in spite of the fact that it is as a noun only that it appears in the dictionary. Any purist who takes exception to my son's use of this word as a verb must blame me. I shall make no apology, however; for this verb is handy, it is not uglier than many other words in daily use, and is much neater than the official equivalent—"to be in contact with . . ." or "to make contact with. . . ."

There is, moreover, no substitute which expresses so successfully its exact shade of meaning. To "meet" someone is to encounter him. To "contact" someone is not only to meet, but something more in addition. It implies that you have not only met him but discussed some plan, or possibly fixed a date.

There I go again—using an Americanism; for I haven't a shadow of doubt that "to have contacted someone" and "to have a date," both hail from the country which supplies us with slick phrases.

Would you take me to task for writing that I came a "purler" on the frozen road this morning? If so, perhaps you will be surprised to learn that the noun is in Fowler's Concise Oxford Dictionary, described as a "colloquialism." The verb means to "turn upside down, to upset."

And what about a word which is on everyone's lips just now—propaganda? How many people know that the Propaganda is the Committee of Cardinals in charge of foreign missions? It is, according to Fowler, improperly used as a

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plural word meaning "efforts, schemes, principles, of propagation."

We should, I expect, find it difficult to discover a word which conveys just what propaganda does—forceful publicity.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28th

A carpet of white snow this morning. And not too cold. The roads and pavements are blended in one, and covered by four inches of clean castor-sugar.

I once heard someone say that the metaphysician is like a blind man chasing a black cat in hell. This morning I heard a yelp of surprise and found Simon rolling over in the snow. A very white dog, invisible against the snow, had bounded down the road and, in pure *joie de vivre*, played leap-frog with an unseeing Simon. I appreciated that the Finns dressed in white ski-ing suits might well approach the enemy unseen and unheard.

A friend, who was himself evacuated in September, came in to lunch to-day. He told us some stories of the evacuated children, which sound as if the events they describe might actually have happened.

A farmer's wife was showing a boy round her kitchen-garden, when he pointed to a heap of manure, and asked what it would be used for.

"We shall put that on the rhubarb," was the reply.

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"Will you?" The child opened his eyes wide. "In London we put custard on it."

Another story concerns six small evacuees taken by their hostess to the village church, which was presided over by a High-Church parson.

After the procession, when the church was filled with incense, she glanced round to make sure that her small charges were behaving themselves, and discovered that all six had put on their gas-masks.

I can well believe the story of the evacuated child whose appetite was so hearty that her temporary hostess remarked: "I don't know what I shall do! You'll soon eat me out of hearth and home."

"You'll have to do the same as Mother," was the prompt reply. "Go out and work."

Now that another war is on one meets people who can recall extraordinary experiences of the last war. Here is one told me yesterday by a sailor.

A naval officer in a submarine was gassed owing to some fault in the machinery. He became deeply comatose, and to all appearances dead, and, there being no doctor on board, the commanding officer decided that he was, in fact, dead, and ordered him to be wrapped in blankets.

For nearly an hour he lay unconscious, while the officers and men went about their duties. At the end of that time the submarine came to the surface, and was hit by a wave. The unconscious man was thrown violently from his bunk, across the floor and against an electric switch. This switch was broken and gave him a terrific shock.

This, I suppose, must have been just the treatment he needed, for he sat up and looked round, to the terror of a naval rating who had been told that he was "no more."

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This story (if true) illustrates dramatically the slender chances upon which our lives often depend.

MONDAY, JANUARY 29th

Our Yvie has spent a wretched week-end. She has been indulging in an attack of influenza. Short and sharp, which seems to be one way it's behaving this winter, it has left her rather miserable and depressed.

The toxins produced by the influenza microbe seem to have a specific effect on the nervous system, and on that part of it which controls the blood-pressure. An attack of this disease, therefore, may lead to a drop in the blood-pressure and this invariably produces depression.

Yvie has been weeping a bit, and I have been trying to make her laugh. A chance remark of mine, meant to be bracing, had the opposite effect, and I felt a brute.

One aspect of her character, which is very lovable, is that Yvie is quite incapable of bearing malice. I have never met anyone who can so completely forgive—and forget.

In one last despairing effort to make her smile, I asked her what Norman was doing, and she said that he was joining the Cavalry. When I asked whether he was enlisting as a man or a horse, she did give me a thin watery smile.

I suppose the mental picture of Norman on all fours neighing in reply to orders, temporarily sent up her blood-pressure.

Anyhow, this height of fatuity on my part was duly

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rewarded. I suppose there are occasions when it's worth while to make a fool of oneself.

Twelve inches of snow are lying in the streets to-day. And, as is always the case when weather we are unused to visits us, we are perplexed. Men are sweeping the pavements—in places: which means that you are walking one moment in deep crisp snow, and then suddenly you come upon a patch of ice, innocent of snow, but oh! how much more dangerous!

I hate to criticize those public authorities who are trying to help us, but it would make walking much safer if the sweepers would begin at one end of a street and work steadily down to the other. As it's being done to-day it's a case of a few yards of difficult (but safe) walking, then a few yards sliding on ice, then more unswept patches, and so on.

Derelict cars are impeding the traffic. For, as this kind of weather comes so seldom, we have no machinery to cope adequately with it. We have no properly organized snow-sweepers, and no chains for our car-wheels.

I watched cars and taxis, standing in several inches of snow, their back wheels spinning round.

An interesting talk this afternoon with Leslie Burgin, the Minister of Supply. I was struck by his vivacity, his cosmopolitanism, his keenness. I imagine he will need all those qualities to cope with his present job, which is to control all raw materials required for the prosecution of the war.

Somehow, he reminded me of Disraeli, although his hair is scantier and his face clean-shaven. But he has the same powerful features and the same magniloquence.

He throws himself into his descriptions with enthusiasm, he is also extremely courteous and a perfect listener. I felt that

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he had already made himself master of his subject. For instance, when I asked him a question on Roumanian oil, he jumped up and took me across the long room, with its thick carpet and brocade curtains, to a map hanging on the far wall. He pointed to Baku and Batum, to Iran and the pipelines, then to the Danube and Central Europe. He talked for some minutes on the question of Germany and her possible sources of oil, finishing his graphic description with the comment: "And now, Providence has frozen the Danube!"

I picked up one useful tip from him. He evidently writes, as I do, in pencil, for on the right-hand side of the large, handsome blotter were several pencils, but they were lying neatly on a strip of corrugated cardboard, not untidily, as mine are.

I came home and cut out a square of corrugated cardboard.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30th

Snow and frost. The newspapers, which are not allowed by the Censor to refer to recent weather, get over the difficulty by remarking that it has lately been very cold.

A broadcaster to-day referred to the fog round about Christmas time, which was followed by very cold weather.

The same speaker, who is a member of a Fire Brigade, and a racy, humorous person, told two good stories.

He said that he had visited a Fire Station to inspect the men and had looked at the notice board. On it was a notice: "Firemen must keep their brassières up."

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At first he was frankly puzzled, for this station was not staffed by women. Subsequent inquiry had shown that the mistake was due to faulty spelling, and that the notice should have read: "Firemen must keep their braziers up."

I think that the Fire Brigade must specialize in queerly-worded notices. For in another station there was one notice which read: "Men and women members of the A.F.S. must not amalgamate in this hall."

I had been so touched by the heart-felt appeal for mail which the Canadians had made in their broadcast, that I sent each man a book.

To-day, I received the following letter from one of them, Corporal White.

"I have received with pleasure the book you so kindly sent me. Along with my contract I consider it one of my best souvenirs and it will always bring back memories of a very happy stay at Broadcasting House. I only hope that my little talk to Canada merited the fine coaching

"I am continually telling my comrades of the fine reception accorded us when we arrived there and of how well you made us feel at home, and as I go on my way I shall always have that few hours to look back on.

"May I say in conclusion that I wish you happiness, success and prosperity. Good night. God bless you.

Respectfully,

"F. J. White, Corp."

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31ST

I slept marvellously last night, and knew nothing from the time I turned out the light until I was called.

I don't really know what I had done to deserve such a blissful nine hours of unconsciousness, and such a satisfying feeling of being thoroughly rested when I awoke.

Perhaps I had earned it. I certainly worked hard yesterday, but that, by itself, is not sufficient to guarantee a good night.

I suppose there are so many factors which influence sleep—many of which we really know little or nothing about—that we can't always tell why we've slept well.

Some of the factors are well enough understood—the absence of stimuli to the special senses, the "fatigue chemicals" in the blood, the relaxation of muscles. But what about more recondite influences, such as the electrical state of the atmosphere? Is there anything in the theory that you don't sleep so well if your bed is in the line of the magnetic equator—that is, pointing east and west?

Do you sleep more heavily when "thunder is in the air?"

I cannot answer the first question. With regard to the second, most people will agree that a thundery atmosphere tends to make one somnolent.

But, although the difficulties which beset the investigation of sleep are very great, science has discovered certain facts which take us a step or two further on.

It seems that there are two centres in the nervous system which control sleep. One is on the surface of the brain, and is controlled by consciousness: the other is in the interior of the brain and is related to the para-sympathetic nervous system.

The psychology of sleep is just as interesting. Why do we

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wake up at intervals throughout the night if we have an important appointment on the following morning? Some investigators asked a number of individuals to wake up at a given hour. They did so most accurately—few were more than fifteen minutes out.

The moral of this is—if you want a restful night, try and go to bed with a calm mind and an untroubled conscience!

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2nd

It is strange that I should have been writing about sleep and what disturbs it, for I had an excellent illustration of one of the causes last night.

I had to be at Broadcasting House bright and early to meet Cardinal Hinsley, who was broadcasting a message to New Zealand on the Eucharistic Congress. I told myself before going to bed that on no account must I over-sleep and, as you might expect, I woke frequently, and finally far too early. When I was asleep I seemed to be dreaming all night. My dreams were concerned with the Cardinal, but I believe the figure I saw in my phantasy was Cardinal Richelieu as I have seen him in, I think, *Under the Red Robe*.

There were mounds of snow three feet high piled on either side of Harley Street—snow which had been removed from the pavements, leaving these so slippery that the middle of the road seemed the safest place to walk. I met a tall man leading a large Airedale, and he told me that every morning

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he walks four miles round the park with his dog and that not even the recent bitter weather and heavy snowfall has made him alter his habit.

I have come to the conclusion that the British character is completely undefeatable. This morning the conditions were far from ideal; not only was the road slippery and difficult to negotiate, but the weather was both foggy and cold. I saw a postman delivering letters and, as I passed him, I heard a newspaper-man shout across the road:

"Weather keeps nice, don't it, Bill?"

I suppose that something has been left out of the Briton and *that* something is the normal reaction to unpleasantness. The more disagreeable his conditions are, the stronger is his reaction, but not in the way of despair—in the power to see the funny side. This kind of reaction—very noticeable among the Tommies in the last war—is what is really responsible for making the English always win the last battle. Many races I suppose, are rendered increasingly desperate by defeat. The Englishman reacts by fishing around for the funny side. And, therefore, it is no virtue that he is never a defeatist. It is merely that his emotional reactions make him amused at reverses—never despondent.

His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, arrived ten minutes before he was due, accompanied by his private secretary. He entered the drawing-room sharp at half-past eight.

There is something very impressive about a dignitary of the Church, and the Cardinal Archbishop is no exception. We, quickly, of course, got on to the European situation. Cardinal Hinsley, leaning forward in his chair, his eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles looking straight at me, said that this

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was not war in the ordinary sense, but a fight against "pure paganism allied to frank atheism."

We went up to the studio. I saw the lift attendant looking with respectful curiosity at the scarlet skull-cap and the large jewelled cross which His Eminence was wearing. The Cardinal gave his talk. Immediately it was over the almost inevitable photographer arrived, complete with flash-light camera.

What hard work must fall to the lot of leaders of the Church, especially in these days. I gather that Cardinal Hinsley was addressing a large meeting last night and only got back at eleven o'clock. He had to hurry from Broadcasting House to don his robes for a service in the Cathedral. I accompanied him to the door and on to the pavement. As he shook hands he begged me not to come out into the cold air merely to see him off. I stood by the car while he entered, and I watched his secretary wrap the rug, fur on one side, scarlet cloth on the other, round His Eminence's legs.

A great Churchman and a great gentleman. His listeners in New Zealand, thanks to the miracle which we know as radio, had the privilege of listening to the Cardinal Archbishop; and I have little doubt that they heard him as clearly as they would have done had they been sitting at his feet in Westminster Cathedral.

André Maurois, the creator of the one and only "Colonel Bramble," spoke to-day on "Colonel Bramble up-to-date." He came to Broadcasting House on Wednesday, the first time I had met him. He is now a captain in the French Army and a liaison officer, as he was in the war of 1914-18.

There had been some mistake as to the time of his appointment, but he was very gracious and made no difficulty about altering it. He is short, with charming manners and a most

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captivating smile. He asked whether we could arrange for a taxi to be waiting when he had finished his talk at 1 a.m., for, he explained, he was quite incapable of finding his way about London. When one of us laughingly said we ought to provide him with a map, he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I am afraid," he said, "that Colonel Bramble can't read a map."

Colonel Bramble, by the way, according to the talk M. Maurois is giving to-day, has been promoted by his creator to be a corps-commander. The reason for this is that the censor dislikes references to be made to anyone of a less imposing command than this. General Bramble is now 70 and has a son, a major in the Tank Corps: and a grandson, a flight lieutenant.

Captain Maurois's talk was delicious—a phantasy which would have pleased J. M. Barrie.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5th

I wonder how many of us, when we awake in the morning feeling well, realize that this happy state is something to be thankful for. I sometimes ask a grumbler whether he had a headache when he woke. Usually the answer is "no," but given in a suspicious voice—as though he is asking me what I am getting at.

"Did it occur to you to feel grateful that your head didn't ache?"

"Of course it didn't. Why should it?"

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"You would have been quick enough to grumble if it had, wouldn't you?"

The point is that we take so much for granted. It's true that life is not too easy or cheerful these days, but it might be much worse. The psychologists have a lovely word for the sum total of our bodily sensations. They speak of *coenesthesia*. If you wake up in the morning feeling good, whistle on your way to the bath, enjoy your ablutions, and then wisecrack at breakfast, your coenesthesia is satisfactory.

And so long as it continues satisfactory, you are unlikely to appreciate it at its true value. Can anyone who has never in his life had a headache really sympathize with someone whose head is opening and shutting with maddening regularity?

Life, it seems to me, acquires its real meaning in its contrasts.

Were it a dull level, lacking any variations, it would contain no spice—we should exist and not live. But the eternal duality which is Life effectually prevents monotony. Day follows night, winter succeeds summer. We wake to a new day—then tire ourselves out. We sleep—then once more take up the thread of our waking existence.

And on the sensual level alone, we enjoy gifts for which we are never really grateful enough. The exquisite pleasure of a drink when we're thirsty, of a bathe when we're hot, of a hot bath when we're chilled—all these are pleasures which, I fear, we take for granted.

I have a good deal of sympathy with the lunatic who was beating himself violently over the head with a board, and, when asked if it didn't hurt replied, "Yes, of course it does. *But it's such a lovely feeling when you leave off.*"

We pay lip-service to fitness, telling each other that health is worth more than wealth. But are we not somewhat insincere in this, when scarcely one of us doesn't secretly long to

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have more money and greater power, and are even prepared to sacrifice health in exchange?

J. B. Firth, writing on Hitler in last Wednesday's *Daily Telegraph*, used these words:

"By the calendar he should be in manhood's prime. Yet, if report speaks true, whatever other blessings the gods have given him, the one best worth praying for, *mens sana in corpore sano*, has never been his."

As I've said on an earlier page, Hitler is mentally unbalanced. Is there any doubt that he would be a happier man with less power and better health?

I was talking to an Editor the other day and he remarked that he didn't think the young people of to-day could stand up to much strain. He said that the young men and young women in his office "crocked up" as soon as a rush of work came along, and that most of them seemed to suffer from chronic indigestion—some even had gastric and duodenal ulcers.

To elaborate his argument he added that when recently he visited his dentist and had seventeen teeth extracted he had returned to work the same day. But one of his assistants, who was about to have one tooth removed, had asked for time off the day before, "so that he could prepare himself." He hadn't returned to work the next day.

I asked my friend casually whether meal-times were very irregular in his office, and he replied that they were but they never upset *him*.

With that occasional glimpse of the obvious that comes even to the best of us at times, I suggested that perhaps the prevalence of dyspepsia among his juniors might be due to this cause. He assured me that *he* never knew when he was

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going to eat, or, for the matter of that, to sleep, but that he was none the worse for it.

To me, he looks anything but healthy. Perhaps it is a case of mind over matter: he may regard it as a point of honour not to acknowledge even to himself when he feels seedy.

But if so, and his statement as to the young of this generation is correct, what is the matter with them? Is it lack of physical or lack of mental stamina? And, if the first, are they leading unhealthier lives than we led, or are they merely "soft" from the comfortable conditions of life which exist in this centrally-heated and artificial age?

If it is lack of mental stamina how has this come to pass? Have we over-indulged the children born when the last war was raging? Was the change from the Victorian discipline of the nursery to the laxity of the post-War years too great a one? Must we conclude that in jettisoning the methods of our forefathers, we have lost something which is of value in stiffening character as it is being moulded?

Frankly, I don't know the answer. I'm not even sure that my friend the Editor is right in his premise. But if he is, then we shall have to overhaul our handling of children. Our national health is supposed to be better, as the result of improved conditions of livelihood. There are, however, no statistics by which one may gauge, with any degree of accuracy, how well boys and girls in the twenties are likely to be able to stand up to the kind of strain their parents did twenty-five years ago.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th

Can there be any doubt that Dizzy was right when he said: "It is the personal which interests mankind."

Listeners overseas, for instance, like to hear speakers whose names are household words.

We were debating this very question at a meeting to-day, and opinion was unanimous that talks by well-known people are eagerly listened to, even if the individual is not a good broadcaster. You learn that Mr. Winston Churchill is going to broadcast. Even if you had never heard him on the air (or even if you had and considered him a dull speaker), you would listen—whatever his subject.

But would you listen to some speaker you'd never heard, unless you chanced to be interested in his subject?

And, talking of Mr. Churchill, a friend of his told me an amusing anecdote.

He remarked to Winston that it was very surprising a Russian warship had been sunk by the Finns three hours after its arrival near Hangö.

"That," the First Lord commented, "is not—er—surprising. What is—er—surprising is that—a Russian warship should—er—have stayed afloat for as long as three hours."

Can you wonder that world interest in Winston Churchill's personality increases as the years roll on?

Truly it is the personal which interests mankind.

Could you, or anyone else, meet two personalities so different as George Bernard Shaw and Lord Kemsley?

I have not written "Mr." before G.B.S.'s name. Somehow it seems as superfluous as writing "Mr." before William Shakespeare's.

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Bernard Shaw lives in the same block of flats in Whitehall Court as Vernon Bartlett.

These flats are spacious and expensive and look on to the War Office in front and the Thames at the back. They were built, I suppose, about the end of the last century. The hall and passages are lofty, the attendants wear white cotton gloves, and the lifts are dignified and their mahogany is polished.

Shaw's flat is on the fourth floor. His room is more like an office than a study. His own desk faces the window which looks across the Thames. On the opposite side is the red crescentic building which houses the London County Council. His secretary's table is on the other side of the fireplace and behind her is a yellow roll-top desk. Books are everywhere—on the many shelves on the wall, on the tables, even, perhaps, on some of the chairs.

G.B.S. was crouching over the fire reading a book. He stood up and shook hands. I confess I greedily studied one of the most interesting personalities of the day.

His face is too familiar to need description, but he is somewhat shorter than I had always pictured him. He was dressed in a smart light-brown check suit, with a knitted wool tie and a striped soft collar. On his feet were leather slippers. The grasp of his hand is firm and he is straight and upright.

He smiled broadly when I mentioned 'liberty' and remarked that there was no liberty among the democracies.

"Where, then, will you find it?" I asked.

"Russia's the only country," he replied. "There, a worker is free from the domination of one man. My friends, the Sidney Webbs, told me an anecdote which illustrates this. A Russian ship trading with London used to unload at a port by the city. The crew thought that the dues there were heavier than they would be nearer the mouth of the river. So they

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went to the captain and suggested that they could save money by docking lower down. The captain explained why the dock chosen was really less expensive in the long run. The men were satisfied."

Shaw implied that this could not happen in a democracy, but he *did* admit that there were restrictions on liberty even in a communistic country.

"You'll always find some men who want to work, say, twelve hours a day, because they want greater rewards. Others will be content to work four. The reward of work is leisure."

"But how are you, in a communistic state, going to reward the man who works harder?"

G.B.S. looked out across the river.

"There are many difficulties," he admitted. "When communism first comes here, there are going to be remarkable happenings. You see, our parliamentary system was foisted upon the country to enable a King to fight his enemies. We've accepted it ever since."

He paused.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "arrangements might be made in a communist régime by which one man who had worked twice as hard as another could be rewarded by an early retirement."

"Something of that sort," Shaw agreed.

I did not pursue the subject, and purposely kept the conversation away from the Russo-Finnish dispute.

Shaw's voice is soft and he frequently smiles as he talks. I suggested that he should come to Broadcasting House and talk about Liberty.

"I've said all there is to be said about it over and over again. Let 'em read my writings. Not that they'll ever learn anything. I'm very busy now writing in a series for the *Herald*: Wells

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began it." He smiled, and I knew some Shavian remark was on its way. "I suppose Wells and I are the best-known writers in the world, yet people don't buy our books."

I changed my tactics.

"You wrote in your letter in this morning's *Telegraph* on the importance of preserving culture. . . ."

"Is my letter in? I didn't know it." He swung round to face his secretary.

"Ring up Sadler's Wells and tell them," he said.

"... You said, Mr. Shaw, that people to-day were much better educated than they were at the time of the last War, and you cited the Radio as a great power in this direction. Now, won't you make use of this platform to tell listeners what, in your opinion, Freedom and Liberty are?"

"D'you know, long years ago, I stood at the street corners telling people, but they've never learned."

"But you said in your letter that there was a much higher standard of intelligence to-day."

G.B.S.'s eyes twinkled.

"Yes. But there was a long way to go," he said.

"Well, now you can have a much larger audience than you ever had before the days of wireless."

"Yes, I know. But you've got a talk I gave some time ago. I've nothing to add to that."

I remembered the last talk I had heard Shaw give some two years ago. He had told his listeners that he was a "much-hated man," and had drawn attention to the stupidity of sending young men to the front when it was the old men who should go and be killed. And he had pictured an octogenarian, like himself, on his way up the line singing, "We'll never come back again, again, we'll never come back again"—and had sung this himself in a thin, rather quavering voice.

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He had finished another Talk by remarking, "Good-bye. Good-bye. Good-bye. Always pleased to come and annoy you again."

I pointed out to G.B.S. that world conditions had changed since his last broadcast and that he ought to utilize the large public which the Overseas programmes offered, to teach people what he thinks Liberty really is.

"I'm too old," was his answer. "D'you know that I'm eighty three and a half? And I've just had pernicious anæmia? They made me eat hog's stomach. Now my hæmoglobin, I'm told, is up to normal."

I had brought with me a copy of Shaw's plays, and I opened it at the trial scene in "Saint Joan."

"Well, Mr. Shaw, I wonder whether you would perhaps read from your plays extracts which illustrate your ideas on Freedom and Liberty? Here, for instance, is Saint Joan's speech."

"Now, which is that?" Shaw asked, putting on his glasses and peering at the open page. He read a few lines then looked up.

"The B.B.C. keep putting on Saint Joan. No, I've said all I've got to say on the subject. A man can't keep on repeating himself. Besides, I'm too old, as I've already told you." He frowned. "I think my work is as good as ever," he added, and there was a question in his voice. "But you can't tell yourself. It may not be."

I felt I had stayed long enough. I got up to go. G.B.S. looked at the book-plate inside the cover of his *Collected Plays* and questioned me about the crest. I told him it was Scottish.

"I've got some Scot in me," he said. "I'm descended from the Macduffs."

I asked him to write in the book, telling him that it was my

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son's. He did. I thanked him for seeing me; and he promised that when he had finished his article he would see what he could do about the broadcast.

I walked down the marble stairs, passed the saluting porter, and climbed slowly into a taxi.

What were my impressions of this man?

First and foremost—charm. Whatever he says, whether it is of praise or blame, he says it charmingly. And it is not a pose.

Second. He is mischievous. He is a Puck, but a very effective Puck; because, behind his mischief, is a very large and formidable knowledge. And his mischief is largely, I should guess, due to the speed at which he sees the ridiculous and the incongruous.

Then his youth. He may be, so far as the calendar goes, in his eighty-fourth year. But it would not surprise me to learn that he had drunk of the rejuvenating waters at the foot of Olympus. For, to look at, he is an excellent eighty-three: upright, active and quick in his movements. To listen to—equally good. I can well believe him when he says that he can do as good work now as he has ever done.

Lord Kemsley came to speak on the Freedom of the Press, and told listeners the story of his attempt to persuade Dr. Dietrich to publish Britain's case in German papers if he, Lord Kemsley, published Germany's case in the papers he controlled.

I went through Lord Kemsley's script with him and suggested one or two minor alterations. It was an interesting talk and certainly, to my mind, Britain's case is unanswerable. Indeed the very fact that the Germans side-tracked Lord Kemsley's offer is sufficient proof that they were unwilling to face the public platform. Naturally, of course: for, at that very

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moment, the plan for the Polish invasion was, as Lord Kemsley said, in full swing.

I listened in the studio to the talk and I wondered what would have happened had Lord Kemsley's offer been accepted. I suppose the Germans would have stressed their rights to Danzig and would have claimed freer access to East Prussia. There can be no question that both these points would have been considered and, being perfectly reasonable, would have been met. Our case stands in its strength on one fact—that we were perfectly willing for the whole Polish question to be discussed in the open round a conference table. Germany's sinister designs made such a sensible and obvious course unacceptable. Is there any more to be said? Future generations, looking down the years, will come to the same conclusion.

I asked Lord Kemsley whether he would like to know what time the recording would go out. He told me with a smile that he had his own wireless recording apparatus at his country home, and that his Talk was being recorded there.

Lord Kemsley's delivery is excellent, and he has a good broadcasting voice. His manner is quiet; and I had no hesitation in suggesting the alterations to his script, for I had been told that he was not the kind of man to resent suggestions. It would not be surprising if a man controlling, as he does, so many newspapers, had come to regard himself as the best judge of what he himself should write. But there is a friendliness about him and no suggestion of pomposity.

An instructive and enjoyable meeting.

I cannot believe that Dr. Goebbels will allow this Talk to reach the German people.

A Psychologist's War-time Diary

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10th

I slept badly last night, and for this there were several reasons. To begin with I dreamed. Then, in the middle of the night, Ave got a pain, which had to be countered with brandy. Finally, I had to be early at the B.B.C. to meet Howard Marshall, and my unconscious wouldn't let me forget it.

As to dreams, I wonder whether there is anybody to-day who doubts that the main purpose of a dream is to express some wish. I am quite sure that the emotional drive is not necessarily sexual—although, quite obviously, it sometimes is. It may be quite a different emotion which has been denied expression and seeks an outlet during sleep.

I had a good example of this last night.

Yesterday morning I had asked a friend of mine to put me in touch with a man I wanted to meet, and he had told me that he couldn't arrange it at present. In the afternoon, I had a long interview with a showman. We discussed his job and how the war had forced him to close down, at any rate, temporarily. He told me the kind of exhibits he, and others, had shown, including one which, frankly, made me nearly sick. This was a woman who plunged her hand into a cage of live rats, then put the rat in her mouth and bit its head off. He drew a vivid picture of the crowd gaping at the blood running down her chin, then shook his head and doubted whether such a thing would be allowed to-day.

Now, in the morning, I had been correcting some proofs of a story in which a Sunbeam car with an all-weather body figures. In my dream last night the man I wish to meet had called on me and I was driving him home in a Sunbeam car with an all-weather body. His neck was, at one time during the

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drive, compressed between the window frame and the top of the car, and I distinctly felt that it was being squeezed hard enough to decapitate him. Yet I experienced no sense of responsibility—no feeling that I ought to do something about it.

Whatever the Freudians may say about this dream, I had certainly achieved one of my wishes—I had met the man I am wanting to meet.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11th

A young man we know came in to tea yesterday. He lives in a cottage outside London and, although it is fitted with electric light and power, company's water and a Frigidaire, he has no wireless and no telephone. We asked him why he didn't buy a wireless so that he could listen to the News Bulletins, and he replied that he didn't want to. He read the morning paper and it told him all he wanted to know, and as soon as he wanted to know it.

This indifference to the News gave rise to a family discussion at breakfast this morning. Yvie couldn't understand, she said, how he could hope to keep abreast of the European situation.

"What," she asked the family, "would have happened to us, if Daddy hadn't heard on the wireless that Germany had invaded Poland and got us away from Melton and taken us to Broome?"

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"Nothing," Ave retorted. "If there had been air-raids, the bombs were just as likely to have fallen on Broome as on Melton."

Yvie returned to the charge.

"But fancy having no wireless! How can he hope to know what's going on?"

"You must remember, Yvie," Audrey interposed, "that he's an artist and probably wants to be left in peace. After all, he will read what's going on in his morning paper. And there *are* people who feel called on to lead a contemplative existence. And, unless all culture is to disappear, such men are necessary."

This was too much for Yvie.

"Who wants to be contemplative when there's a war on?" A large hand, fingers outstretched, fluttered over the table. "What does it matter how Van Gogh differs from Rembrandt at a time like this?"

"Well, Yvie," her mother said, in carefully restrained tones. "Artists must be allowed to work in quiet and in peace, whatever is happening elsewhere in the world."

I pointed out that, on the outbreak of war, this man had left his peaceful cottage in Hertfordshire and had joined a Red Cross Unit in London: and that, ever since, he had been working away at a most uncongenial occupation. Now, he evidently feels that, having mastered the intricacies of first-aid, home-nursing, and anti-gas measures, he can return to his own mode of life until such time as his services are needed.

This, unfortunately, poured no oil on the troubled waters, so far as Yvie was concerned.

"But where should I have been unless I had kept myself *au fait* with what is going on?" she asked. "D'you remember

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I was staying with the Burgesses when Russia attacked Finland, and they had no wireless. I shouldn't have known unless Daddy had heard it on the early News and 'phoned."

"You'd have seen it in the papers, anyhow," her sister pointed out.

"Yes. But long after. And all those hours, I should have known nothing about it."

"Would that have mattered much?"

Yvie, talking fast so that no one could possibly interrupt her, played her trump card.

"Mattered?" she said. "What would have happened if I'd gone to a cocktail party and hadn't known it had even happened?"

"Cocktail parties are not usually given after breakfast," the literal-minded Ave retorted.

Audrey, from her end of the table, drew our attention to the fact that we are not all built alike. That Douglas—our artist friend—is not interested in international politics. Nature means a great deal to him. He likes to sow seeds and watch the green tip of spinach or the pointed end of a crocus poke its head out of mother earth. He prefers to live alone, to read, to ponder on what he has read, and then to dig in his garden.

In a word, he doesn't want to be kept in last-minute touch with what Hitler and Stalin are doing. He wants to be let alone and to lead the contemplative existence.

At this stage, I suggested that, even in these times, a man must do what seemed to him right. I admitted that the lover of pictures could no longer spend hours in the National Portrait Gallery gazing at pictures, because the treasures had long ago been removed to places of safety. But I did think that Douglas, having equipped himself to be of use when, and if,

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hostilities began in earnest, had the right to decide what he should do now.

Here the discussion more or less ended. But the idea of anybody being contemplative in war-time evidently rankled in Yvie's mind. For, after breakfast, she came into our bedroom. Here and now, I must let you into two family secrets, even if they are not altogether suitable for publication.

(I must stop for a moment. Audrey has just come into my study to ask whether she shall wear black shoes to go to Eton this afternoon, or her brown snow-shoes. I advise snow-shoes and hang the colour!)

The first is that the two girls are now "doing" their own rooms. On the outbreak of war, we sent our little housemaid back to Scotland. Audrey and I didn't want to be responsible for her during air-raids. (As Scotland has been raided and we in London have not, she would, in fact, have been safer here.) In consequence Yvonne and Avery are helping with the housework.

The second secret is that my family are particularly anxious that I should not go bald. So, twice a week after breakfast, I retire to my bedroom and titillate my scalp with a high-frequency machine.

I was thus employed when Yvie, apparently entirely oblivious of the fact that she was holding a vessel not usually displayed to public gaze in one hand and a cloth in the other, pushed open my bedroom door with her shoulder and returned to the charge.

"All this about contemplation, Pop," she said. "Douglas would be better employed in learning all about Europe and contemplating when the War's over."

I did not answer at once, for Simon had followed Yvie into the room and was manœuvring to obtain the best place

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in front of the electric fire. When I had made sure that he would neither burn nor get an electric shock, I was free to concentrate on Yvie's question.

"Yvie," I said, reducing the strength of the application. "My memory is somewhat faulty, but I think it was Marcus Aurelius who said: 'Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, but this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is within thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. Retire into this little territory of thy own, and be free.' Now, if he didn't say this, he said something like it. And here's the point. You and I cannot actually retire into the country, for we have our jobs to do here. But, as M. Aurelius says, we can retire into the inner sanctum of our mind and contemplate there."

Yvie waved the cloth at me.

"Don't tell me that, in war, it's right to cut yourself off from what's going on."

"I don't," I countered. "All I maintain is that Douglas is able to retreat to his country home, far from the madding crowd. Other people are less fortunate. But we can all retire into the secret recesses of our minds and there commune with our thoughts."

Yvie absent-mindedly swept the cloth round the china object she was holding, and, her eyes gazing into the far distance, shook her head.

"If you ask me what I think," she said, with deliberation, "it's this. Keep abreast of the European situation."

Now, I have a stock way of stopping Yvie's discourses. It is to ask her what countries are in the Little Entente, for she has difficulty in remembering that Bulgaria is not one of them.

I had applied enough electricity to my cranium. Simon was getting too hot by the fire.

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So I put my question.

Yvie and her earthenware disappeared.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12th

I was turning out of Great Stanhope Street into Park Lane this morning, when I saw Lord Halifax. He was wrapped up warmly in a coat with an astrachan collar, and was wearing a bowler hat. Here was the Foreign Secretary, so far as I could see, completely unguarded, strolling down from the Dorchester—where, I believe, he is now living—to (I presume) the Foreign Office. And I wondered whether his opposite number in the German Government could do the same.

I should think it highly unlikely that Von Ribbentrop, or any other high official of the Nazi Party, would dare to venture out without a bodyguard.

I read in the paper only yesterday that Hitler's movements are now always kept secret; for, since the Munich bomb-plot, the fear that there will be attempts on his life has increased.

No *sane* man in a free country would attempt the life of anyone placed in authority by a duly-elected government.

The remedy is the ballot-box. But in Nazi Germany no such instrument is to hand. I doubt whether the German people would endorse the Nazi crimes of brutality inside Germany—the Jew-baiting, the concentration camps, the condemning without trial—if *they could express their opinion without fear of the consequences.*

The German, of course, respects force: and when force has

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achieved a stranglehold on public opinion, and he sees what happens to those who try to stand up to it, his lack of individuality makes itself felt.

The German loves to be led. He is sufficiently myopic to believe that any leader who is successful must be a good leader.

It takes him a long time to realize that he is being led in the wrong direction.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15th

I was told yesterday that one of our richest peers had been working out his finances in regard to the new income-tax and surtax; and he found that he would be left with exactly three shillings in the pound.

Now I know that the customary comment in such a case is that he is lucky to have a big enough income to make him liable for such a high rate of tax; but I think we might occasionally pay our tribute to those individuals who bear the brunt of the financial burden. If we believe in the sanctity of private property—as I suppose most of us do—this man has a perfect right to own the property which brings him in such a handsome return. He has, no doubt, based his expenditure on the possession of an income of these dimensions. Quite suddenly, he finds that the Government has confiscated most of his income to help to pay for the war. This year he will enjoy a small fraction only of the money he had last year, and he will find it very difficult, I expect, to realize his property.

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Certainly no one to-day wants houses in Grosvenor Square, large country estates or grouse moors.

I was looking through a book of autographed letters which my father gave me and which Hod now has. In it is one of Mr. Gladstone's famous postcards. Here it is:

"Dear Sir,

"I am very sensible of the inequalities of the income tax and it formed one of the reasons which led me in 1874 to propose its repeal.

"But the country rejected my appeal on that occasion, and I am not aware that since that date the Liberal Party has taken any decision on the subject.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

That postcard was written in 1891—less than fifty years ago. What would Mr. Gladstone say in 1940 if he knew the figure at which income-tax now stands?

I have just had a talk with a woman who complained bitterly that she cannot sleep. She told me that doctors have given her various kinds of drugs, but nothing helps her.

I told her that insomnia is only a symptom—just as headache is—and asked her why she lay awake. Was she in pain? Did she suffer from indigestion? Was she conscious of one part of her body more than another? She answered that, so far as she knew, it was merely that her mind would not "quiet down."

For some time we discussed her problem. She admitted that she is of a very excitable temperament. But she assured me that she controls her excitement and never lets people see when she is 'worked up.' I told her that while this is highly desirable, it is only half the battle. For, once emotions are

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rampant, they activate certain bodily mechanisms with which they are in contact, and a *crise nerveuse* is the result.

"I realize that one can control the outward signs of one's excitement," she said. "But it's the first time I have ever heard that one can control one's *nature*."

"It's not a question of controlling your nature," I told her. "It's a question of shaping your character by constant conscious-control. You may believe this or not; probably you won't believe it. But if you do, and accept its truth, you will find that after a time you are able to nip an emotional outburst in the bud so that it never becomes unduly violent in proportion to the exciting cause."

Every time we react to an outside stimulus, I explained, we can, if we wish, pause and observe the degree of our emotional response. If we don't do this, there is no chance of checking the subsequent sequence—which consists of sympathetic excitement; activation of the thyroid, the adrenals, and other organs; and all the bodily manifestations of excitability with which we are so familiar.

And then, I linked this up with her sleeplessness, and asked her if it was reasonable to expect a nervous system which had been kept at concert-pitch all day to settle down quietly at night, just whenever she decided it was time to get to sleep.

She argued—as most of us do when we are loath to be convinced. For, she would much prefer to find, and to blame, a cause outside herself. But, indeed, I had told her no new thing.

In the first century A.D., Epictetus wrote:

"If you would not be of an angry temper, then, do not feed the habit. Give it nothing to help its increase. Be quiet at first, and reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every

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third and fourth day: and, if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God. For habit is first weakened, and then entirely destroyed. 'I was not vexed to-day; nor the next day; nor for three or four months after; but took heed to myself when some provoking things happened.' "

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17th

I have just been shown a pamphlet which is being circulated privately to Members of Parliament and other influential people. Its purport is to urge that peace should be negotiated now and that we should not wait until both we and the enemy are exhausted before stopping the war.

Its authors maintain that Europe will be faced with economic ruin if this struggle is allowed to go on until one side or the other is beaten. They ask whether it would not be much better for us to come to an understanding with Germany at once, while there is still something left of civilization. They point out that if we continue to spend millions of pounds a day there will soon come a time when we shall be unable to find money for our social services, when municipalities will be bankrupt, and when private property will have disappeared—owing to the crushing taxation.

They do not exactly urge the Allies to sue for peace, but they suggest (or imply) that they should initiate peace proposals. If these are refused by the enemy, the pamphlet tells us that Great Britain and France will be in an extremely strong moral position.

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Now, the authors have prepared their pamphlet with great care: and, at first sight, they seem to have made out a good case. It is only when you have put it down, and are wondering whether peace could be arranged now, that the true position stands out clearly.

Let us begin at the end. Could anything strengthen the moral stature of the Allies in their struggle with the powers of darkness—as represented by Germany and Russia?

Can we—to save our own economic structure—desert Poland? What would be our moral position if we were parties to a negotiated peace which left Poland to the Teuton wolves and the Russian bears?

Look at it from the Nazi side. Can the present German Government possibly restore Czecho-Slovakia and Poland? The Germans are reported to have suffered heavy losses in the Polish campaign—far heavier than Hitler admitted. Suppose, in reply to our proposals, Hitler said to us: "All right. We, too, have had enough of war. We'll give up what we've stolen." What would the widows, the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters of those Germans who lost their lives in Poland, say? Would not the very suggestion be sufficient incentive, even for the cowed and silenced Germans, to tell their Government that *they* had sacrificed thousands of lives to no purpose, and that they were useless as rulers?

It is unthinkable that any government—even with the Gestapo behind it—could get away with a retreat of that kind.

There is no chance, then, as I see it, that the present German rulers could accept any peace proposals which included a restoration of the territories they have taken by force. *We* cannot retire from the fight unless they do. All that is decent in the four quarters of the globe calls out to us to fight the good

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fight. There never was a clearer issue—never a better and a cleaner ideal for which to sacrifice and die.

We may be a nation of shopkeepers, but, on this occasion at least, we are putting our ideals before our pockets—and doing it gladly.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST

The news during the last few days has consisted of—the *Altmark*.

It was certainly an epic—a story to please the heart of Stevenson or Kingsley. Whether Britain was justified in law or not, is still *sub judice*. I have heard so many “facts” as to exactly what happened, which have since been shown to be founded on inaccurate reports, that at present one must suspend judgment on the legality of the attack.

In the minds of all reasonable people (naturally I do not include the Germans in this category) we were certainly justified in our action. Two things are certain. Not only was the *Altmark* an armed ship but she was actually flying the Norwegian flag when first sighted.

I will leave the ethical discussion here. I must just add two little anecdotes which I heard on good authority.

The Commander of one of the Norwegian gunboats challenged H.M.S. *Cossack*, and signalled that if she attempted to follow the *Altmark* into Norwegian territorial waters the Norwegian gunboat would fire two torpedoes.

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"All right," the English sailor signalled back. "When you've done that, come on board and have a whisky and soda."

Later, when *Cossack* was about to enter the fjord, the gun-boat sent out another signal, "Who's that?"

"Santa Claus" was the reply as the destroyer continued on her way to grapple with the German prison-ship.

I looked with curiosity at the tall, lean, youthful men in Air-Force blue. For they were two of the pilots of the Coastal Command who had discovered the *Altmark*. One has a full head of brown hair and rather prominent blue eyes: his face narrows towards the chin and his mouth seems always ready to tilt up into a smile. The other is Irish: equally tall, equally boyish and equally on the brink of laughter.

The leader admitted that when he first heard they were to help the Navy search for the *Altmark*, he didn't realize what the *Altmark* was. It was only just before taking off that he grasped the fact that there were British seamen on board.

He said: "There were three aircraft in our formation. I was the leader in our Arrow Head formation. Visibility was not too good, but this did not worry us very much as we are by now quite used to keeping this formation in any kind of weather. In thick weather we have to fly in close formation to keep in touch with each other, but with a decent visibility we open out a bit. This, by the way, is also saving petrol, as close formation flying means a rough use of the throttles to keep our relative positions. On this particular morning the weather was patchy so that we had to keep our wits about us in order to keep our formation."

The other pilot, in his contribution to the programme, said: "From where we were flying my navigator was able to

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identify the ship immediately as the *Altmark* through his binoculars, though she was painted a different colour from what we had been told, and I closed formation with the leader to inform him that we had sighted our quarry at last.

I left the formation and dived down on the ship at full throttle telling my rear gunner to keep his eyes skinned for any enemy aircraft. As I dived over the stern I made out her name distinctly and pulled into a climbing turn away from her to regain height, after giving her, what we call in the Air Force, a good beat-up. As I passed over the stern of the boat I could make out figures on the bridge and sailors on deck. They didn't seem to take much notice of me. I then climbed up and my navigator immediately wirelessly the *Altmark's* position to base."

In another room there were two British seamen who had been prisoners in the *Altmark*.

It was worth a good deal to see the faces of the two seamen as they clasped the hands of the men who had helped to terminate their three-months' imprisonment. The seamen wore curious, foreign-looking jackets of the "Norfolk" type. Their hair had been close-cropped. One was wearing on the lapel of his coat a Nazi brooch to which was attached the red circle which Germans wear on the front of their caps.

From what they told us, theirs must have been a gruesome imprisonment. Most of the day was spent thirty feet below the water-line. They could neither see nor hear anything that went on. To illustrate this, one of the men said that when the *Altmark*, in her effort to ram H.M.S. *Cossack*, ran her stern aground, they felt a sudden thump, then the ship seemed to stand still.

"We've either been hit by something or we've run aground," the men told each other.

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A few minutes later, they heard men undoing the screws which fixed down the hatches. Then a cockney voice shouted: "Boys, are you down there? It's the Nivy."

Not unnaturally the prisoners couldn't believe their ears, and one shouted out:

"Don't answer. It's a trick. They want us to go up and they'll shoot us one by one."

But when the same cockney voice repeated: "I tell you it's the British Nivy," the men raced up the ladder and out to freedom.

They found the deck swarming with bluejackets.

Later, I introduced the two flying officers to a Norwegian journalist who was rehearsing in one of the studios. He beamed all over his face.

"Hullo! Pirates," was his greeting, as he held out his hand.

I feel rather guilty. For I kept the Lord Privy Seal waiting a few minutes this afternoon. It's true he was early, but when I entered the drawing-room at Broadcasting House Sir Samuel and Lady Maud Hoare had already arrived.

Sir Samuel was talking on the Overseas programme about the Home Front. We had a few minutes to spare, which we spent discussing recent events in Finland.

His talk was excellent and very well delivered. He is exactly like his pictures, so I suppose he photographs well. I think what struck me most about him was his neatness. He is no exception to the rule I have mentioned earlier in this diary, that people I meet always seem smaller than I have pictured them. Sir Samuel's hair is brushed neatly back, his suit is dark and fits him closely, his trousers are well creased

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—he is, in fact, neat and tidy from the crown of his head to the brown cloth tops of his boots.

Lady Maud was very genial and appeared interested in everything we said.

When we came down from the studio Sir Samuel asked her: "Well, how did it sound?"

"It was excellent," she assured him. "It came over very well indeed."

The Lord Privy Seal seemed pleased. He asked me for the script, saying that he had altered one word in the studio, noticing that it had been used twice in adjoining sentences.

I suspect that his mind is as neat and tidy as his body.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd

Another Cabinet Minister—this time Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Secretary for the Colonies—came in to Broadcasting House to-day. He really is very short—(I begin to suspect that I am developing an obsession on this subject)—with thick dark hair, a round face and two large, widely-spaced, front teeth.

He is completely natural. He was neither very hurried, nor was he slow and dignified.

As so many people one meets nowadays seem determined to leave behind them the impression of intense haste, I found this rather refreshing.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24th

A whole holiday. I believe it's the first I've had since war broke out. I'm going with Hod and his friends for a run in Air-Commodore Critchley's caravan.

It's been a gloomy, sad winter. Now the weather has changed, and it's light and warm.

Is it this which has made me optimistic? Or is the news really better?

In the entry I made on November 30th I asked some questions, adding that when I write my diary for February I may be able to answer them.

I think subsequent events *have* answered them.

(1) Will Germany actively resent Russian domination of Finland?

No. Germany had already agreed to it.

(2) Was the invasion of Finland part of the price demanded by Stalin for signing the Russo-German Pact?

Yes.

(3) Will Spain and Italy inaugurate an Anti-Bolshevik bloc?

In principle—yes.

(4) What action will the U.S.A. take (if any)?

None, unless, as happened in the last war, the Germans force America to enter the war.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27th

A consultation with an oculist over a child who is unable to see small objects. After a careful examination, the expert gave it as his opinion that this is due to a developmental defect.

In the hall, the mother asked me to tell her my candid opinion.

I was happy to be able to assure her that the oculist had meant what he had said. The boy's sight without spectacles would be better than her own without. (She is very short-sighted.)

On the way up Harley Street my thoughts ran on consultations, and I came to the conclusion that a consultation between two doctors is a source of never-failing interest to the laity. I have often heard patients express a fervent wish that they might be hidden in the room when two doctors retire "to discuss the case." They feel, I suppose, that when the patient or the relatives are eventually summoned, the facts have been carefully edited, and an optimistic report prepared.

There's a very old story which illustrates this belief. An elderly spinster was taken ill, and a second opinion was suggested. The patient asked her sister to hide behind the curtains while the doctors deliberated "so that you can tell me, dear, *exactly* what they think of my case."

The sister agreed and was well out of sight by the time the two men entered the room.

The consultant crossed the room and stood with his legs apart in front of the fire.

"My goodness, what an ugly woman!" was his first remark.

"Ugly?" said the G.P. "You wait till you've seen her sister."

I once knew a woman who was taken by her doctor to see

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a surgeon. Some years before she had had a mental breakdown and the fact had been duly noted on her case-sheet, which the surgeon, somewhat unwisely, left on his desk while he and the family doctor adjourned to discuss treatment.

The patient occupied her time during their absence in reading her doctor's notes. On the return of the two men, she created a most unpleasant scene, accusing her doctor of "taking her character away."

The remarks which pass the lips of doctors when, together, they are considering possible diagnoses and treatment are not always either elevating or helpful.

Some years ago I called in a physician to help me in treating a rather difficult case. This woman was very much too fat, had a high blood-pressure, and suffered with her liver.

I wanted advice mainly as to her diet.

Now the physician I had chosen was a clever man, although his looks gave no key to his character. He had a sloping forehead, a pointed nose, and practically no chin. He wore large horn-rimmed glasses.

He made a careful examination. We adjourned to another room. He pushed his glasses up and on to his forehead. Then produced this helpful remark.

"We can't give her protein, because of her blood-pressure: we can't give her starch, because of her obesity: we can't give her fats because of her liver. So, where the hell are we?"

You will admit that the answer to this question presented considerable difficulty.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29th

I drove through the Park this morning, and passed soldiers and still more soldiers. Men in uniform passed me on foot: men in army lorries: men on motor bicycles. I saw women in khaki; women in the blue and red of the Auxiliary Fire Service; women in the lighter blue of the Air Force.

And I pondered on the cost of warfare, in human lives, in suffering and in money. What almost unbelievable benefits might not be brought into the lives of the great mass of people of all countries, if the millions now being spent on armaments were devoted to social services.

Great Britain and France have certainly chosen the harder path. They have given up the joys of peace for an ideal. It would have been easier to have given way—to have said to the bully: "Have it your own way. We are not going to interfere, so long as you leave *us* alone."

We refused to tread the path of least resistance, and it was not only because we realized that our turn would come next. Our motives were two-fold—self-preservation was certainly one. The other was altruism. We could not avert our eyes once we were sure that the Nazis intended to go on claiming territories, *not* because they contained German minorities, but merely because Germany had a great army and was determined to use it.

Many people thought that Hitler had right on his side, when he wished to control German minorities. For was not self-determination the Wilsonian creed? But he made his first mistake when he marched into Prague. For, then, no one could any longer doubt that it was not his "tortured" Germans who called him—but sheer opportunism.

And so, France and Britain are now armed camps. And our

A Psychologist's War-time Diary

young men are sacrificing their careers and their lives to keep Europe and the world decent.

But it is hard on them. How hard was brought home to me recently. I was asked to have a chat to a young pilot. He was rather depressed, and it was thought that I might be able to cheer him up.

"Take my case," he said. "My father was killed in the last war, before I was born. I'm married, and my wife's going to have a baby. . . . I suppose *I* shan't live to see my child."

What could I say? I know what I thought.

IT MUST NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN.

